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SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, THE NATION'S SUMMER CAPITAL WHEN
THEODORE ROOSEVELT WAS PRESIDENT

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The Life and Meaning of Theodore Roosevelt

BY
EUGENE THWING 1866-

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THE REASON AND PURPOSE

It would be next to impossible for any one man alone to write a complete life of Theodore Roosevelt. There will be many lives of Roosevelt, as there are many of Lincoln, and among them will be, in course of time, an "authorized" life, by one of Mr. Roosevelt's close friends, to whom he turned over much personal material shortly before his death. But even this "authorized" life cannot tell the whole remarkable story. It is hoped and expected that other personal friends will write lives of Roosevelt such as only they could write. Senator Lodge, for example, and William Loeb, would bring to the work a wealth of personal reminiscences and an intimacy of narrative and interpretation quite different from that available to other biographers. On the other hand, any life written by an intimate personal friend or co-worker will necessarily contain much of personal viewpoint and feeling. It will present the observations, the impressions, the understandings and estimates gained in close contact during circumstances which reveal something less than the whole man.

Theodore Roosevelt was so many-sided; his interests and activities covered such a surprising range of subjects and places; he was so many men compressed into one; such a marvelous com-

posite of mental, physical, and spiritual characteristics, that no single one of his friends could be expected to know, or to understand all of him. Times without number, when groups of his friends met, there were persons among them utterly foreign to one another, without any possible point of contact or relationship of interest or understanding. Yet every one of them was definitely and closely related by some mutual interest and sympathy to Mr. Roosevelt. He has been called by his most recent biographer "the typical American," and the flattering unction has been laid to our souls that "he is our kind"; but these statements, as they stand, are far from accurate in any individual sense. If he were a typical American, there would be enough others like him to justify pointing to him as the type. If he were "our kind" the converse ought to be true, that the rest of us are his kind. That is true in a possessive sense but not in a descriptive sense. Happy, indeed, would be the Nation if it were true,—so happy, so pure, so strong, that every one of us may well devote time and effort to the utmost to make it true. Theodore Roosevelt was a composite of all the best American types, including politicians, statesmen, *littérateurs*, naturalists, soldiers, hunters, plainmen, explorers, family men, reformers, orators, athletes, common citizens, and hundred per cent Americans. We are proud to think of him as typifying America, and we want to produce more individuals like him if we can.

To view a large landscape, it is necessary to stand off at a distance. To see the whole world,

it is necessary for most of us to look at many pictures made by other men who have seen what we cannot hope to see. Theodore Roosevelt's life, as he lived it, is too big and many-sided for one man, however intimate, to see without the help of many other men. Many thousands of men, of many kinds, and many stations in life could contribute exclusive pictures, and stories, and personal impressions to a real life of Theodore Roosevelt. Perhaps no other man ever lived who created, during his lifetime, so rich and varied a supply of biographical material to overwhelm historians with its surprising wealth. He has been the source of more news and more controversy, the inspirer of more newspaper editorials and magazine articles, the creator of more issues and personal impulses than any other human being. To serve the special purpose for which this present volume is prepared, I have thought it better, therefore, to gather some of the stories, the impressions and the intimate personal experiences of many men who have known Theodore Roosevelt in the widely diversified activities of his life, rather than to attempt anything like a historical biography. Others are far better equipped for the latter work, and it will be done well in a sufficient variety of ways. If this book shall help to preserve in a series of vivid pictures, for our own comfort and delight, the personality of the man who became so dear to us all and so great a part of our interest in life, if this book shall help a little to put something of the inspiration of that manly personality into the hearts and minds of men who yet have before them the pos-

sibility of making their own lives and their own achievements bulk larger in the days ahead, its purpose will be accomplished.

The last few chapters, containing a frank study of the characteristics and meaning of Roosevelt's life, are somewhat amplified from an article which I wrote for *The Circle Magazine* after Mr. Roosevelt's return from his African hunting trip. He expressed unusual satisfaction with the article at that time, and the passing years and events have added emphasis to the lessons which his life brings home to the young men of to-day.

I am very grateful to many who have generously granted me permission to include in the collection of personal reminiscences and sketches here presented choice material gathered or prepared by themselves. Without their coöperation it would have been impossible to give, now, such a many-sided picture of this many-sided man. I am indebted also to the special material presented in the press, particularly *The Sun*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *Evening Post*, New York, at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's death, for much helpful information and numerous incidents. I am especially indebted to George William Douglas for numerous incidents which he had been to no little pains to gather and to verify for his book "*The Many-sided Roosevelt*," now unfortunately out of print. He very generously granted liberal use of this material. I have been impressed more and more, however, with the impossibility of giving anything like an adequate portraiture of so remarkable and multiple a man as Mr. Roosevelt in a single small volume.

The story, or stories, of his life would fill many volumes with fascinating narrative and character study. I hope this one book may at least stimulate some appetites for a wider and deeper study of the life and meaning of Theodore Roosevelt.

EUGENE THWING.

New York, April 10, 1919.



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ROOSEVELT'S LIFE AND MEANING

CHAPTER I

A TWICE-BORN BOY

WHAT kind of a boy was the father of so great a man? The inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt's life and example, the marvelous power he wielded so easily over men of all classes and in all lands, the surprising variety and value of his achievements during nearly forty years of active participation in public affairs have impelled many of his fellow citizens to inquire more closely into conditions and influences of his boyhood. Was he miraculously endowed — an infant prodigy — with genius and strength beyond other boys? He answered that question once, himself, when Mr. Julian Street asked him if he thought he had genius. "Most certainly I have not," he said, pointing out some of his own deficiencies. Then he said, with a frank smile, "To tell the truth, I like to believe that, by what I have accomplished *without* great gifts, I may be a source of encouragement to American boys."

Very little that can be called unusual has been found by searchers into the childhood life of

Theodore Roosevelt. Most of the stories thus far told of his boyhood exploits are not more remarkable than the stories which could be told of many another American small boy. Notwithstanding a discouraging handicap of ill health during the first thirteen years of his life he had many of the normal traits of an average boy plus a little more than normal interest in natural history.

His father, Theodore Roosevelt, descended from Holland stock, was a well-to-do glass merchant in New York City. He "was the best man I ever knew," wrote our own Theodore in his autobiography. "He combined strength and courage with gentleness, tenderness, and great unselfishness. He would not tolerate in us children selfishness or cruelty, idleness, cowardice, or untruthfulness. As we grew older he made us understand that the same standard of clean living was demanded for the boys as for the girls; that what was wrong in a woman could not be right in a man. With great love and patience, and the most understanding sympathy and consideration, he combined insistence and discipline. He never physically punished me but once, but he was the only man of whom I was ever really afraid. I do not mean that it was a wrong fear, for he was entirely just, and we children adored him. He was interested in every social reform movement, and he did an immense amount of practical charitable work himself. He was a big, powerful man, with a leonine face, and his heart filled with gentleness for those who needed help or protection, and with the possi-

bility of much wrath against a bully or an oppressor."

Of his mother, Martha Bulloch, Theodore Roosevelt says, "she was a sweet, gracious, beautiful Southern woman, entirely 'unreconstructed' to the day of her death." Her devotion to the Southern cause and her husband's ardent espousal of the Union cause did not, however, result in the unhappiness from which so many families suffered in that tragic period. Complete harmony in the home was preserved together with complete independence of individual convictions, and so the storm passed over the Roosevelt household leaving it unscathed.

From such parents Theodore Roosevelt was born October 27, 1858, inheriting love and understanding of both North and South and the fighting spirit which had nothing of bitterness, deceit, or narrowness.

The parental discipline which formed a necessary part of young Theodore's training was not of the whipping kind. Only once, he tells us, was he punished in this manner, and it was his teeth, evidently an effective part of his personality even at the early age of four years which got him into trouble. In later years he had them under better control, showing them but not using them to emphasize his demands. At four years, however, he was elemental and planted his teeth in his sister's arm. Then, fleeing the wrath to come, he ran away to the kitchen. The cook was making bread. Grabbing a handful of dough as the only defensive ammunition in sight, the fugitive hid under a table, and

when relentless fate in the person of his father overtook him, he heaved the dough full into his face. It was an unexpected attack, but it did not repel the invader, and retreat was the only thing left. The young American dough-boy darted out from his table trench and ran half-way up the stairs before he was caught and received the punishment which he admits "fitted the crime."

At another time, while still a very small boy, and feeling little of the great struggle which had torn the nation, yet quick to understand that father and mother were not one in their views about that conflict, young Theodore ventured to take sides in a surprising manner. Some act of maternal discipline had displeased him during the day, and at night, when all the children gathered at their mother's knee to say their bed-time prayers, Theodore prayed loud and fervently for the success of the Union Arms. His mother, restrained by love and a strong sense of humor, did not inflict punishment to "fit the crime," but she warned him not to repeat the offense, under penalty of having the case referred to his father, who might not allow his delight at gaining so militant an adherent to the Union Cause deter him from administering punishment for the indignity paid to the mother.

Theodore's aunt Anna, his mother's sister, was like a second mother to the children, and a mutual devotion existed between them. She taught them their lessons, and she and the mother spent many hours telling them stories of life on the Southern plantations, and of the "queer go-

ings-on in the Negro quarters." All the "Br'er Rabbit" stories, which years later were made famous by "Uncle Remus," were known at first hand by Aunt Anna, and young Theodore "was brought up on them," to quote his own testimony.

The stories he had heard and his own active imagination made him very popular with the other children as a story-teller and an inventor of games in make-believe. One curious little adventure, when he was quite a small boy in short trousers, led him to the discovery of something which he kept until the day of his death.

Madison Square was a fine natural playground in those days—a good mile from the business center of the city and only a short distance from Theodore's home on East Twentieth Street. He played many a game of tag there. On the east side of the square was a Presbyterian church. One Saturday morning the doors stood open invitingly while the sexton aired the building. Adventure seemed to beckon to the youthful Roosevelt from the dim, mysterious recesses of the church. He peered in at the door, curiously, but made no move to enter. The sexton had been watching him, and now good naturedly invited him to come inside. "No, thank you," replied Theodore. Then, realizing that some explanation might be polite, he added, confidentially, "I know what you've got in there." The sexton smiled encouragingly—"I haven't anything in here that little boys are not welcome to see. Come in and look around." Theodore hesitated. The tingle of curiosity and love of ad-

venture urged him to go in, but something made him hold back. He cast quick and somewhat apprehensive glances around the pews and shadowy galleries. "No — I guess I'd rather not," he said and ran away to his play.

But the open church fascinated him and he returned to it again and again, searching it with his eyes, but never venturing beyond the portals. When he went home and told his mother about his play, and how the sexton asked him to go into the church, but that he had stayed out, his mother was puzzled. "Why didn't you go in?" she asked. "There would have been no harm in walking quietly and looking around the church."

A boy never likes to admit that he was afraid of anything, and young Theodore was reluctant to explain; but after a little urging he owned up that he refused to go in for fear the "zeal" would jump out at him from behind some pew, or the gallery, or wherever he might be hiding.

"The Zeal? What in the world do you mean by that?" exclaimed his mother.

"Why, I suppose it must be some big animal like a dragon or an alligator," explained Theodore. "You know I went there to church last Sunday with Uncle Robert, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the Zeal, and it made me afraid of the place."

Mrs. Roosevelt went at once for the Concordance to settle the mystery, and read aloud one after another, the texts containing the word "zeal." Suddenly the boy's eyes grew eager with excitement, and he explained.

"That's it — the one you just read!" It was from the Psalms: "For the zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

It was not long before Theodore captured a fine specimen of American "zeal" and kept it as his closest companion through life. But he named it "strenuosity."

Like many other boys, young Roosevelt had no particular appetite for school. He admits it himself; but he worked hard and did the best he could against the handicap of ill health and defective eyesight. He was far more fond of reading alone, and his parents allowed him abundant freedom, within the law, to read what he liked, never forcing him to read what he did not like. Books were put in his way which his parents thought he ought to read, but if he didn't like them, other good ones were provided that he did like. Certain books, such as dime novels were taboo. He read some of them on the sly, but did not enjoy them enough to pay for the feeling of guilt which came with the disobedience and concealment.

Mayne Reid's books were among his favorite and constant companions. Although too young to understand all that was in them, the adventure and natural history parts "enthralled" him. He enjoyed also the quieter and more domestic stories of "Little Men," and "Little Women," "An Old Fashioned Girl," "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life," and even "Pussy Willow." Evidently some of the contrasts which surprised those who knew him in manhood began to show themselves in his earliest

boyhood. Our Young Folks he believed was the very best magazine in the world, and this belief of his boyhood remained with him unchanged throughout his whole life, for he wrote in his autobiography, "I seriously doubt if any magazine for old or young has ever surpassed it." "Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales" were, perhaps, the most greedily devoured books of all. Many years later his friend Jacob Riis once asked him if he liked them.

"Like them!" he exclaimed, with kindling eyes. "Like them! Why man, there's nothing to compare with them. I could pass an examination in the whole of them to-day. Deerslayer with his long rifle, Jasper and Hurry Harry, Ishmael Bush with his seven stalwart sons — do I not know them? I have bunked with them and eaten with them, and I know their strength and their weakness. They were narrow and hard, but they did the work of their day and opened the way for ours. Do I like them? Cooper is unique in American literature, and he will grow upon us as we get farther away from his day, let the critics say what they will."

The earliest assertive interest of Theodore's childhood and the one which remained most strongly and persistently with him through all his life was his interest in natural history. Jacob Riis tells of the "little lad, in stiff white petticoats, with a curl right on top of his head, toiling laboriously along with a big fat volume under his arm, 'David Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa,' and demanding of every member of the family to be told what were

'the foraging ants' and what they did. It was his sister, now Mrs. Cowles, who at last, in exasperation, sat down to investigate, that the business of the family might have a chance to proceed, for baby Theodore held it up mercilessly until his thirst for information was slaked. Whereupon it developed that the supposedly grim warriors of the ant-hill were really a blameless tribe — 'the foregoing ants,' in fact."

The first real enterprise in his natural history career was launched when Theodore was nine years old. He saw laid out on a slab of wood in the open market a dead seal which had been caught in the harbor. All his imagination and love of adventure blazed up at the sight of this seal which seemed to give realism to the stories he had read. He paid daily visits to the market as long as the seal remained on exhibition. He measured it, and preserved a record of the measurement. He longed to own that seal and preserve it, but succeeded only in obtaining the skull when the rest of the carcass was disposed of. Then with two of his cousins he started the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History," a highly worthy institution which was soon banished, by request of the chambermaid, from the naturalist's bedroom to a set of shelves in the back hall upstairs. "It was the ordinary small boy's collection of curios," he tells us, "quite incongruous and entirely valueless except from the standpoint of the boy himself. My father and mother encouraged me warmly in this, as they always did in anything that could give me wholesome pleasure or help to develop me."

The interest stimulated by the seal and by the museum foundation was quickly expressed in literary effort. He began to write a natural history of his own in a small blank book. The title page announced: "Natural history on insects. By Theodore Roosevelt, Jr." A "Preface" gives the scope and exclusiveness of the contents: "All these insects are native of North America. Most of the insects are not in other books. I will write about ants first." Here is the contribution to the world's knowledge of hymenoptera:

"Ants are divided into three sorts for every species. These kinds are officers, soldiers and work. There are about one officer to ten soldiers, and one soldier to two workers." Information follows regarding the common black ant, the brown path ant, and other kinds. Then come notes on spiders, lady-bugs, fireflies, horned "beetles," dragon-flies, and "mosquito" hawks. "All the insects that I write about in this book inhabit North America." He does not forget due acknowledgment of indebtedness for information. "Now and then," he writes "a friend has told me something about them but mostly I have gained their habits from observation." Exercising an author's freedom, he includes in his volume on insects a few notes on fishes: "I need not describe the form of the crayfish to you," he assures the reader; "look at a lobster and you have its form." Further "observation" leads him to write, "the minnow is found in brooks in the same parts as the crayfish and eel. It eats worms, catapillars, egg, bread, anything in fact.

It swims quite swiftly. It is about seven inches long when full grown."

The most interesting specimen in his book is thus described near the end: "P. S. My home is in North Amer-i-ca. All these stories were gained by observation. Age. Nine years. Born 28th of October."

The love of natural history was not a mere boy's whim to be forgotten when new interests developed. It was a growing passion, and settled into an earnest study, encouraged in every reasonable way by sympathetic parents. For some time, until nearly thirteen years of age, Theodore was greatly hindered in studying nature, quite unknown to himself, because he was so near-sighted that he could study only the things that came to him without searching. When he discovered his defect and spoke about it to his father, who, it would seem, ought to have discovered it earlier, a pair of spectacles opened a wonderful new world to the enthusiastic young naturalist, and he made more rapid progress in all his studies.

Three years before this opening of new windows to the world about him, young Roosevelt had visited Europe with his parents, and "cordially hated" the experience, seeing nothing to interest him, suffering much homesickness, and gaining no improvement in health. In 1872, when he went for a second overseas trip to spend a winter in Egypt, all was different. He thoroughly enjoyed the journeyings up the Nile, through the Holy Land, and part of Syria, with

visits to Greece and Constantinople. Here in Egypt he had abundant opportunity to indulge in natural history study and specimen collecting to his heart's content, and he made the fullest use of his opportunity, sometimes to the embarrassment of other members of his party. His bedrooms in the various hotels were turned into taxidermy laboratories and reduced to wild confusion. His brother Elliott, the embodiment of neatness, says Hermann Hagedorn, ventured, on one occasion, to inquire of his father whether it would be altogether too extravagant if he should be given, now and then, a room to himself in hotels and he explained his request by leading his father to the room occupied by the two brothers. "There were bottles on the tables and the chairs; there were bottles on the mantel and the washstand. Clothes were everywhere they happened to fall, and in the basin were the entrails of animals recently deceased." Meanwhile the wealth of the "Roosevelt Museum of Natural History" grew apace.

Born with an active mind, eager, alert, searching for knowledge in printed books and in the greatest of all books — the inexhaustible book of nature, the boy Roosevelt seemed ready for development into the larger life ahead of him. But he had not been born with a strong body or vigorous constitution. He was sickly and delicate, undersized, "pig-chested and asthmatic." Again and again his parents had to take him away on trips to find a place where he could breathe. Among his earliest memories he tells of his "father walking up and down the room with me

in his arms at night when I was a very small person, and of sitting up in bed gasping, with my father and mother trying to help me." On other long, sleepless nights, says another friend, "the father would take his invalid boy in his arms, wrap him up warmly and drive with him in the free open air through fifteen or twenty miles of darkness."

His first trip to Europe, in 1869, was planned in the hope that it would benefit his health, wrote one of his first biographers, James Morgan. "A tall, thin lad with bright eyes and legs like pipe stems," he was at that time. But the hoped for benefit was not gained, and four years later, in renewed anxiety on account of his weakened lungs, the family took him away to spend the winter in the warm African air. This winter's trip meant more to the ambitious boy than merely an opportunity to hunt natural history specimens and fill his hotel bedrooms with the unsavory paraphernalia of taxidermy. During the summer of that year he had been striving to be born again. Hermann Hagedorn in his "Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt,"¹ tells the story of what might be called this second birth by which the immortality of the boy's conquering spirit began to put on the mortality of a sound body:

"In all his reading he enjoyed with special zest the old epics. They thrilled him. The heroes of the ballads were still *his* heroes. More and more ardently he wanted to be like them.

"And then something happened. For, one day, he picked up the Dramatic Romances of

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Browning and read 'The Flight of the Duchess'; and he had not read far before he came on a description of a young duke, a poor sprig of a grand line:

"the pertest little ape
That ever affronted human shape;'

and this was the duke's ambition:

"All that the old Dukes had been without knowing it,
This Duke would fain know he was without being it.'

In other words, the duke admired his ancestors and wanted to appear to be like them without making any effort actually to be like them.

"Those lines pulled Theodore Roosevelt up sharp, like a lasso. He felt that the resemblance between that young duke and himself was close enough to be disquieting. He felt discovered; he felt ashamed. He, too, had had his heroes. He had wanted to be like those heroes; or had he wanted merely to appear to be like them?

"Those lines made him unhappy. They pursued him, taunting him. Then one day he suddenly discovered that a new resolve had taken shape in him. There was no harm in dreaming, but henceforth he would not be satisfied unless, even while he dreamed, he labored to translate the dream into action.

"That was a very important resolve. It gave Theodore Roosevelt back his peace of mind and set his face in the direction of the high road.

"It was not long after this new resolve had taken root in him that chance or destiny or the good Lord, who likes to test the vitality of the good resolutions that boys make, put Theodore

Roosevelt's high sounding decision to the test.

"He was, even at thirteen, a timid boy, as children who are frail physically are apt to be. He had not had enough rough contact with boys to become accustomed to being hurt, and to give blows and take punishment as a matter of course; and his younger brother Elliott, who suffered from none of the ailments which pursued Theodore, had in consequence been his protector against bullies more than once. It happened, in the summer of '72, however, that certain bullies descended on Theodore at a time when Elliott was a little more than five hundred miles away.

"Theodore had been suffering more than usual from asthma and had been sent to Moosehead Lake in Maine in the hope that the clear, crisp air would give him relief. The last lap of the journey was by stage-coach, and on the coach with Theodore were two boys who were not slow in discovering that here was a victim sent to them from on high. They were not really bullies, but they were strong, wholesome mischievous boys, and Theodore was just a gift to them to break the tedium of the journey. They proceeded forthwith to make him miserable, and succeeded. He endured their attention as long as he could; then he tried to fight.

"He was plucky, without question. Perhaps he had visions of perishing nobly against overwhelming odds. But no such fate was his. The boys took him singly and handled him like a kitten. And the worst of it all was, they did not even really hurt him. They didn't have to, he was so easy to handle.

"Theodore Roosevelt spent his time at Moosehead Lake thinking this over. He remembered the deeds of the men he most admired, the men he wanted most to be like. And then he thought of the silly duke; and of something his father had recently said to him 'You have the mind, but you haven't the body. It is hard work to build up the body.'

"He remembered certain tiresome exercises his father had persuaded him to go through daily in the gymnasium on the third floor. And then he thought of his resolution.

"He made up his mind then and there that if he was ever to be anything but a parody of the heroes of his dreams, he must first make himself fit physically to bear what they had borne, to fight as they had fought.

"He decided to take boxing-lessons.

"This was a praiseworthy decision; but what was really praiseworthy was the fact that when he returned to New York he confided the whole matter to his father, and, with the elder Theodore Roosevelt's enthusiastic approval, sought out a certain John Long, an ex-prize fighter, and doggedly set to work."

The loving help of his parents constantly supported him in his determination to be strong. A gymnasium was fitted up for him on the wide back porch of the Twentieth Street house, and there he worked with enthusiasm to develop his muscles. Later, in the new house at 8 West Fifty-Seventh Street, to which the family moved after returning from Europe in the autumn of 1873, he was given a better gymnasium, where he

"chinned himself and struggled with the parallel bars patiently day after day." He kept up his boxing and wrestling persistently and "gradually became, not a champion, even among boys of his own age, but an average boxer, able in emergency to defend himself even against opponents physically more powerful than himself. Once, in a series of 'championship' matches held by his teacher, the ex-prize fighter, he did win a pewter cup in the light-weight contest. That was not much, but Theodore thought that it was decidedly better than being tossed about like a fuzzyrabbit by a couple of boys at Moosehead Lake."

Every day this growing youth, drinking eagerly from every cup of knowledge, alert and sensitive to every new fact and impression, full of energy, and dreaming dreams, like the young herdsman, Joseph, became increasingly aware of the struggles he must win if he would translate his dreams into reality. He was not gifted mentally, except with desire, power of concentration, and a good memory. Very likely thousands of boys living in his time were more brilliantly endowed, but "Theodore Roosevelt had, which most of the others had not, a deep hunger to excel, to be of the fellowship of great deeds. With it, vague at first but increasingly clear, came the recognition that men attain only through endless struggle against the sloth, the impurity, the fears, the doubts, the false content in their own hearts. He determined to build up for himself a clean valiant, fighting soul."

Out of his own boyhood struggles, out of the travail of his slow birth from weakness into

bodily vigor, out of his own victories he was able to formulate his famous rule for the genuine American boy:

"The chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. In life, as in football, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard."

"Go on and increase in valor, O boy!

This is the path to immortality."

Virgil — *Æneid*.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE AND GROWTH

THE slim youth with narrow shoulders and flat chest and rather delicate in health who entered Harvard in 1876 gave little hint that he would become the most rugged and impressive figure of his time. Of all the men in the class of '80, so his classmates have testified, Theodore Roosevelt was the last one they would have picked out as destined for greatness. He studied hard and never loafed, but found little in his actual studies which interested him deeply or helped him in his later life. This is his own testimony. Yet he thoroughly enjoyed his four years at Harvard and believed they did him good in

their general effect. He had no idea, at that time, of entering public life, and did not study elocution nor practice debating. He regretted, later on, that he had not equipped himself with some knowledge of elocution, but he never ceased to be glad that he did not take part in the conventional debates. The reason he gives in his autobiography is worthy of serious consideration by young men of to-day: "Personally I have not the slightest sympathy with debating contests in which each side is arbitrarily assigned a given proposition and told to maintain it without the least reference to whether those maintaining it believe in it or not. I know that under our system this is necessary for lawyers, but I emphatically disbelieve in it as regards general discussion of political, social, and industrial matters. What we need is to turn out of our colleges young men with ardent convictions on the side of the right; not young men who can make a good argument for either right or wrong as their interest bids them. The present method of carrying on debates on such subjects as 'Our Colonial Policy,' or 'The Need of a Navy,' or 'The Proper Position of the Courts in Constitutional Questions,' encourages precisely the wrong attitude among those who take part in them. There is no effort to instill sincerity and intensity of conviction. On the contrary, the net result is to make the contestants feel that their convictions have nothing to do with their arguments. I am sorry I did not study elocution in college; but I am exceedingly glad that I did not take part in the type of debate in which

stress is laid, not upon getting a speaker to think rightly, but on getting him to talk glibly on the side to which he is assigned, without regard either to what his convictions are or to what they ought to be."

Having no thought of public life, he turned, as a matter of course to natural science as his choice of a career. His father, from the very beginning of his training, had fixed in his mind the knowledge that he was to work out his own destiny and make his own way in the world. This at first seemed to mean a business career, but during his freshman year, his father told him that he was perfectly free to become a scientific man if he wished. The one condition insisted upon was that he must be very sure that he intensely desired to do scientific work and would go into it with the determination *to do the very best work there was in him*. Together with this condition went a sound piece of advice which the obedient son declares he always remembered. Here is the way he tells it: "If I was not going to earn money, I must even things up by not spending it. As he expressed it, I had to keep the fraction constant, and if I was not able to increase the numerator, then I must reduce the denominator. In other words, if I went into a scientific career, I must definitely abandon all thoughts of the enjoyment that would accompany a money-making career, and must find my pleasures elsewhere." Thereupon he immediately decided to make science his life work, but abandoned the idea when he found that his college preparation was restricted too much to

laboratory and microscopic study and section-cutting, with none of the outdoor search and observation to which his taste ran.

The lesson in economy was not thrown away however. Indeed, all his boyhood struggles and ideals had tended to simple tastes and freedom from ostentation. He might easily have lived in luxurious style at Harvard, but he took, instead, two modest rooms in the residence of Benjamin H. Richardson on Winthrop Street, and occupied them during all the four years at college. He fitted them up to suit his own taste, covering the walls with many pictures and photographs, foils, boxing-gloves, and horns of wild animals. Birds which he had stuffed stood on the shelves, and everywhere were books.

As a student he won no special honors, but he became very popular with his classmates, and quickly became a member of all the best clubs and societies in the college. He was one of the few chosen from his class for the institute of 1770, the Porcellian, and the Alpha Delta Phi. In the famous old Hasty Pudding Club he was elected secretary. The social circles of Boston and Cambridge welcomed him, but they had less attraction for him than the more vigorous activities of the gymnasium and the rivalry of his fellows in manly sports. His classmates often laughed at his eccentricities, his enthusiasm, and his fondness for Elizabethan poetry, but they respected him, and what he did was very likely to set the style. For example, as a part of his persistent training to make himself strong, he took to skipping the rope in order to develop the

muscles of his legs. Very soon others copied the habit from him and rope skipping became, for awhile, one of the favorite exercises of the class of '80.

To wrestling, as a vigorous and profitable exercise, he gave close and scientific attention, but boxing was his chief sport at Harvard. "His delicate appearance amazed those who saw him make his first ventures with the gloves in the gymnasium," says James Morgan in his book, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man."¹ "He weighed only one hundred and thirty and was a very doubtful looking entry in the lightweight class. Besides, he had to go into combat with a pair of big spectacles lashed to his head, a bad handicap, which put his eyesight in peril every time he boxed. To offset this disadvantage, he aimed to lead swiftly and heavily and thus put his opponent on the defensive from the start.

"Not a few old Harvard men recall a characteristic instance of Roosevelt's sportsmanlike bearing. He was in the midst of a hot encounter when time was called. He promptly dropped his hands to his side, whereupon his antagonist dealt him a heavy blow squarely on his nose. There was an instant cry of 'Foul! Foul!' from the sympathetic onlookers, and a scene of noisy excitement followed. Above the uproar, Roosevelt, his face covered with blood, was heard shouting at the top of his voice, as he ran toward the referee, 'Stop! Stop! he didn't

¹ Copyright, 1907, 1919, by The Macmillan Co.

hear! he didn't hear!' Then he shook the hand of the other youth warmly, and the emotion of the little crowd changed from scorn of his opponent to admiration for him."

In his boxing bouts Roosevelt never looked for the easy places. If his opponent chanced to be the champion of the class double his own weight and size, he welcomed the battle with all the more delight. The hardest pummeling he took with hearty good nature and refused to cry quarter, pushing his fight home in a way which made even the victors know that they had met a real fighter.

Jacob Riis tells a story which he heard and believes of how Roosevelt beat up a man with the reputation of a fighter but without the instincts of a gentleman. The fellow took a mean advantage and struck a blow that drew blood before Roosevelt had finished putting on his gloves. The by-standers cried foul, but Roosevelt smiled one of his grim smiles. "I guess you made a mistake. We do not do that way here," he said, offering the other man his gloved hand in formal salutation as a sign to begin hostilities. The next minute his right shot out and took the man on the point of his jaw, and the left followed suit. In two minutes he was down and out. Roosevelt was "in form" that day. All the fighting blood in him had been roused by the unfairness of the blow.

His interest in wrestling and boxing led him to help some of his classmates on occasions, and he would not tolerate anything which violated fair play. It happened, during his sophomore

year, that some^{one} entered the name of his classmate William A. Gaston, in a wrestling match in the college games without Gaston's knowledge. George William Douglas tells the story in "The Many-sided Roosevelt." Gaston did not learn that he was entered until a few days before the match was to come off, and wished to withdraw, but Roosevelt persuaded him to stay in, promising to coach. Accordingly Roosevelt hunted up fellows to wrestle with Gaston, rubbed him down after the bouts, and in general acted as his trainer. One Saturday Gaston met four other men in the gymnasium to be "tried out." He threw two of them twice, one of them once, and was thrown twice by the other one. In the final matches the victor had to throw his opponent twice out of three times. The rules, however, were rather loose then, as athletic sports were not in the present highly organized condition. In a day or two Roosevelt and Gaston learned that the latter had been put on the final program to wrestle with the man whom he had thrown once, as though this man were a new candidate. This did not seem fair either to the wrestler or to his trainer, and they decided to enter a protest.

As they were about to appear before the athletic committee Roosevelt said:

"You are too hot-headed, Gaston, to state the case. What it needs is cold, hard logic. Let me present the case calmly, and then we shall be more likely to win. They can't help seeing how unjust it is to make you throw that man three

times, when he will win if he throws you only twice."

Roosevelt accordingly stated the case, beginning with an assumption of judicial calm, but before he got through with the discussion he had threatened to thrash two of the members of the committee. The outcome, however, was as he had predicted. The committee saw the force of his arguments and the program was changed.

Roosevelt had considerable faith in Gaston's ability, for he backed him in a sparring bout with Ramon Guiteras, the champion middle-weight of the college. Guiteras was large and heavy, too heavy, indeed, for his class, and Gaston was a light-weight, and under weight at that. Roosevelt believed that Gaston's grit and perseverance would win over the other man's greater weight. The series of bouts in which this match occurred attracted a good deal of attention. Interest centered especially in this bout between the light-weight and the middle-weight. And there was much gratification among their friends when Roosevelt's judgment was vindicated by Gaston's victory.

Other things than games and exercise attracted Roosevelt's attention while at Harvard. His father had been active in the work of public aid. He died while the boy was at college, and young Theodore sought to walk in his footsteps. He became Secretary of the Prison Reform Association and acted on several committees. In addition he became a teacher in a Sunday-school. His family faith was the Dutch Reformed, but

he found no church of that denomination at Cambridge, and drifted into a mission school of the high church of Episcopalian faith.

He did not stay there long. One day a boy came to his class with a black eye. He acknowledged that he got it in a fight, and that, too, on Sunday. The teacher questioned him sternly. The fact came out that Jim, the other boy, had sat beside the lad's sister and had pinched her all through the school hour. A fight followed, in which Jim was soundly punched, the avenger of his sister coming out with a black eye.

"You did just right," was Roosevelt's verdict, and he gave the young champion a dollar.

This pleased the class highly. It appealed to them as justice. But when it got out among the school officers they were scandalized. Roosevelt was already a black sheep among them in other ways. He did not observe the formalities of the high church service as they thought he should. They asked if he had any objection to them. None in the world, but—he was Dutch Reformed. This did not help matters and in the end Roosevelt left this field of labor and entered a Congregational Sunday-school near by, where he taught during the remainder of his college term.

In the first year of his college life, Roosevelt met a man who made a lasting impression on his life. His friend and tutor, Arthur Cutler, had been hunting in the Maine woods, the year before, with Emlin Roosevelt, Theodore's cousin, and Bill Sewall of Island Falls was their guide. Cutler was greatly taken with the stalwart, warm-

hearted woodsman, and he urged Theodore to go with him the next year, partly for the sake of the tramping, hunting and mountain climbing, but more than all that for the sake of knowing Bill Sewall.

Cutler had warned Sewall in advance of the irrepressible youth who was to be his companion. "I want you to take good care of this young fellow," he told him, "for he's ambitious and not very strong. He'll never tell you when he's tired; but he'll just break down. You can't take him on all the tramps you take us."

Sewall gave silent assent, and apparently the caution slipped his mind, for very shortly after the conversation he started off with Roosevelt for a tramp which covered a good twenty-five miles—"a good, fair walk for any common man," said Sewall. Never a word of complaint came from Roosevelt, and Sewall concluded that the young man, notwithstanding his asthma, was far from a weakling. He had been receiving impressions of his own, and told his nephew, Wilmot Dow, a few days later that young Roosevelt was "different from any human being he had ever met. He wouldn't let any one else lug his gun, or help him out in any way. He never shirked his share of anything, no matter how played out he might be. The boy has grit clean through." A long time afterwards Bill Sewall spoke with still more emphasis, as quoted by Hermann Hagedorn: "We hitched up well, somehow or other, from the start. He was fair-minded, Theodore was. And then he took pains to learn everything. There was nothing beneath his notice. I liked

him right off. "I liked him clean through. There wasn't a quality in him I didn't like. He wasn't headlong or aggressive, except when necessary, and as far as I could see he wasn't a bit cocky, though other folks thought so. I will say, he wasn't remarkably cautious about expressing his opinion."

The liking was mutual. Roosevelt formed a life-long friendship with Bill Sewall, who afterwards became the organizer of the Rough Riders. To the eighteen-year-old college youth, the giant backwoodsman of prodigious strength, alert mind and indomitable spirit, was "the living embodiment of his boyhood heroes." He returned again and again, twice a year at least, during his college course, to spend his vacations in the wilderness of Maine with Bill Sewall. Once he went from his studies to the Maine forests barely in time to save himself from a physical breakdown. He never failed to find there the healing which Nature supplies so generously to tired spirits and bodies, and each time Roosevelt fought his way nearer to the goal of his own constant effort — a strong, vigorous body.

During the four years of Harvard life, interspersed with vacations in Maine, Roosevelt had much reason for hope and encouragement. He grew from a frail youth of eighteen into a vigorous, self-reliant, purposeful man. "For him," says Hermann Hagedorn, "there was no groping, no stumbling about in blind alleys, no wasting of time and strength in the pursuit either of false, enervating pleasures or of vague social, political, and religious theories. He knew ex-

actly what he wanted. He wanted to become a man who did things. That was his goal. He had seen it clearly from his fifteenth year, and with ever-increasing clearness he saw the road, the only road, that led to it. The name of that road was WORK. He worked to build up his body, not for the sake of mere bodily strength; he worked to build up his mind, not for the sake of mere mental agility; but both together as muscle and sinew for that spiritual power which constitutes the backbone of great men."

The ideal of *work*, actual accomplishment, the translation of words and thoughts into acts, was ever his guiding principle through the whole of his life. Jacob Riis tells of an interview Roosevelt had with Julian Ralph, "when as a Police Commissioner he was stirring New York up as it had not been stirred in many a long day.

"I can see him now striding up and down the gray office.

"What would you say to the young men of our city, if you could speak to them with command this day?" asked Mr. Ralph.

"I would order them to work," said Mr. Roosevelt, stopping short and striking his hands together with quick emphasis. "I would teach the young men that he who has not wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his to the State. It is ignoble to go on heaping money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

With the fresh impulses of such an ideal strong in him, as his college preparation ended, a rude

shock came as a result of his final visit to his physician a day or two before leaving Cambridge. "The doctor told him that he had heart trouble," says Hermann Hagedorn, who tells the incident, "that he must choose a profession that would demand no violent exertion, that he must take no vigorous exercise, that he must not even run upstairs. It was a stiff blow, but he took it as he had taken other blows. 'Doctor,' he said, 'I am going to do all the things you tell me not to do. If I've got to live the sort of life you have described, I don't care how short it is.'"

He began his defiance of the fate read to him by the doctor by getting married in October, to Alice Lee, and by going to Europe the following year to study in Dresden, and to spend his spare time in long hikes, swimming rivers, and climbing mountains. In recognition of his achievements in climbing the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn he was elected a member of the London Alpine Club. He returned to his own country with a mind well trained, with his outlook broadened, with a body more than ever obedient to the demands of his will, ready to enter upon the serious work of life, the apostle of work and the strenuous life, and the most consistent embodiment of his own teachings.

CHAPTER III

INTO THE FIGHT FOR GOOD GOVERNMENT

WITHOUT waiting for something to turn up, after graduating from Harvard, Theodore Roosevelt plunged into the active life of his home city and turned things up himself. A brief period of law study in the office of his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, was interrupted by his first political adventure, and he never practiced law. He had formed some very definite ideas, however, as to the best way to win success at the bar, and George William Douglas tells how Mr. Roosevelt expressed these ideas a few years later for the benefit of a struggling young lawyer.

"If I were you," he said, "I would hang out my shingle and get a case. I don't care how you get it. Your own wits ought to find one, at least, which no other lawyer has. I would not take a justice-shop case, either. I would find a case that was right up in the regular courts and which possessed some merit. I wouldn't take it up for nothing, either, or on a contingency. I would have a decent fee attached to it. In other words, I would have as many respectable features attached to the case as possible under the circumstances.

"Having got that case, I would try it as if it were the last case I ever expected to have or which would ever be in the courts. I would not make a nuisance of myself — you know enough to avoid that — but you can be so persistent that

you will win the respect of every one who in any way comes in connection with the trial. Put all of yourself into the case. Get every side of it, and above all things, hammer it into your client by the force of your actions that your integrity is above reproach.

"When you get done with the case you will have a reputation that many lawyers devote years in other ways trying to obtain. You will find that a second case is certain to come to you whether you lose or win the first case. I would treat the second case just as I did the first one. Live and act as if there never were such a case in existence before, and master it, just as you are required to master your studies of the law school. If you find yourself weakening at all, use the spur and whip until you have created an enthusiasm in your work that imparts itself to client, court, and jury, and results in your victory.

"Go at the third case in the same way. And for the matter of that, as your patronage increases, give the same treatment to all your cases. You will create confidence in yourself that will insure you a constant practice, and your clients, once secured, will never leave you."

It may be worth while noting that this theory worked, for the young man put it into practice and won his first case on a technical point which all the other lawyers had overlooked.

Opinions differ as to the underlying motives in Mr. Roosevelt's choice of political activities as a profession. Indeed, there is strong testimony that he did not choose it nor look upon it as his real life work, but that he intended to follow a

literary career. He had a passion for authorship, and repeatedly referred to it even after several of his earlier political successes. Immediately after his first election to the New York Assembly, he wrote to his friend Charles G. Washburn, "Don't think I am going to go into politics after this year, for I am not." He still had the same idea twelve years later, while a member of the National Civil Service Commission, when he wrote to S. N. D. North, Managing Editor of the Utica Tribune, "I am a little inclined to envy a man who can look forward to a long and steady course of public service, but in my own case such a career is out of the question. . . . My career is that of a literary man, and as soon as I am out of my present place I shall go back to my books."

Notwithstanding his apparent choice of the work of a writer and notwithstanding some opposition from his family and friends, he joined the Republican association of his assembly district almost immediately upon his return from a trip abroad following his graduation from college. Whether he was prompted by a desire to render service to his country, or by his love of work and a good fight, or by all three, the fact is undeniable that they all came to him in abundant measure. The story of his "political apprenticeship, of the tempering of the bold spirit, and the ripening of the untiring mind of this young Galahad" is interestingly told in *The Evening Sun of New York*:

"You will find no one at your political meetings," those who sought to dissuade him said,

"but grooms, liquor dealers, and low politicians."

"Well," was Roosevelt's reply, "If that is so, they belong to the governing class, and you do not. I mean, if I can, to be of the governing class."

One day when he was scarcely more than a year beyond the last of his college days — he was now 23 years old — he met one Joe Murray, a district worker around the Roosevelt home locality. Joe Murray had had a falling out with Barney Hess, the district boss of the Twenty-first Assembly District. Barney Hess had had one idea as to who should be the next Assemblyman from the Twenty-first. Joe had an idea wholly different.

"Listen, men," said Joe Murray to his faction of anti-Hess district workers (all this on the word of the best local political historian of the day). "What this silk-stocking neighborhood will rise to is a swell candidate for the Assembly. Who's the swellest family around here? The Roosevelts. Listen, men — let's trot out this young colleger, Teddy Roosevelt, and we'll put Barney Hess flat on his back."

The young "colleger" got the nomination. Instantly he began a local campaign that had all those elements of the picturesque which in after years were to draw the attention of the world to his far greater contests. And whether it was due to his own campaign methods, the hearty hustling of his lieutenant, Joe, a desire of the neighborhood for blue blood in the Assembly or a combination of all these elements, the youthful looking college man was elected.

The local boss thought the awakening of the brownstone proletariat was only an "annoying incident." At Albany they said: "Well, they've sent up another silk-stocking." But Roosevelt was reelected in 1882 and 1883. Before his first term was half over it was seen that he was likely to "make trouble." The moral crusade which attended every phase of his career he started before the first session of which he was a member had been under way more than a few months.

The elevated railroad ring corruptionists had involved the Attorney-General of the State and a Judge of the Supreme Court, and Roosevelt's fellow legislators showed no disposition to satisfy the desire of their angry constituents that those concerned be punished. Roosevelt was counseled by his Republican elders in the Assembly to hold his peace. The kind of peace he held was pretty well described by a magazine writer of the time:

"So far as the clearest judgment could see, it was not the moment for attack. Indeed, it looked as if attack would strengthen the hands of corruption by exposing the weakness of the opposition to it. Never did expediency put a temptation to conscience more insidiously.

"It was on April 6th, 1882, that young Roosevelt took the floor in the Assembly and demanded that Judge Westbrook, of Newburg, be impeached. And for sheer moral courage that act is probably supreme in Roosevelt's life thus far. He must have expected failure. Even his youth and idealism and ignorance of public affairs could

not blind him to the apparently inevitable consequences.

"That speech—the deciding act in Roosevelt's career—is not remarkable for eloquence. But it is remarkable for fearless candor. He called thieves thieves, regardless of their millions; he slashed savagely at the Judge and the Attorney-General; he told the plain unvarnished truth as his indignant eyes saw it.

"When he finished the veteran leader of the Republicans rose and with gently contemptuous raillery asked that the resolution to take up the charge be voted down. He said he wished to give young Mr. Roosevelt time to think about the wisdom of his course. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many reputations in the State broken down by loose charges made in the legislature.' And presently the Assembly gave 'young Mr. Roosevelt time to think' by voting not to take up his 'loose charges.'

"Ridicule, laughter, a ripple—apparently it was all over, except the consequences to the bumptious and dangerous young man which might flow from the cross set against his name in the black books of the ring.

"That night the young man was once more urged to be 'sensible,' to 'have regard to his future usefulness,' to 'cease injuring the party.' He snapped his teeth together and defied the party leaders. And the next day he again rose and again lifted his puny voice and his puny hand against smiling, contemptuous corruption. Day after day he persevered on the floor of the Assembly and in interviews for the press; a few

newspapers here and there joined with him; Assemblymen all over the State began to hear from their constituents. Within a week his name was known from Buffalo to Montauk Point, and everywhere the people were applauding him. On the eighth day of his bold, smashing attack, the resolution to take up the charges was again voted upon at his demand. And the Assemblymen, with the eyes of the whole people upon them, did not dare longer to keep themselves on record as defenders of a judge who feared to demand an investigation. The opposition collapsed. Roosevelt won by 104 to 6."

In the underworld of politics Roosevelt's fearless fight against corruption earned him many bitter enemies. "A certain class grew to fear and hate him to such a degree that they plotted to do him bodily harm," wrote Edward Stratemeyer, and he tells in his "American Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt" the following incident:

"He has got to learn that he must mind his own business," was the way one of these corruptionists reasoned.

"But what can we do?" asked another. "He's as sharp on the floor of the Assembly as a steel trap."

"We'll get Stubby to brush up against him," said a third.

Stubby was a bar-room loafer who had been at one time something of a pugilist. He was a thoroughly unprincipled fellow, and it was known that he would do almost anything for money.

"Sure, I'll fix him," said Stubby. "You just

leave him to me^{and} and see how I polish him off."

The corruptionists and their tool met at the Delavan House, an old-fashioned hotel at which politicians in and around the capital were wont to congregate, and waited for the young Assemblyman. Roosevelt was not long in putting in an appearance and was soon in deep discussion with some friends.

"Watch him, Stubby," said one of the young assemblyman's enemies. "Don't let him get away from you to-night."

"I have me eye on him," answered Stubby.

Roosevelt was on the way to the buffet of the hotel when the crowd, with Stubby in front, pushed against him rudely. The young Assemblyman stepped back and viewed those before him fearlessly.

"Say, what d' yer mean, running into me that way?" demanded Stubby, insolently.

As he spoke he aimed a savage blow at Theodore Roosevelt. But the young Assemblyman had not forgotten how to box, and he dodged with an agility that was astonishing.

"This fellow needs to be taught a lesson," Theodore told himself, and then and there he proceeded to administer the lesson in a manner that Stubby never forgot. He went down flat on his back, and when he got up, he went down again, with a bleeding nose and one eye all but closed. Seeing this, several leaped in to his assistance, but it was an ill-fated move, for Roosevelt turned on them also, and down they went, too; and then the encounter came to an end, with Theodore Roosevelt the victor.

"And that wasn't the end of it," said one, who witnessed the affair. "After it was over young Roosevelt was as smiling as ever. He walked straight over to some of his enemies who had been watching the mix-up from a distance and told them very plainly that he knew how the attack had originated, and he was much obliged to them, for he hadn't enjoyed himself so much for a year."

His district sent him back to Albany as an Assemblyman in 1882 and again in 1883. In that year he was chosen minority leader of a House now verging toward the Democratic supremacy which came to its full flower with the victory of Grover Cleveland and the sending of the Republican machine to the political roundhouse for a radical overhauling.

Republican State leaders who had grown gray in the political turmoil while young Roosevelt still was a stripling suddenly began to look his way and take some notice. In 1884, or in his twenty-sixth year, they sent the young Assemblyman as chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican convention at Chicago which nominated the Plumed Knight, idol of the rank and file of Republicanism, as Cleveland's opponent after a bitter scrimmage.

In a characteristically vigorous speech, Roosevelt on the floor of the convention opposed Blaine's nomination. But once Blaine had been nominated, despite the fact that a sizable wing bolted the party and espoused the Democratic nominee, Grover Cleveland, Roosevelt gave Blaine his support.

For this shift of attitude Roosevelt was much criticized, but his reply gives the key to many later acts such as his support of Judge Hughes, the Republican candidate, in 1916, when the Bull Moose wanted him again to carry its standard. He declared that in politics permanent good was achieved not by guerilla warfare, but by working vigorously for reforms within a party.

The next adventure in politics was his nomination for Mayor of New York City, in 1886, a really hopeless chance with a "United Labor Party" led by Henry George, and a very respectable citizen, Abram S. Hewitt, put up by Tammany Hall to save itself. Theodore Roosevelt ran third.

"When we received the news of his defeat," says his old friend, William D. Murphy, "Roosevelt met the announcement with a typical fighting phrase, which phrase was a part of the popular conception of the man. At 10 o'clock we knew that he had been definitely beaten. 'Never mind, Teddy, old boy,' I said, placing my arm around his shoulder, 'this means bigger things later on.' 'Never give a thought to it,' he answered. 'We've had a bully fight.' This was his first use of the famous fighting sentence, 'We've had a bully fight.'"

These early experiences in political life taught Mr. Roosevelt many helpful lessons. He confided at least one of them to his close friend and admirer, Jacob Riis. His successes in the Legislature, especially in his single-handed fight against Judge Westbrook, had so impressed him

with the virtue of independent action that he cut himself off from the opinions of other advisers. He had received much bad advice, and had won his fight by rejecting it. Now he made the mistake of rejecting all advice and coöperation. He depended wholly upon his own conscience and judgment, refusing to make concessions or to see virtue in the views and plans of those who disagreed with him. His enemies immediately spoke of his "big head" and his friends criticized. He began to fail in his efforts. His influence waned. But he had the saving sense of humor, and a keen understanding of himself. In his confession to Jacob Riis, he said:

"I suppose," he said, "that my head was swelled. It would not be strange if it was. I stood out for my own opinion, alone. I took the best mugwump stand; my own conscience, my own judgment, were to decide in all things. I would listen to no argument, no advice. I took the isolated peak on every issue, and my people left me. When I looked around, before the session was well under way, I found myself alone. I was absolutely deserted. The people didn't understand. The men from Erie, from Suffolk, from anywhere, would not work with me. 'He won't listen to anybody,' they said, and I would not. My isolated peak had become a valley; every bit of influence I had was gone. The things I wanted to do I was powerless to accomplish. What did I do? I looked the ground over and made up my mind that there was several other excellent people there, with honest opinions of the right, even though

they differed with me. I turned in to help them, and they turned to and gave me a hand. And so we were able to get things done. We did not agree in all things, but we did in some, and those we pulled at together. That was my first lesson in real politics. It is just this: if you are cast on a desert island with only a screw-driver, a hatchet, and a chisel to make a boat with, why, go make the best one you can. It would be better if you had a saw, but you haven't. So with men. Here is my friend in Congress who is a good man, a strong man, but cannot be made to believe in some things which I trust. It is too bad that he doesn't look at it as I do, but he does not, and we have to work together as we can. There is a point, of course, where a man must take the isolated peak and break with it all for clear principle, but until it comes he must work, if he would be of use, with men as they are. As long as the good in them overbalances the evil, let him work with that for the best that can be got."

President Harrison had watched Roosevelt's fight in the New York State Assembly for civil service reform, and in 1889 appointed him a United States Civil Service Commissioner. "Immediately," says *The Sun*, New York, "he jumped into a program of civil service uplift that met with instant opposition from Congressmen, largely from the South and Southwest, who saw their patronage privileges going by the board if the Roosevelt program was effected.

"Thereupon Commissioner Roosevelt executed what was considered a brilliant coup: he

instituted the practice of having the examinations for positions in Washington held in distant States; and straightway many a Congressman, who knew that by this plan pet constituents would have to take examinations under the eye of men who often were not of the same political faith, became converted on the spot to the beauties of civil service."

The earnestness with which Mr. Roosevelt worked in those years has been described by Mr. John Fletcher Lacey, who was then representing an Iowa district in Congress. A few days after Mr. Lacey took his seat in the Fifty-first Congress he met the late Thomas B. Reed in one of the cloak-rooms of the Capitol, studying a map of the United States. Mr. Lacey good humoredly asked him if he were figuring out the size of his majority as Speaker. According to the Iowan, Mr. Reed replied:

"No. A young constituent of mine who has just failed in a civil service examination claims that a competitor passed safely by bribing the examiners to give him a list of the questions in advance. I didn't believe my young friend, and have sent him to the headquarters of the Civil Service Commission to tell his story there. While awaiting his return I have been figuring out on this map that if, say, Columbus, Ohio, represented one hundred per cent. in a civil service table of markings, my constituent would come out somewhere about Jamaica, Long Island."

"I was amused," said Mr. Lacey, "by Reed's quaint way of stating his belief in his constit-

uent's inability to pass the examination. While we were discussing the subject of civil service regulations in a general way I walked the young man who had failed and gone to unburden his conviction to the Civil Service Commission that a rival had been successful through connivance with an agent of the Commission."

"Well, what happened when you told your story?" Reed asked.

"Why," faltered the youth, "a very emphatic fellow in charge there whipped out one hundred dollars in bills, laid them across his knee and exclaimed: 'I'll pay you one hundred dollars, young man, if you can prove that a single syllable of what you say of corruption is true.' That is all the satisfaction I got."

"And that is all you deserve," Reed added.

"Then he turned to me," said Mr. Lacey, "and remarked, 'We've got an American of blood and iron—a coming man—on the Civil Service Commission. I tell you, Lacey, you want to watch that Civil Service Commissioner. He'll be President some day.'"

"'What's his name?' I asked.

"'Theodore Roosevelt,' replied Reed.

"Of course I had heard vaguely of Roosevelt, but never having had occasion to meet him I had formed no definite opinion of him. Reed's characterization aroused in me the greatest curiosity to see Roosevelt. The next day I called and introduced myself, and took the liberty to repeat what the young man had brought back about the one hundred dollar guarantee that no

turpitude on the part of the examiner in question existed.

“‘I have resolved to purify the civil service system,’ was Mr. Roosevelt’s reply, ‘and to that end have placed in charge men whom I trust with my whole heart, and I stand ready, therefore, to pledge my fortune and my honor to the sacredness with which they respect the trust I repose in them.’”

Mr. Roosevelt was willing, says George William Douglas, to back not only the integrity of his subordinates but the fairness of his examinations as well. It has been the favorite charge of the opponents of the merit system that the examinations did not test the ability of the candidates for the duties which they aspired to perform. Mr. Roosevelt had to meet this charge once before a committee, and he frankly admitted that some of the questions asked were intended only to discover something about the general intelligence of the candidates.

“Not long ago,” he said, “we asked who Lincoln was, and the answers that we got were various. We were told that he was a Revolutionary general, that he was assassinated by Thomas Jefferson, that he assassinated Aaron Burr, that he commanded a regiment in the French and Indian War, and that he was an Arctic explorer.”

He insisted, however, that all examinations should be practical, so far as possible. When it was decided to put the Government inspectors along the Rio Grande in the classified service, it

became necessary to prepare questions for the examinations. As these men were to prevent outlaws from running cattle across the border into Mexico, it was important that they should be first-class horsemen, familiar with handling cattle, and that they should also be acquainted with the various brands of cattle on the Texas frontier ranges. In short, men of experience in frontier life were needed. Some subordinate drafted a lot of questions in history, rhetoric, and mathematics for the candidates to answer. Mr. Roosevelt knew something about the West and was aware that while men who could answer these questions might make good inspectors, the men who could be got to serve as inspectors could not answer the questions, and that whether they could or not was immaterial. He there-upon drew up a new examination paper. The only test of scholarship was the requirement that the candidates should answer the questions in their own language and in their own handwriting.

The men were asked, among other things, to "state the experience, if any, you have had as a marksman with a rifle or a pistol; whether or not you have practiced shooting at a target with either weapon, or at game or other moving objects; and also whether you have practiced shooting on horseback. State the make of the rifle or revolver you use."

This was intensely practical and was intended to disclose the kind of information needed in guiding the selection of inspectors. A second question was similar to the first:

"State fully what experience you have had in horsemanship; whether or not you can ride unbroken horses; if not, whether you would be able, unassisted, to rope, bridle, saddle, mount, and ride an ordinary cow pony after it had been turned loose for six months; also, whether you can ride an ordinary cow pony on the round-up, both in circle riding and in cutting-out work around the herd."

Another question was framed so as to test the applicants' knowledge of the different brands of cattle in the cattle country. When Mr. Roosevelt submitted the paper to his colleagues, he declared that to be a successful Government inspector and shoot lawless Mexicans who were trying to run the cattle over the border, it was not necessary for a man to discuss the nebular hypothesis, nor to have an intimate knowledge of the name and number of inhabitants of the capital of Zanzibar.

Because he was a practical civil service reformer and did not "play politics," he was kept in office by President Cleveland, experiencing in his own person the benefits of the merit system. After he had been in the commission six years, he concluded that his work there was finished. The merit system was so firmly established that no one dared propose to return to the old spoils system of the distribution of the patronage among the successful party workers; and the examinations to test the fitness of the applicants had been made so practical that no capable man would fail to pass them.

So whole-souled and effective was Roosevelt's

work in enforcing the civil service law that he received notable commendation both from the Republican and Democratic presidents under whom he served. He was called from his civil service work in Washington to New York to accept Mayor Strong's offer of a Police Commissionership, and became president of the New York Police Board in 1895. He expected that under the reform administration "things would be happening" and he was glad of the chance to help them to happen. "I thought the storm center was in New York, and so I came here," he said to a friend. "It is a great piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader, and do it as well, only by approaching it from the opposite direction. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the hurly-burly, for I don't like cloister life."

And into the thick of the hurly-burly he went, while all his "unbounded genius for the unusual immediately began to function," to quote a graphic account from *The Sun*: "He strolled Manhattan streets late into the night and he got evidence at first hand. He antagonized Jimmy Wakely, then an all powerful prize-fight backer and saloonkeeper, who had been led to believe that excise laws did not apply to the Wakely "place of business." He made police station speeches to astonished bluecoats, who for the first time heard a superior tell them that merit, not Tammany pull, would result in promotion.

"He had taken the job on the condition that

he should have free rein, and thereupon he drove headlong into the work. As president of the Board he started in to practice what he preached, but the old Gibraltar reared a new pinnacle in the form of local laws, which said that the power of substantial reward was vested in the chief of police, not in the police board.

"Tom Byrnes, famed as a detective throughout the land, was the chief of police. With the idea of beginning the reform at the top Roosevelt convinced his board colleagues that the "great" Tom Byrnes should go, and a whole city started at the audacity of the idea. But into the police board rooms the mighty detective was summoned for an explosive interview. Ten minutes after the dust had settled Tom Byrnes, the mighty, had sent in his resignation.

"Peter Conlin, acting chief, was promoted to Byrnes' job, the commission figuring that Conlin, supposedly a weak man, would take orders and carry them out. But, unknown to Commissioner Roosevelt, Commissioner Parker didn't side altogether with Rooseveltian views of police management, and Parker had great influence over Chief Conlin.

"For a year Conlin did Roosevelt's bidding. Then the chief grew headstrong to the point where Roosevelt found himself unable to reward policemen as he had promised or to punish where he had threatened. He faced about and began to fight from a new angle; he tried to get remedial legislation passed that would solve his police difficulties. He failed, and his reorganization work as planned went to smash.

"Policemen were growing rich, he knew, by protecting saloonkeepers that steadily broke the Sunday excise law. Out came the Roosevelt dictum—despite protests from his friends that he was threatening the future success of his own career—that every saloon in Manhattan must obey the statute, which said saloons must close from Saturday night to Monday.

"Shrieks of anguish arose the length and breadth of the island. Roosevelt's local popularity got a temporary setback. Chief Conlin seized the chance to be "with the crowd" and defied his Commissioner. When influential citizens, who had heard the protests of the vicious against the enforcement of the laws regulating liquor-selling, began to be afraid lest business should suffer, and went to him and suggested that it was not wise to bring about this new order of things, his answer was uniformly the same:

"I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it."

George William Douglas, in his book "The Many-Sided Roosevelt" called attention to the fact that this was a practical application of General Grant's dictum that the best way to secure the repeal of an improper law is to enforce it. But the people of New York have not yet been able to secure the repeal of the statutes which the new Police Commissioner insisted should be obeyed. New statutes have been passed and new conditions created, but the situation is practically unchanged. In his conversation with Mr.

Eggleston in the spring of 1902 the subject was referred to, and Mr. Eggleston told the President that he was the author of the situation which then existed:

"How is that?" Mr. Roosevelt asked.

"Why, it was you who first demonstrated the fact that it is possible for an honest police administration to compel the police to honest ways," Mr. Eggleston replied. "You thus created a popular demand for honest police administration which will not down at any man's behest."

Then Mr. Eggleston, at his request, briefly described the conditions, and after some moments' thought Mr. Roosevelt said:

"The difficulty seems to be inherent in the conditions. If a reform administration honestly endeavors to carry out reform, it makes an end of itself at the end of its term and insures the return of Tammany to power. If a reform administration fails or falters in carrying out the pledges of reform on which it was elected, it utterly loses the confidence and support of the reform forces, and that again means a triumph for Tammany at the next election."

"What, then, is to be done?" asked Mr. Eggleston.

"Enforce the law and take the consequences," he quickly answered. "The police force is composed mainly of good men, who have no love for crookedness. They need only know that an honest discharge of duty is required of them in order to insure conduct of that character on their part."

The sum total of the whole excise crusade demonstrated that there were many honest policemen who would go straight if encouraged; that there were Police Commissioners who dared do their duty; that traces of a rise in the morals of the whole force were noticeable, and that — according to the Roosevelt figures — Sunday drinking had been cut down “40 per cent.” while the wave lasted.

In many other ways the new vigor in the police department made itself felt in bettering city conditions. The tenement-house law was invoked anew against buildings which were unfit for human inhabitants. “New York City was crowded with such buildings,” writes Edward Stratemeyer, “but nobody had ordered them torn down, because either nobody wanted to bother, or the owners paid black-mail money to keep them standing for the rent they could get out of them.”

“Those tenements must come down,” said Theodore Roosevelt.

“If you order them down, the owners will fight you to the bitter end,” said another officer of the department.

“I don’t care if they do. The houses are a menace to life and health. They are filthy, and if a fire ever started in them, some would prove regular traps. They have got to go.” And shortly after that about a hundred were seized, and the most destroyed.

For many years a large number of shiftless and often lawless men, and women too, were attracted to the metropolis because of the

"tramps' Lodging Houses" located there. These resorts were continually filled by vagrants who would not work and who were a constant menace to society at large.

"We must get rid of those lodging houses," said Mr. Roosevelt. "They simply breed crime. No respectable man or woman, no matter how poor, will enter them."

"But we'll have to have some sort of shelter for the poor people," said others.

"To be sure—for those who are deserving. The others should be driven off and discouraged," answered Mr. Roosevelt. And one by one the tramps' lodging places were abolished. In their place the Board of Charities opened a Municipal Lodging House, where those who were deserving were received, were made to bathe, and given proper shelter and nourishment.

More than once threats were made against Commissioner Roosevelt's life, but they did not move him an inch. When told by a friend one day that a group of saloonkeepers were plotting to harm him, he said, "What can they do?"

"I am afraid they can do a good deal," was the answer. "Each of those men has a bar-keeper who has been in jail for various crimes. They may attack you some dark night and kill you."

"Perhaps I won't give them the chance," answered the man who had been on many a dangerous hunt in the wild West. "If they can shoot, so can I."

"But they may sneak up behind you and knock you out," insisted the visitor.

"Well, if they do that, I shall have died doing my duty," was the calm answer.

But the Gibraltar of the underworld and the "invisible government" was too strong in those days for even a Roosevelt to demolish, and when the McKinley Administration offered him an appointment much to his liking,—that of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he resigned from the Police Board, April 17, 1897, and went to Washington again. He left a different police force, both as to individuals and as to organized efficiency, from the one he found. Hermann Hagedorn has quoted, in his delightful "The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt," the following testimony of a captain and a lieutenant of police as to the effect of the Roosevelt influence on the force:

"The police department was in a coma," said a lieutenant of police, many years later, "and Roosevelt woke it up."

"He put new morale into the force," said a captain of police. "All payments for advancement stopped at once. No political boss could appoint, promote, or injure you. Promotions were strictly on the level. No man was afraid to do his duty while Roosevelt was commissioner, because he knew that the commissioner was behind him. The crooks were afraid of the cops—and the cops were not afraid of the crooks. All the decent, manly fellows on the force loved this strenuous master who led them. He was human. You could talk to him. He made even people with a shady past feel at home with him."

"No matter how you felt when you were going to him," said the lieutenant of police, "when you were with him you felt you were as good as he was. He gets acquainted with me as an East Side kid, and because I was a genuine East Side kid he stuck to me. And he made me feel that he would sooner be seen in the company of me and my kind than in the company of ambassadors and kings."

"It took some months," said the captain of police, "to give the force their faith in Roosevelt. They thought he might be just a flash in the pan. But they found out soon there was no bunk in him. He had an open door for any member of the force. Every man who really tried to do right or, having gone crooked, reformed and showed he was trying to do right, always received a fair chance. He detested cowardice and shirking and the milk-and-water men, but he always stuck to the man who proved he was doing or trying to do his job."

"He was a great sticker," said the lieutenant of police.

"The whole thing in a nutshell was this," said the captain of police. "The force, kickers, gamblers, and all, knew in their hearts that if they gave good and faithful service this man Roosevelt would stick to them. And if they incurred the enmity of the underworld or the political world, no unjust accusation would hurt them. It would help them, if anything."

"I've had my troubles on the force since he left," said the lieutenant of police, "and there's been times when I've felt, just as any man would,

like getting my revenge, when the chance came, on men who were trying to hurt me, or doing things that other men were doing, but that weren't just all right. But I thought of him and I didn't do them. I said to myself, people know that you're his friend and what you do reflects on him. You have a right to dabble with your own reputation, but you haven't a right to dabble with his."

"I guess," said the captain of police, "that nine-tenths of the men that's ever come in contact with Theodore Roosevelt are better and squarer men because of it."

CHAPTER IV

RANCHMAN AND HUNTER IN THE GREAT WEST

ALMOST immediately after the Republican convention of 1884, at which Blaine was nominated for President, Roosevelt closed his affairs in New York and turned his face toward the great West for a period of vigorous life in the land of broad skies and big game. There for two years he studied the wildest traits of Nature and of men and found his way into the hearts of both. George William Douglas has gathered and verified some of the most characteristic incidents of this period and by his permission a few of them are reproduced in this chapter.

Roosevelt arrived at Medora on the Little Missouri River in Dakota Territory in Sep-

tember of 1884, and when he inquired about the hunting prospects was told that he would have to ride fifty miles into a rough, unbroken country before finding any big game. Saddle-horses were difficult to obtain, and were not trustworthy when they could be got. Camping in the open was not agreeable or restful after a long day in the saddle, and only strong men voluntarily endured the hardships of buffalo hunting in that part of the country. Mr. Roosevelt did not look like a strong man. He was not tall and then he was rather slender, as a young man of less than twenty-five naturally would be. Besides, he wore glasses, which Westerners living in the open fortunately do not need till age dims their sight. No one was anxious to go hunting with the slight Easterner, but finally his determination impressed Mr. J. A. Ferris, an experienced guide, and he consented to go with him.

"We started out with a hunting outfit to the head of Bacon Creek, about fifty miles from the railroad crossing," said Mr. Ferris later, in describing the trip. "Mr. Roosevelt was on horseback, and where he learned to ride I don't know; but he rode as well, if not better, than I did and could stand just as much knocking about.

"In making or breaking camp he was as handy as a pocket in a shirt and seemed to know just what to do. On the first night out, when we were twenty-five miles from a settlement, we went into camp on the open prairie, with our saddle-blankets over us, our horses picketed

and the picket ropes tied about the horns of our saddles, which we used for pillows.

"In the middle of the night there was a rush, our pillows were swept from under our heads and our horses went tearing off over the prairie, frightened by wolves. Away they tore, and we heard the saddles thumping over the ground after them. Mr. Roosevelt was up and off in a minute. Together we chased those frightened horses over the prairie until they slackened speed and we caught up with them. The night was dark and there was little to guide us on our return. Mr. Roosevelt's bump of locality was good, and he led the way back to camp straight as a die.

"On the following day we reached our hunting grounds, and for several days traveled about without being able to get a shot at a buffalo. On the fourth or fifth day out, I think it was, while we were riding along, our horses pricked up their ears, as they will do when big game is near, and I told Mr. Roosevelt that there was a buffalo close at hand.

"We dismounted and advanced to a big wash-out near by and peered over the edge. There stood a huge buffalo bull calmly feeding and unaware of our presence.

" 'Hit him where that patch of red shows on his side,' said I, 'and you've got him.'

"Mr. Roosevelt was as cool as a cucumber. He raised his gun carefully, took aim calmly and fired. Out came the buffalo from the wash-out with blood pouring from his mouth and nose.

" 'You've shot him,' I shouted, and so it

proved, for the buffalo plunged a few steps and fell dead."

Mr. Roosevelt had not been long in the West before he discovered, if he did not already know, that the social conventions there differ from those in the East. And he had several interesting experiences before he convinced those whom he met that he was entitled to as much consideration as any self-respecting Westerner.

One evening after supper he was reading at a table in the public room of a frontier hotel where he was passing the night. The room was office, dining-room, bar-room and everything else. A man, half drunk, came into the hotel with a swagger, marched up to the bar and with a flourish of his arm commanded everybody to drink. Everybody was willing to obey, that is, everybody but Mr. Roosevelt. He still sat at the table busy with his book.

"Who's that fellow?" the man asked, pointing in Roosevelt's direction.

"Oh, he's a tenderfoot, just arrived," some one said.

"Humph," he grunted. Then he turned squarely around and called out: "Say you, Mr. Four-eyes, I asked this house to drink. Did you hear me?"

Mr. Roosevelt made no reply. The man swaggered over to him, pulling out his pistol and firing as he crossed the room.

"I want you to understand that when I ask a man to drink with me, that man's got to drink," he threatened, fondling his still smoking pistol.

"You must excuse me to-night. I do not care for anything to drink," said Roosevelt.

"That don't go here. You just order your drink or there'll be more trouble."

"Very well, sir," Roosevelt replied, rising slowly to his feet and waiting till he was firmly poised on them before completing his remark, "I do not care for anything, but if I must —"

With the word "must" he let his fist fly, striking the bully a terrific blow on the jaw and knocked him to the floor. In an instant Roosevelt was astride of him with his knees holding down the man's arms. After taking away all the weapons he could find he let the man up.

"Now, I hope you understand, sir, that I do not care to drink with you," said the young "tenderfoot," who had hardened his muscles to some purpose before he went West.

This is the common version of the story. Mr. Roosevelt has referred to the incident in this way: "I was never shot at maliciously but once. This was on the occasion when I had to pass the night in a little frontier hotel where the bar-room occupied the place where every one, drunk or sober, had to sit. My assailant was neither a cowboy nor a bona fide 'bad man,' but a broad-hatted ruffian of a cheap and commonplace type who had for the moment terrorized the other men in the bar-room, these being mostly sheep-herders and small grangers. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave

him the impression — a mistaken one — that I would not resent an injury.”

When the Marquis de Mores, whose ranch was in the same part of the territory as Mr. Roosevelt's, attempted to bulldoze him — there is no foundation in the story that the Marquis challenged him to a duel — he met the situation with perfect self-possession. The Marquis had the reputation of being a “bad man.” This was because he was a mediæval Frenchman born out of his time, and thought that any reflection upon his honor or upon anything that concerned him must be resented to the death. Naturally he got into frequent trouble in the democratic surroundings of the cattle country and he was not let alone until he had killed a man. This did not improve his reputation, and when his cowboys and Roosevelt's clashed, everybody expected trouble between the masters.

The Marquis justified the expectation by sending a messenger to Mr. Roosevelt, bearing a letter containing the intimation that there was a way for gentlemen to settle their differences and calling his attention to it. This was as near a challenge to a duel as it came, but it was near enough. Roosevelt did not think dueling worth while, and, regardless of the precedents of an antiquated code, he sent word that there must be some misunderstanding, and that he would follow the messenger in an hour or so to discover what it was all about. The Marquis, as soon as the reply arrived, not to be made ridiculous by such a matter-of-fact treatment of the case, sent another messenger to meet

Mr. Roosevelt with an invitation to dinner. The invitation was accepted, and coffee for two was served without the pistols of the old-fashioned "affair of honor."

Mr. Roosevelt had been ranching some time when this happened. It was during his buffalo-hunting trip that he decided that the country which supported big game would also support cattle, and he made arrangements to fatten steers on the land, supplying the cattle in the first place to a partner who had a ranch. Later he acquired two ranches and persisted in the business for some years, notwithstanding the severe losses he sustained through the destruction of his cattle by blizzards. He lived and worked among his men and was like them save that he carried a razor and read good literature. He usually carried a book or two with him on his hunting trips or whenever he expected to be away from the ranch-house for any great length of time. He had pocket editions of Burns and Shakespeare and other classics.

On one occasion while he was hunting for a lost horse, he was overtaken at night by a snow-storm and took refuge in a deserted hut in company with a cowboy whom he had run across on a similar errand. There were no inhabited houses, if there were houses of any kind, for many miles. The two men built a fire and ate their supper together. Then "to while away the long evening," Mr. Roosevelt writes, "I read Hamlet aloud from a little pocket Shakespeare. The cowboy, a Texan — one of the best riders I have ever seen, and also a very intelligent as

well as a thoroughly good fellow in every way — was greatly interested in it and commented most shrewdly on the parts he liked, especially Polonius's advice to Laertes, which he translated into homely language with great relish, and ended with the just criticism that 'old Shakespeare saveyed human natur' some.' ”

In all respects, Mr. Roosevelt entered into the life about him with a wholesome zest. His horses were as good as the best, and his men, both those whom he took with him from the East and those whom he employed in the West, were as loyal to him as it was possible for men to be. He washed his own clothes the same as the others. He went to the frontier balls and danced with the women, opening one cowboy ball with the wife of a small stockman, who had not long before killed a noted bully of the neighborhood in self-defense, the stockman himself dancing opposite. The dance was the lancers, and Mr. Roosevelt says that the stockman knew all the steps better than he did.

During his residence in the West he did not forget his duties as an orderly citizen of a disorderly country, in which each man had to defend his own property. The part of the territory in which he was living had been pretty well cleared of horse and cattle stealers in the early winter of 1885, but three suspected men remained, and as spring approached they became anxious to leave that part of the country, as threats to lynch them had been made.

The leader of these three was named Finnegan. He usually explained that he was “from

Bittle Creek, where the further up you went the worse people got," and he "lived at the fountain head," a description, when you come to think of it, not devoid of merit. Finnegan and his companions — a German and a half-breed — had a hut on the river-bank about twenty miles above Roosevelt's ranch, and Roosevelt knew it. Therefore, when one of his men told him, in March, 1886, that his Eastern-built skiff, used in crossing the Little Missouri to the horse range on the other side, had been stolen, he at once decided that these men were the thieves. The skiff was light and strong and was much more easily handled than the flat-bottomed scow which they were known to have.

Mr. Roosevelt decided to deliver the men up to justice, if possible, as he believed that to submit tamely on this occasion would invite further depredations from lawless characters. He therefore had Sewall and Dow, the two Maine men whom he had taken with him to the West, make a flat-bottomed boat. They completed it in three days of rapid work. Then it was loaded with provisions enough to last for about two weeks, and Mr. Roosevelt, Dow, and Sewall embarked in it in pursuit of the thieves. They counted on overtaking them in a short time, as they knew that Finnegan was aware that the Roosevelt skiff was the only boat besides his own scow on that part of the river and would conclude that he was safe from pursuit. It was not practicable to follow the thieves down the river on horseback. Finnegan had not counted on the building of a new boat, so he was taken

unawares, when, on the afternoon of the third day of the pursuit, Roosevelt's party, as they turned a bend in the river, saw the smoke from a camp fire and not far from it, on the river-bank, the stolen boat tied to the shore. Then they knew that the thieves could not be far away. They fastened their own boat to the bank and separated, planning to surround the camp. When they came near enough to see what was going on they discovered that only one of the three men was there, and he was sitting down without his weapons.

Mr. Roosevelt covered him with his gun and ordered him to hold up his hands. Then the three men rushed in and searched him to make sure that he had no pistols in his pockets, and to prevent him from giving an alarm to his companions. Dow was left in charge of the prisoner while Sewall and Mr. Roosevelt went some distance to a point from which they commanded all paths to the camp and awaited the return of the others. After a time they heard voices approaching, and soon Finnegan and his companion came in sight. They were at once covered by the Roosevelt guns and commanded to surrender. As they had no alternative worth considering, they obeyed and were marched back to the camp, where they were to spend the night. It was bitterly cold, and the problem of guarding their prisoners became a difficult one. If their feet and arms were bound tightly enough to make them helpless, the circulation of the blood would be stopped and the hands and feet of the men would be frozen. As the next best

way of making the men helpless, their boots were taken off and they were compelled to sleep all together in one blanket. The country was so full of prickly cactus that Mr. Roosevelt knew the men would not attempt to escape in their stocking feet. As an additional precaution, the night was divided into two watches, one of the captors sitting up half the night and another the other half, while the third man had his sleep unbroken. Early the following morning the start was made down the river to the nearest sheriff and jail, which they hoped to reach in three or four days at the most. But their plans were disarranged by the ice in the river. For ten days they followed an ice-jam down stream, which moved so slowly that before they reached the "C Diamond" ranch, their provisions were almost exhausted and for two or three days they had been living on flour and water mixed up together and baked. On the outskirts of this ranch they found a hut with a solitary cowboy and some bronchos. Mr. Roosevelt left his prisoners here while he rode to a ranch fifteen miles away, where he was told he could get a wagon for carrying them safely to the sheriff at Dickinson. After engaging the wagon, a "prairie schooner," and a team of horses, with the ranchman for a driver, he returned to the cowboy's hut and his prisoners.

The next day he walked the prisoners, with Dow and Sewall as assistant guards, to the ranchman's house and loaded them into the schooner. Then he dismissed Sewall and Dow

and sent them back up the river with the boats. The start for Dickinson and the jail was made with Mr. Roosevelt on foot behind the wagon with his cocked gun over his shoulder. He knew that the only way to prevent the men from over-powering him was to remain out of their reach and to keep his gun ready. The trail over the prairie was a track of deep mud and progress was slow.

Night overtook the party at a small hut, where they stopped. The prisoners were put into the upper bunk, from which it would not be easy for them to get out, and Mr. Roosevelt mounted guard over them, seated with his back against the cabin door all night, fighting sleep. It was one armed man against three desperadoes and the possible treachery of his own physical exhaustion. The one man with the gun remained master of the situation and got his prisoners into the wagon again all right in the morning and followed them into town on foot, arriving there about six o'clock in the afternoon, completely exhausted after thirty-six hours without sleep. He turned them over to the sheriff with a statement of the charge against them. Then, after making up his lost sleep, he returned to his ranch, satisfied that he had established his reputation for taking care of his own property.

These three prisoners were the last of the gang of outlaws the expulsion of whom from that part of the country had been begun some time before the skiff was stolen. A meeting of the cattle-men had been held in the freight shed

at Medora to form an organization for their mutual protection against the marauders. It had been openly hinted that a certain deputy sheriff was in collusion with the outlaws. The deputy was present at the meeting.

After the preliminaries of organization, it is said that Mr. Roosevelt rose in his place and addressed the deputy. He openly accused the man of dishonesty and incompetency, and ignoring the menace of the officer's revolver, the handle of which was projecting above his belt, he expressed his scorn of him as a man unworthy and unfit for the office which he held. The disappearance of the next cow, he declared, might become the signal for declaring the corrupt official's office vacant, and it was not without the pale of possibility that certain of Roosevelt's friends, whom he might be unable to restrain, might invoke the assistance of a rope or a Winchester in protecting their herds from depredations. In the history of that part of the country such a speech had never been heard before. Few men would have had the courage to make such an accusation in such a company, and many of those present held their breath till they saw that the accused man dared not retaliate. He sat with downcast head and said not a word; but his prestige was gone forever, and it was not long before another deputy succeeded him. Thereafter the ranchmen of the Kildeer Mountain region came to have a serene feeling as they turned into their blankets at night that their herds of cows would not diminish before morning.

From that time on Roosevelt's position in the West was one of distinction among the men of the plains. His real business among those men was raising cattle and caring for them on the plains, and if anything could have raised him in their estimation more than his determination to be a real "cattle man" as distinct from a "sheep man," it was the display of nerve which he never lacked.

It seemed to make no difference that men "were supposed to go about with their fingers on the triggers of their guns," Roosevelt never hesitated to stand up to those who boasted of several notches on the handles of their revolvers. The editor of the Bad Lands Cowboy has told of a scene of this kind which took place in his office, where Mr. Roosevelt used to drop in and gossip with his widely scattered neighbors. He had listened with manifest disgust to the low talk of one of the most noted "bad men" in the country, on the occasion which the editor has recalled.

Mr. Roosevelt knew that this man had well earned his repute for badness and was always ready to shoot up things on the least provocation. Nevertheless, when he was thoroughly tired of the fellow's tales, it did not occur to him to be afraid to say so. On the contrary, he looked him straight in the eye and, speaking in a low voice and "skinning his teeth," said, "Jim, I like you; but you are the nastiest talking man I ever heard." This candor took the breath away from the men who were sitting around the office, and every eye was on Jim's

right hand to see if he would pull his "gun." Instead of that, they saw a sheepish look come into his hard face, and heard him say, in a tone of apology: "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt, and I am not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind saying that mebbe I've been a little too free with my mouth." Jim knew that he had been told the truth for once, and without fear and without malice. He always remembered it to the credit of the man who had dared to speak what he thought, and remained a loyal friend of Theodore Roosevelt.

There were other things in this Western life besides taming bullies and defying negligent officials. The business there was raising cattle and taking care of them on the plains. Mr. Roosevelt rode with his cowboys and was as good as any of them. On the round-up he endured all sorts of hardships with his men, riding all day and sleeping on the ground at night. On one rainy night he was awakened by the report that his cattle were being driven before the storm and were in danger of stampeding. Every man rushed to his horse, saddled him and rode to the herd, hoping to head it off. But the storm raged and the cattle continued to retreat before it, at first slowly, but as the thunder grew louder the animals began to show terror, and it was not long before the men were riding for their life in front of the stampeding brutes.

A vivid flash of lightning revealed an empty corral not far away, and Mr. Roosevelt shouted to the two men near him to make an opening

into it, while he tried to guide the cattle around to it. By the time two sections of the fence were down Roosevelt dashed through on his horse, with the maddened animals at his heels, and he barely escaped through a narrow opening at the other side. The herd was saved with the exception of a few animals that were trampled to death in the struggle to get through the break in the fence. Then the ranch-owner and his men rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep again.

Mr. Roosevelt not only stood the test when it was a question of presence of mind or of physical endurance, but also when it was a question of public spirit. It was while on a hunting trip with three other men that he fought a fire on a cattle range all one night that he might save the grass for his own and his neighbors' cattle. He had noticed the fire in the morning away to the southward, and thought it was too far off to be of concern to him; but in the afternoon he was surprised to see it bursting out not more than a mile away.

After he and his companions had vainly striven to turn the course of the flames he rode off to seek a way of escape, but the fire was moving so rapidly that he soon saw that their only way out would be cut off before they could reach it. He hastened back to the men and the hunting wagon, which he found on the lee of a damp stretch of ground, where the men were busily engaged in beating down the grass, so that when the fire passed around the place it might not eat back to where they were. They

succeeded in saving their belongings, as the fire went around them, as they had planned.

When the wind went down at sunset they killed a stray steer that had been caught for the purpose, and split the carcass open down the center. They dragged one half of this to the fire, which was now eating its way slowly along in a line not much broader than the length of the steer's body. A passageway was beaten through the flames to the dry grass on the other side and one of the horses forced through with a rope attached to one end of the carcass. The other end of the carcass was attached to another horse, so that the wet and bloody flesh might be dragged along the ground, extinguishing the flames. Mr. Roosevelt rode one of the horses, and one of his men the other, while the two remaining men walked behind and stamped out what few sparks were left. They continued till the flesh was worn off the bones and the backbone broke. Then they got the other half of the carcass and used it up the same way, working all night, and then stopping only because they were completely exhausted. They made a heroic effort, but four men and one steer carcass were not enough to put out a fire in the rough country.

From boyhood Roosevelt had been an accomplished rider, and after very little experience in ranching he learned to sit in his saddle and ride his horse like a life-long plainsman, says James Morgan, who tells the following two incidents of tricks played on Mr. Roosevelt by playful cowpunchers: He was in

Medora waiting for a train that was to bring a guest from the East. While he was in a store, the jokers placed his saddle on a notoriously vicious beast which they substituted for Mr. Roosevelt's mount. When he came out, in haste to ride around to the railroad station, he did not detect the deception.

Once he was on the horse's back, he was made instantly aware of the change. The broncho bucked and whirled, to the amusement of the grinning villagers. But to their amazement, the young ranchman succeeded in staying on him and spurring him into a run. Away they flew to the prairies and soon back they raced in a cloud of a dust and through the town. The friend from the East arrived and joined the spectators, who waited to see if the young squire of Elkhorn ever would return. In a little while he was seen coming along the road at a gentle gait, and when he reached the starting point, he dismounted with a smile of quiet mastery from as meek a creature as ever stood on four legs.

He had no use, however, for a horse whose spirit ran altogether to ugliness. When he first went West, he doubted the theory of the natives that any horse was hopelessly bad. For instance, there was one in the sod-roofed log stable of Elkhorn who had been labeled "The Devil." Mr. Roosevelt believed that gentleness would overcome Devil. The boys thought it might if he should live to be seventy-five. After much patient wooing, Devil actually let Mr. Roosevelt lay his hand on him and pat him.

The boys began to think that possibly there was something in this new plan of bronco busting.

One day, however, when his gentle trainer made bold to saddle and mount him, Devil quickly drew his four hoofs together, leaped into the air and came down with a jerk and a thud. Then he finished with a few fancy curves that landed his disillusioned rider a good many yards in front of him. Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet and on to the back of the animal. Four times he was thrown, and one of the onlookers has vowed that sometimes he could see twelve acres of land between him and the saddle. Finally the determined rider maneuvered Devil out on to a quicksand, where bucking is impossible, and when at last he was driven back to solid earth he was like a lamb.

In this rough life of the range the young ranchman conquered forever the physical weakness of his youth and put on that rugged strength which enabled him to stand before the world, a model of vigorous manhood.

In the fall of 1886 Roosevelt had been summoned back to New York to make the Independent-Reform-Republican campaign for Mayor, but the following spring he returned to North Dakota to look after his cattle. The winter had been terribly severe, and half his herd had perished. He took the heavy loss, as he took every defeat, without complaining, and never lost his spirit of tender solicitude for any in need of help. Cowboys who were with him in the spring round-up that year, says the *Chicago Tribune*,

will never forget his act of kindness to a weakling calf, as illustrative of the gentler side of his nature.

The expedition comprised about one hundred cowboys, who represented several ranches, and was divided into "outfits" of twenty men to each. The foreman of Colonel Roosevelt's ranch was foreman of the round-up. This was before Roosevelt became a colonel, and the cowboys all called him "Teddy."

Before the plainsmen galloped away from Medora on the morning of May 15th, Roosevelt told his foreman that he wished to be treated no better than any other man in the party. He was anxious and willing to do his share of the work, he said, and the relations existing between employer and employee were to be forgotten until after the round-up.

Rudolph Lehmicke, a former cowboy, and later a compositor on *The Tribune*, who was with the expedition, tells the following story of Roosevelt's saving the life of a calf.

"We had been out about three weeks and had not met with any unusual adventure. It had rained steadily two days and nights of the third week, and every man in the round-up was drenched to the skin. With the exception of Colonel Roosevelt, or Teddy, as we then called him, all of us were used to that rough life, and we half expected him to plead illness when at three o'clock the next morning we turned out with the rain still pelting. But he was in the saddle as quickly as any of us and not a word of complaint did he utter.

"On this day Roosevelt, Merle Bentley, and myself were driving what is called the day herd. This is a bunch of cattle that have strayed away from their own ranges during the winter. The brand shows to whom they belong. Stray cattle are gathered up and driven over the divide, being headed down to their own ranges.

"About noon we came across a small bunch of cattle, among which was a cow with a calf not more than a week old. It was still raining in torrents. When the cattle separated and broke into a run, we saw the calf for the first time. The mother cow was compelled to lag behind on account of the calf's inability to travel fast. Bentley was riding nearest the calf and mother, and he tried to urge them on to join those ahead.

"Teddy had been watching the feeble efforts of the calf to keep along with the mother, and he was touched by the little fellow's plucky struggle to follow. He rode over to Bentley and in a good-natured way asked him to exchange positions. Bentley galloped off to another part of the field, glad to get rid of the troublesome calf.

"Teddy rode along slowly to accommodate the pace of the calf, but after half an hour's struggle the little fellow had to give up. With a bleat he fell from exhaustion. Teddy got off his horse, picked the calf up in his arms, put it on the saddle in front of him, and rode along for a couple of miles. The mother cow trotted along at the horse's side, and her big

brown eyes seemed to express the gratitude she felt.

"The calf was put down after its rest in the saddle, and by great exertion it managed to keep along with the mother for a mile or so. Its strength again gave out and it sank to the ground. Teddy sprang from his horse and again placed the little beast on the saddle in front of him.

"This was repeated three or four times, I think, before it was decided to let the calf lie where it had fallen in the last brave struggle. Usually in such cases the mother cow is driven along with the day herd, and the abandoned calf soon dies of hunger and exposure. We were going to do this when Teddy said:

"'Boys, it doesn't seem just right to drive away the mother and leave the calf to die on the prairie. That's hardly a square deal. What do you say if we leave the mother with the little fellow, and in a few days he will be able to paddle his own canoe?'

"Bentley and I wanted to laugh, but we didn't, and we rode away."

The serious work of cattle-raising was interspersed with hunting trips, both for big game and small. Mr. Roosevelt was never a "dead shot," but he was fairly successful with the rifle, and many incidents are told of his hunting journeys. The following is told by Edward Stratemeyer, in his "American Boy's Life of Roosevelt," as illustrating the tireless persistence which was one of Roosevelt's best qualifications as a hunter:

There were no elk in the immediate vicinity of Theodore Roosevelt's ranches, nor were there many bear or buffalo. But all these animals were to be met with further westward, and the young ranchman had been after them during a previous year's hunting while on a trip to Montana and Wyoming.

At that time the destination of the party was the Bighorn Mountains, which were reached only after a painful and disheartening journey over a very uncertain Indian trail, during which one of the ponies fell into a washout and broke his neck, and a mule stuck fast in a mud-hole and was extricated only after hours of hard work.

"It was on the second day of our journey into the mountains that I got my first sight of elk," says Mr. Roosevelt. The party was on the trail leading into a broad valley, moving slowly and cautiously along through a patch of pine trees. When the bottom of the valley was gained, Mr. Roosevelt saw a herd of cow elk at a great distance, and soon after took a shot at one, but failed to reach his mark.

"I am going after that herd," he said. And as soon as the party had pitched camp, he sallied forth in one direction, while his foreman, Merri-field, took another.

As Theodore had supposed, the elk had gone off in a bunch, and for some distance it was easy to follow them. But further on the herd had spread out, and he had to follow with more care, for fear of getting on the wrong trail, for elk tracks ran in all directions over the mountains. Their tracks are there to-day, but the

elk and the bears are fast disappearing, for ruthless hunters have done their best to exterminate the game.

After passing along for several miles, Theodore Roosevelt felt he must be drawing close to the herd. Just then his rifle happened to tap on the trunk of a tree, and instantly he heard the elk moving away in new alarm. His hunting blood was now aroused, and he rushed forward with all speed, but as silently as possible. By taking a short cut, the young ranchman managed to come up beside the running elk. They were less than twenty yards away, and had it not been for the many trees which were on every side, he would have had an excellent shot at them. As it was he brought low a fine, full-grown cow elk, and hit a bull calf in the hind leg. Later on he took up the trail of the calf and finished that also.

Of this herd the foreman also brought down two, so that for the time being the hunters had all the meat they needed. But Theodore Roosevelt was anxious to obtain some elk horns as trophies of the chase, and day after day a watch was kept for bull elk, as the hunters moved the camp from one place to another.

At last the long-looked-for opportunity arrived. Three big bulls were seen, and Roosevelt and his man went after them with all possible speed. They were on foot, and the trail led them over some soft ground, and then through a big patch of burnt timber. Here running was by no means easy, and more than once both hunters pitched headlong into the dirt

and soot, until they were covered from head to foot. But Theodore Roosevelt was bound to get the elk, and kept on until the sweat was pouring down on his face and neck. Shot after shot was fired, and all three of the animals were wounded, but still they kept on bounding away.

"One is down!" shouted Roosevelt at last. And the news proved true; the smallest of the bulls had rocked unsteadily for a few seconds and gone to earth. Then on and on after the remaining game sped the hunters, panting and sweating as before.

"The sweat streamed down in my eyes and made furrows in the sooty mud that covered my face, from having fallen full length down on the burnt earth," writes the dauntless hunter, in relating this story. "I sobbed for breath as I toiled at a shambling trot after them, as nearly done out as could well be."

But he did not give up and now the elk took a turn and went downhill, with Theodore Roosevelt pitching after them, ready to drop from exhaustion, but full of that grit to win out which won the admiration of all who knew the man. The second bull fell; and now but one remained, and this dashed into the thicket. On its heels went the daring hunter, running the chance of having the elk turn on him as soon as cornered, in which case, had Roosevelt's rifle been empty, the struggle for life on both sides would have been a fierce one.

In the midst of the thicket the hunter had to pause, for the elk was now out of sight, and

there was no telling what new course had been taken by the game. At a distance he saw a yellow body under the evergreen trees, and, taking hasty aim, fired. When he came up, he was somewhat dismayed to learn that he had not brought down the elk, but a black-tail deer instead. In the meantime, the third elk got away, and it proved impossible to pick up the trail again.

Probably the most exciting adventure of all those hunting trips in the western wilderness, was his "hack at the bears" in September of 1889, and there is hardly any doubt that Hermann Hagedorn has written the best story of the incident in his "Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt,"¹ published a few months ago. It is reproduced here by permission:

His companion was a crabbed, rheumatic old mountain hunter named Hank Griffin, who had an extraordinary gift for finding game, but also a surly temper and profound contempt for "tenderfeet," especially "tenderfeet" who wore spectacles. He had never "trundled a tenderfoot before, he remarked, and gave the impression that he considered Roosevelt in the light of one who had blackened his otherwise spotless record. He took his revenge by lying abed late and letting Roosevelt do all the work about the camp.

Finally, one day, he refused altogether to go out on the day's hunt. He had a pain, he said.

Roosevelt went out by himself, returning at

¹ Copyright, 1918, by Harper & Brothers.

dusk, to find that the "pain" had during his absence flourished on a flask of whiskey which he kept in his kit for emergencies. Hank was sitting very erect on a tree-stump, with his rifle across his knees. Roosevelt nodded in greeting. The guide leered at him. He was evidently very drunk.

Roosevelt leaned his rifle against a tree near the cooking-things and walked over to where his bedding lay. He suspected that his flask had been tapped. He rummaged among his belongings. The flask was there, but the whiskey was gone.

He turned on the man swiftly. "Hank, you've emptied my flask!" he cried.

The guide chuckled drunkenly. "Suppose I have," he said. "What are ye going to do about it?"

"I'll tell you what I am going to do about it," answered Roosevelt, hotly. "I am going to take one of the horses and go on by myself."

Hank stiffened up and cocked his rifle. "You can go alone," he muttered, "but you won't take a horse."

Roosevelt saw that the man was in a dangerous mood. "All right!" he said. "If I can't, I can't, I suppose." Then he began to move about, in search of some flour and salt pork. The guide, misled by his apparent acceptance of the situation, stared straight ahead drunkenly.

Hank Griffin's cocked rifle lay across his knees, the muzzle pointing to the left; Roosevelt's rifle stood toward the right. Roosevelt worked his way unobtrusively toward it. Then suddenly he

whipped it up and threw the bead on the old hunter.

"Hands up!"

The man put up his hands. "Oh, come!" he said. "I was only joking."

"Well, I'm not!" Roosevelt replied, "straighten your legs and let your rifle go to the ground."

"It'll go off."

"Let it go off!"

But the gun did not go off, after all, for the guide straightened his legs with care so that it slipped to the ground without a jar.

"Move back!"

The guide obeyed and Roosevelt picked up the rifle. The crabbed old man was quite sober now, and quizzical instead of angry.

"Give me back my rifle," he remarked, in a conciliatory voice, "an' we'll call it quits an' go on together."

"I guess we won't do that," said Roosevelt. "The hunt's about through anyway, and I think I'll go home." He pointed to a blasted pine on an eminence about a mile from camp. "Do you see that pine? If I see you in camp when I reach there, I'll leave your rifle there for you. If you try to come after me, I'll take it for granted that you mean to get me if you can, and I'll shoot."

"I'm not coming after you," grumbled the guide.

Roosevelt started off, taking his little mare, his bed-roll, and half the remaining supply of flour, bacon, and tea. At the blasted pine he stopped and looked around. Old Hank was still in camp.

Roosevelt left the rifle at the tree and pressed on. At dusk he stopped and cooked his supper. He did not believe that the old hunter would follow him, but there was just a chance that he might. So he made use of a familiar trick of the trappers in the old Indian days. Leaving his camp-fire burning brightly, he pushed ahead until darkness made further progress impossible. Picketing the mare, but building no fire, he lay down and slept until the first streak of dawn, then again pushed on for two hours or more before halting to cook breakfast.

There was no trail, but he kept his course along the foot-hills where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest; and it was not until the end of this, the second day of his solitary journeying, that he had difficulty finding his way. That afternoon, however, he became enmeshed in a tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains. Dusk was coming on. For the moment he was "lost." He decided to camp where he was. He threw his pack and his buffalo sleeping-bag on the soft pine needles and strolled off through the frosty gloaming with his rifle on his shoulder, to see if he could pick up a grouse for his supper.

He found no grouse. Among the tall, slender pines the daylight was rapidly fading and he turned toward his camp again at last.

Suddenly, as he stole noiselessly up to the crest of a ridge, he caught the loom of a large, dark object.

It was a great grizzly, walking slowly off with his head down.

Roosevelt fired. The bear uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop. Roosevelt ran to cut him off. The bear entered a laurel thicket, and for a time remained hidden in the jungle of twisted stems and foliage, now and again uttering a strange, savage whine. Roosevelt began to skirt the edge, peering anxiously through the dusk.

The bear plunged out of the laurel on the farther side, wheeled, and stood for a moment broadside to the hunter. Stiffly he turned his head. Scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

Roosevelt fired again. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth. Roosevelt saw his white fangs gleam as the grizzly charged straight at him, crashing and bounding through the laurel-bushes. He did not fire at once. The raging animal came plunging on. As he topped a fallen tree, Roosevelt fired again. The ball went through the bear's chest, but the grizzly neither swerved nor flinched, but came steadily on. Roosevelt had only one more shot in his magazine, and in a second the bear would be upon him.

He fired for the beast's forehead, but his bullet went low, smashing the bear's lower jaw and entering his neck. Roosevelt leaped aside even as he pulled the trigger. The smoke hung for an instant, and through it he saw a great paw striking viciously at him. He flung himself back, hurriedly jamming a couple of cartridges into his rifle. The rush of the grizzly's charge

carried him past his pursuer. As he struck he lurched forward, recovering himself, and made two or three leaps onward; then suddenly collapsed, rolling over and over.

Roosevelt's "hack at the bears" had been successful.

Even the inveterate dweller in city caves must feel the thrill of this characterization of hunting which appears in the preface of Mr. Roosevelt's book "*The Wilderness Hunter*." It has been called "a poetical classic of the joys and thrill of the chase":

"In hunting, the finding and killing of the game is, after all, but a part of the whole. The free, self-reliant, adventurous life with its rugged and stalwart democracy; the wild surroundings, the grand beauty of the scenery, the chance to study the ways and the habits of the woodland creatures—all these unite to give the career of the wilderness hunter its peculiar charm.

"The chase is among the best of all national pastimes; it cultivates that vigorous manliness for the lack of which in a nation, as in an individual, the possession of no other qualities can possibly atone. No one but he who has partaken thereof can understand the keen delight of hunting in lonely lands.

"For him is the joy of the horse well ridden and the rifle well held; for him the long days of toil and hardship, resolutely endured and crowned at the end with triumph.

"In after years there shall come forever to his mind the memory of endless prairies shimmering in the bright sun; of vast snow-clad

wastes lying desolate under gray skies; of the melancholy marshes, of the rush of mighty rivers, of the breath of the evergreen forest in summer, of the crooning of ice-armored pines at the touch of the winds of winter, of cataracts roaring beneath hoary mountain masses, of all the innumerable sights and sounds of the wilderness, of its immensity and mystery and of the silences that brood in its still depths."

CHAPTER V

ROUGH RIDERS AND SPANIARDS

IN 1897, Roosevelt was called back to Washington by President McKinley to fill the office of Assistant Secretary of the Navy under John D. Long, who had accepted the Navy portfolio with the understanding that he should have as Assistant Secretary a strong and active man. In this respect Mr. Roosevelt did not disappoint him.

All the world knows his splendid efficiency in putting through the program for naval preparedness. Day and night he was to be found at his desk in the Navy Department, cutting red tape with a relentless hand and inspiring the bureau chiefs and the officers of the navy to renewed effort and accomplishment. His tireless energy and quick mastery of detail contributed much to the successful administration of the department and the preparation of the navy for the most brilliant feats in naval warfare in the history of the world. He pushed with his utmost

vigor the repair and general overhauling of what ships we then owned. He began to assemble ammunition and supplies of all kinds. He framed an important personnel bill. He started the navy on a course of real gunnery, so as to improve marksmanship. He distributed ships and supplies where they would be of most help and use if a storm burst, particularly remembering to place ships in Pacific waters, where they might loaf expectantly in the general neighborhood of the Philippines.

From the very first he foresaw the probability of a conflict with Spain and was determined to be ready for it whenever it should come. He worked earnestly for the navy personnel bill and visited the various naval reserves throughout the country. He left nothing undone that would in his opinion secure the highest efficiency in the service when the time for action came. He is said to have been the first to realize the tremendous opportunity that the war would open in the Far East, and he it was who had Dewey, in whom he recognized the right man for the place, appointed to command the eastern squadron.

Scarcely had he got his feet under a Navy Department desk when he asked for \$800,000 for powder and shell for the navy. It was granted. He knew that the guns of the navy would be useless unless the gunners could shoot straight. There had been little target practice in past years, for target practice with big guns is expensive. Now he saw to it that the gunners learned how to fire real ammunition at real targets, and hit the mark. A few months later

he wanted \$500,000 more. The representatives of the people asked him, aghast, what had become of the ammunition purchased with the \$800,000 handed to his department.

"Great heavens!" he cried, equally aghast at the question. "What d' you suppose we did with it? We fired it. And this new half million dollars' worth of ammunition will all be exploded thirty days after we get it. What else do you want to know, gentlemen?"

Many naval experts agree that the remarkable skill in marksmanship displayed by the American gunners was due to Roosevelt's foresight and insistence.

The deliberation with which many of the officials in Washington went about their business tried his patience, says George William Douglas. Mr. Roosevelt held a subordinate position and, of course, had to wait on the pleasure of his superiors, even when they were not delayed by the inaction of Congress. On one occasion he had urged a committee of Congressmen to approve certain things which he thought should be done at once. The members of the committee talked and talked without reaching any conclusion. An hour passed and they were still talking, when Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet with considerable show of impatience, and said:

"Gentlemen, if God had referred the ark to a committee on naval affairs like this, it's my opinion that it wouldn't have been built yet."

In the records of the Navy Department, Roosevelt left many memorials to his keen interest in the service, but none more striking than an order

cabled to Admiral Dewey on February 25, 1898, nearly two months before war was declared on Spain, in which the first step toward American occupation of the Philippine Islands was taken.

Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, issued the order without the knowledge or approval of Secretary Long, and in his autobiography he described this as one of the times when he seized opportunities presented by the absence of the Secretary to take steps toward preparation for war, which he regarded as vital.

Roosevelt had repeatedly urged that prompt action be taken to make ready for war. He believed Admiral, then Commodore Dewey, commanding the Asiatic fleet, should be given advance instructions, for even before the *Maine* was sunk he had felt certain that war with Spain was inevitable. No instructions were sent to Dewey, however, and when Mr. Long departed from Washington on February 25, leaving Roosevelt as Acting Secretary, this order, over Roosevelt's name, went over the cables:

"Dewey, Hong Kong:

"Secret and confidential. Order the squadron, except *Monacacy*, to Hong Kong. Keep full of coal. In event of declaration of war with Spain your duty will be to see that Spanish squadron does not leave Atlantic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* (Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay, previously order home) until further orders.

"ROOSEVELT."

Before war was declared it was reported that the Spanish fleet was about to sail for Cuba, and

Mr. Roosevelt urged that in view of all the circumstances, word be sent to Spain that the despatch of the fleet would be regarded as an act of war. He had explained his views to President McKinley, and the President sent for him one day to tell the same things to the Cabinet. What happened was told in 1901, after Mr. Roosevelt had become President. As he entered the room where the Cabinet was gathered, President McKinley asked him

"What would you advise as to the action of the United States in connection with Cervera's fleet?"

After pressing his lips firmly together for a moment, Mr. Roosevelt spoke:

"With all due deference to you, Mr. President, since you ask me for my honest opinion, I will say that my advice is to meet Cervera at the Canaries and sink every ship in the fleet."

"But that would be an act of war," the President replied.

"Certainly it would," admitted Mr. Roosevelt, "but I have noticed in my study of history that it is the nation that gets in the first blow which usually wins, and I believe in getting in the first blow."

This advice was not taken, for reasons that seemed to the responsible officers to be good and sufficient. The Spanish fleet, with its torpedo boats, sailed under command of Admiral Cervera. Many of the older naval officers advocated a policy of caution. They advised that the men in command of our ships should exercise great care and on no account get near enough

to the torpedo boats to risk the loss of their own ships. There was great dread of the destructive power of the torpedoes in those days. Mr. Roosevelt was discussing this situation one day with a friend. He got so indignant at what he regarded as the stupidity of the policy of dodging the enemy, that he jumped from his chair and paced up and down the room, shooting words from his mouth like bullets from a rapid-fire gun.

"Confound it all," he exclaimed, "of course we must take risks. But what is the good of a naval officer who would not run some risk when the necessity arose? Suppose a torpedo boat does destroy one of our ships, you may be sure there will be no more Spanish torpedo boats after that engagement is over. It is nonsense to talk about keeping our ships in port while the Spanish torpedo boats are on the sea. We must go out and find them and destroy them. And that would not be difficult, because I don't believe they are half so dangerous as they are represented to be."

There was a lighter side to all this hard and earnest work in preparation for possible war. Mr. Roosevelt's good digestion and high spirits still made it possible for him to enjoy life and to take many things less seriously. He liked to play pranks upon his associates. On one occasion he accompanied a squadron that went out for two days' target practice, to shoot away some of the powder that he had persuaded Congress to permit the Navy Department to buy. When the squadron was about to return, the officers

were invited on board the flag-ship as the guests of Mr. Roosevelt. They talked for some time, as the story is told, and as no creature comforts appeared they began to look inquiringly at one another. Mr. Roosevelt understood the glances, and, without the flicker of a smile, he said:

"Will you step into the cabin, gentlemen, and have some tea?"

The officers knew that strong waters were forbidden on board ship, but they also knew that an appetizer by any other name would sit as well on the stomach. So the movement toward the cabin was prompt and unanimous. There, in the center of a great table, rested a punch-bowl of magnificent proportions, filled nearly to the brim with liquid a shade darker than amber. In its center floated an island of ice. Sprays of mint extended their slender leaves over its brim, and pieces of lemon and other fruits floated on the surface of the cool and tempting liquid.

The old commodore, with the color of the sun on his face and the dryness of the desert in his throat, turned eagerly toward this oasis. He stirred the ladle lovingly in the bowl while the others gathered about him. He held his glass, filled to the brim, between his eye and the sunlight that came in through the cabin window, and the clatter and clink of glasses sounded cheerfully as each officer filled to the occasion. With an air of contentment and anticipatory joy the commodore brought the glass to his lips. Then as all lifted their glasses to follow his example, a look of astonishment passed over his face, giving way to one of pain.

"I'll be blowed if it ain't tea!" he gasped.
And the regulations were still intact.

These officers and Mr. Roosevelt and every other close observer of the signs of the times knew when the *Maine* was blown up in Havana harbor that war could not be delayed much longer. And Mr. Roosevelt began to lay his plans to get into it. He might have gone as a staff officer, but he did not care for that kind of duty. He sought to go as a field officer under General Francis V. Greene, but there were no vacancies. It was not until Congress authorized the organization of three cavalry regiments from among the frontiersmen and cowboys of the West that he found a way to go.

Secretary Alger, of the War Department, offered to make him a colonel of one of them, but he did not think he had sufficient experience in equipping a regiment for the field to take command at once. He therefore asked the Secretary of War to appoint him lieutenant-colonel and make Leonard Wood the colonel. Wood was a surgeon in the regular army and had been the physician in attendance on President McKinley. Although war was not his business, he had led a body of troops against the Apache Indians in an emergency and won a medal of honor. In the course of his service he had picked up a sound general knowledge of army methods.

Roosevelt and Wood had never met until the former came to Washington as assistant secretary. They had been immediately attracted to each other, and soon became fast friends. The surgeon had been fired with an ambition to lead

a relief expedition to the Alaskan mining region on the Klondike the winter before, and had urged Roosevelt to join him. They were now equally eager to serve in the war, and Wood had tried in vain for an appointment from his own state, Massachusetts. He welcomed the chance to join his friend in raising the Western regiment, and, with high ardor, they entered upon their duties.

After Roosevelt had decided to resign there were still some matters to be arranged in the Navy Department before it was announced that he was to go. But the newspaper men heard a rumor of his intentions, and one of them went, after midnight, to verify the report at the home of his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, where he was staying. The man knew Mr. Roosevelt personally, and thought that on the strength of the acquaintance he might be able to get some information. He discovered that however impulsive the Assistant Secretary of the Navy might seem, there were some things he could not be surprised into saying. The newspaper man said afterward:

"I stepped briskly up the steps and rang the bell. The house was very dark, every blind drawn and not a ray anywhere. Again I rang, but no sound. Determined not to be bluffed, I rang the bell once more and soon heard footsteps above. The window-sash went up and Mr. Roosevelt leaned out and wanted to know what I wanted.

" 'Good evening, Mr. Roosevelt,' said I, 'this is ——. Is it true —'

" 'Why, Mr. —,' he interrupted, 'I am surprised.'

" 'So am I, Mr. Roosevelt, but it is an important matter and I'll explain later. I would like to know if —'

" 'Why, Mr. —, I am surprised.'

" 'I appreciate that fact,' I persisted, 'but it is exceedingly important to know the exact facts. Is it true that —'

" 'Why, Mr. —?' broke in the cold, calm voice, 'I am very much surprised,' and down went the sash and back to bed went Mr. Roosevelt. It was a cold dash and it took me some time to recover from the shock; but Mr. Roosevelt explained later that he had had a particular anxiety not to have the story appear that day."

But his purpose soon became generally known, and then there was raised probably the most remarkable regiment that was ever enlisted for any war.

The plan of a Western regiment had set the plainsmen and the mountaineers aflame with excitement, says James Morgan, in his description of this unique military organization. Many telegraphed offers of their services, singly and in hastily formed bands. People began to speak of the picturesque organization as "The Rough Riders," a term borrowed from the circus. The idea seized upon the imagination of adventurous Eastern youth. From the South, and indeed from all directions, applications flowed in a torrent.

No one caught the contagion of the Roosevelt spirit more quickly than the college athletes of

the East. Young men of education and fortune pressed more earnestly for a chance to serve in the ranks under Roosevelt, than to gain commissions from the President as officers of other commands. While he had to decline applications by the thousands, Mr. Roosevelt determined to accept a sufficient number of picked men, of athletic tastes, from the other states to form a troop.

A most remarkable lot of private soldiers they proved to be, when they came to Washington to be mustered in. There were among them graduates of all the famous colleges, members of the most fashionable clubs of New York and Boston, and troopers from the fancy mounted militia of the big cities. There were the celebrated tennis champion and the next best player; a captain of a Harvard crew and one of his men; two football players from Princeton; two noted track athletes from Yale, two polo players from Mr. Roosevelt's old team at Oyster Bay; a celebrated steeplechase rider from New York; a captain of a Columbia crew, and there were New York policemen, anxious to serve again under their old commissioner.

As this unusual troop was about to be mustered in, Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt addressed a few remarks to them in this vein: "Gentlemen: You have now reached the last point. If any one of you doesn't mean business, let him say so now. An hour from now it will be too late to back out. Once you are in, you've got to see it through. You've got to perform, without flinching, whatever duty is assigned to you, re-

gardless of the difficulty or the danger attending to it. You must know how to ride, you must know how to shoot, you must know how to live in the open. Absolute obedience to every command is your first lesson. No matter what comes you mustn't squeal. Think it over, all of you. If any man wants to withdraw, he will be gladly excused, for there are thousands who are anxious to have places in this regiment." It is needless to say that no one backed out. The lieutenant-colonel added, "There are not enough tactics for all, but I will give you these to study in the cars." With this he shot the little books at their heads as if they were bullets aimed at the enemy.

The War Department, says George William Douglas, was ill prepared for the war, and the regiments, which were anxious to get their equipment without delay, had to look out for themselves or be neglected. Through the zeal of its two commanding officers, the Rough Riders got Krag-Jorgensen rifles, so that they might be assigned to duty with the regular army. Through their energy they were in condition to be sent to the front before either of the other volunteer cavalry regiments. But it was only after the most strenuous exertions that they succeeded in getting ordered to the rendezvous in Florida. Mr. Roosevelt sent telegrams day after day, beseeching all the men in authority that he could think of, to get his men into service as soon as possible. Finally, after much exertion, the command to go to Florida was extracted from the War Department. So eager were they to get off

that when they got to Tampa and received the command to embark on a transport at Port Tampa, nine miles away, Mr. Roosevelt seized a train of empty coal cars, loaded his men into them and forced the engineer to run them down to the pier at which the transport was to be moored. In the meantime, Colonel Wood was getting the transport up to the pier. Mr. Roosevelt learned accidentally that two other regiments were ordered to go on the same boat, one of which contained more men than the transport could carry. He ran at full speed back to his train, left a strong guard to take care of the baggage, and marched the rest of the regiment at double-quick to the point where the transport landed, getting there just in time to scramble aboard before the other regiments arrived. He had set out for the front to see fighting, and he was not going to be left behind if alertness could accomplish anything.

Instead of waiting for specific orders to disembark after the transport arrived off Santiago, the pilot of one of the naval vessels there was secured to take the troop ship to within a hundred yards of land; the men were carried off in boats, and the officers' horses were thrown overboard to swim ashore. They had not been on land many hours before the march to the front began. It has been said that the regiment passed the extreme outpost without orders, and consequently got into the fight at Las Guasimas the next morning when no fight was planned. When General Shafter heard the news of the engagement, it was in the form of a report that the

regiment had been cut to pieces. But a few hours later he received a correct report of the engagement and sent a note to Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt congratulating him on the brilliant success of the attack.

It was at the battle of Las Guasimas, on June 24, that Roosevelt saw his first real fighting. His undaunted spirit and the wholehearted interest in the welfare of the men there endeared him still further to the members of his command.

But it was at the Battle of San Juan Hill, on July 1, where Roosevelt was ranking officer, that he attained his real claim to fame as a soldier. His horse shot from under him, he ran ahead of his men, waving his sword and shouting encouragement to them, until the Spaniards had been driven from their trenches.

Those were the days before battles were won by a predominance of military material rather than by personal bravery, and Roosevelt threw himself into the fight in a manner that silenced all those who had credited him with personal motives for enlistment.

During the charge many of the Rough Riders were killed. A veritable storm of Mauser bullets plowed through their ranks and threatened to sweep all before them. But the fields before Santiago were cleared and the final surrender of that stronghold was a direct result of the taking of San Juan Hill.

Here is one of the descriptions of the charge, as sent in a dispatch from the field of battle:

"Roosevelt was in the lead, waving his sword. Out into the open and up the hill where death

seemed certain, in the face of the continuous crackle of the Mausers, came the Rough Riders, with the 10th Cavalry alongside. Not a man flinched, all continuing to fire as they ran. Roosevelt was a hundred feet ahead of his troops, yelling like a Sioux, while his own men and the colored cavalry cheered him as they charged up the hill. There was no stopping as men's neighbors fell, but on they went, faster and faster. Suddenly Roosevelt's horse stopped, pawed the air for a moment and fell in a heap. Before the horse was down Roosevelt disengaged himself from the saddle, and, landing on his feet, again yelled to his men, and sword in hand, charged on afoot."

Colonel Wood was promoted to a vacant brigadier-generalship on July 9, 1898, because he was the senior colonel on the field, and the lieutenant-colonel became colonel, and commanded the regiment from a short time after the battle of San Juan Hill till it was mustered out at Montauk Point.

When the Rough Riders were mustered out in 1908, Colonel Roosevelt gave them some famous words of advice, similar to those he frequently gave in later months to the entire country. It was a direct, personal and forcefully typical speech, credited with much potency in the lives of some of the men to whom it was made. In substance it was as follows:

"Get action; do things; be sane; don't fritter away your time; create; act; take a place wherever you are and be somebody; get action — and don't get gay."

The Rough Riders did themselves credit in Cuba, but, aside from San Juan Hill, their part in the campaign which ended with the fall of Santiago was small, as the part of any single regiment was bound to be. The interest which the regiment aroused throughout the country was due more to its romantic composition and history than to its brilliant achievements, though its record is an honorable one. Mr. Roosevelt placed it properly in history when he dedicated his entertaining tale of its career in these words:

"On behalf of the Rough Riders I dedicate this book to the officers and men of the five regular regiments which, together with mine, made up the cavalry division at Santiago."

CHAPTER VI

"SHELVING" A FIGHTING GOVERNOR

EVEN before Colonel Roosevelt returned from Cuba at the end of the war with Spain he had become the popular hero of the event. Politicians set about planning to profit by his popularity, both the politicians in his regular party organization and the independents as well. The latter sought to persuade him to accept a nomination for the governorship of New York from them before the regular organization had a chance to nominate him. They did not know the man. He had not been in the habit of doing things that way. He did not propose to be the candidate of merely a few people who were un-

able to work in harmony with a majority of their party. Such a candidacy might be amusing, but it would lead nowhere. George William Douglas tells of this interesting period, how, with consummate skill, Roosevelt prevented the independents from complicating the situation, and then accepted the regular Republican nomination when it came to him. And he was elected when it was believed that no other candidate could have saved his party from defeat.

He not only prevented the reformers, as they pleased to call themselves, from defeating their own purpose in the campaign for his election, but when he took his seat in the State Capitol in Albany, he prevented the regular politicians from using their accustomed tactics. The head of one of the State departments seemed to think that the department was maintained to further his own political ambitions, and he used it for those ends. Mr. Roosevelt did not think government was carried on for such purposes and he sent for the man. When the official reached the executive chamber, they say the governor read him a lecture about the duty of public officials which he will long remember, and ended it by shaking his finger in the man's face and snapping out at him:

"Now, if you don't stop playing politics in your office I will pretty soon know the reason why."

The man was surprised, to say the least; but he paid more attention to his public duties thereafter.

The political effect of Mr. Roosevelt's actions,

if he believed that he was acting for the general good, did not seem to trouble him much. He seconded the efforts of the Democratic Controller of New York City to secure the passage of bills to prevent the waste of the city's funds. The Corporation Counsel had been in the habit of confessing judgment in suits against the city when he thought best, without consulting the financial officers or any one else. It was as if a lawyer should confess judgment without first consulting his client.

Mr. Roosevelt thought that this was not right. He also thought that there should be some official who should audit bills for supplies purchased for the various city departments. Mr. Bird S. Coler, the Controller, as the financial head of the city, sought to have the law so changed that his office might audit the supply bills, and so that the law officer of the city should be compelled to consult him before admitting in court that the city had no defense against any suit brought to collect damages for injuries sustained or pay for goods furnished.

When one of the Republican leaders heard that the Governor was working with the Controller to secure the passage of the necessary bills, he protested, saying:

"Governor, you are building up a powerful rival to you next fall," referring to Mr. Coler's desire for the Democratic nomination for the governorship. Mr. Coler was not nominated till two years later, as it turned out.

"Maybe so," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "but he

is right and he is going to have those bills if I can get them through the Legislature for him."

On another occasion other party leaders protested against his advocacy of the measure providing for the appointment of a commission of expert engineers to consider the best method of enlarging the Erie Canal.

"It is suicide to do it," they urged, "for it will lose votes for you among the farmers and in the districts that elected you. It is bad politics."

Mr. Roosevelt appreciated the force of the argument, but he did not yield. He simply shook his head and said:

"You are right, but this is a case where the few must give way for the benefit of the many. I realize that it seems unjust to the farmers to be taxed for improvements that will help bring produce from the West to compete with them, but the whole State must be considered, and that canal proposition is in line with commercial progress. It must go through."

When the Legislature hesitated in its support of the measures he favored, or in support of his desire to secure the appointment of officers who had the confidence of the people, in distinction from professional politicians, he was urged to use the methods which other governors had found effective, that is, to call the recalcitrant Senators and Assemblymen to the executive chamber and threaten to veto the bills in which they were interested unless they supported him. They knew the power that a governor could exercise if he used such a weapon. Indeed, they were aware that a Democratic leader who had been governor

once exclaimed in indignation, when he heard of the rebellion of the Legislature against another Democratic governor:

"Why doesn't he threaten to veto their bills if they don't come to time? That is what the veto power is for."

Mr. Roosevelt refused to be persuaded.

"Their bills belong to their constituents, and to the public," he said, "and I have no right to delay, much less to defeat them. As I cannot do this, it is unfair to threaten them. I must win on the merits of the case or not at all. But I will win."

Measures which he pressed with his personal, as well as official, influence provided for the prevention of the adulteration of food products and fertilizers, the betterment of the wage workers in tenement houses, improvements in the labor law and the systems of factory inspection, the protection of game, and especially the honest and efficient administration of the state canals and the extension of civil service regulations.

When he insisted on the passage of a law taxing the franchises of public utility corporations, after classifying them as real estate, the politicians again told him that he was destroying his political future. He insisted that he was right and that the bill should be passed. The Legislature agreed to it in the last days of the session, but the bill was in imperfect shape. The Governor at once called the Legislature together again in special session and persuaded it to amend the measure in accordance with his wishes.

This was in the spring of 1900, when the de-

mand for his nomination for the vice-presidency was just beginning. The New York leaders, or some of them, were certain that Mr. Roosevelt could not be elected to the governorship again if he were renominated. They said that the large franchise-enjoying corporations from which they were accustomed to receive large campaign contributions would not give a cent if he were the candidate. Craftily the vice-presidential seed was planted by the bosses who feared him, in the belief it would grow up to choke the political life of Colonel Roosevelt.

This was the attitude of the politicians of his own State when the demand for his nomination to the vice-presidency began to be heard in the West. These politicians were willing and anxious to get the complications of his candidacy out of the State campaign. Mr. Roosevelt himself did not wish to go to Washington, but was anxious for another term as governor to complete the work which he had begun. The vice-presidency had no attractions for him. In April, 1900, he wrote from Albany: "Here I am occupied in trying not to be made vice-presidential candidate. I prefer to try for the Governorship again; whether I will be beaten or not I cannot tell; I suppose I should certainly be beaten if it were not a presidential year; but this year there is a good chance of carrying the Governorship, too; whether it is more than an even chance I should be afraid to say."

In conversation with his acquaintance he made similar remarks about his unwillingness to become vice-president. To one such he said:

"I don't want to sit up there in the Senate chamber for four years and say, 'All in favor of the motion signify it by saying "Aye," all opposed, "No," the motion is carried or lost,' as the case may be; 'The Senator from such and such a State has the floor'; and things like that. Besides, I'd have to keep quiet up there on the platform when that man (naming a conspicuous "anti-imperialist" Senator) got up in his place and talked his confounded treason, when I should feel like going down on the floor and knocking his blamed head off!"

He was not the candidate of the delegates from New York to the National Convention. They were inclined to support Timothy L. Woodruff, the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, rather than Theodore Roosevelt, the governor. When asked a few years later by Mr. James B. Morrow what was the reason of his failure to secure the nomination, Mr. Woodruff replied:

"Theodore Roosevelt's immense popularity in the West forced his candidacy on the delegates, notwithstanding his wish and determination to stay in New York and run for the Governorship again. Back from Cuba but a short time, he was a striking and romantic personality. I don't say I could have been nominated, although seventy-two delegates from New York met in Philadelphia and indorsed my candidacy. It is true, however, that New York's demand for a place on the national ticket is usually respected. I was in Washington several months before the convention met. Mr. Hanna (the chairman of the Republican National Committee)

sent for me. When I got to his room he sat down and put his knees against mine.

" 'Timothy,' he said, 'I hear that you will be a candidate for Vice-President.'

"I told him my friends had suggested it, but that my own mind was open on the subject.

" 'But you are too young,' he argued.

" 'So far as that goes,' I replied, 'I am three months and twenty-three days older than Theodore Roosevelt, and my son is a junior at Yale.'

" 'Well,' he answered, winking his right eye, 'you look too young.' "

The demand for Mr. Roosevelt, as Mr. Woodruff said, was so strong that he could not resist it. Many of his friends, even so late as the day of his nomination by the Philadelphia convention, advised him to refuse to allow his name to be presented. They told him that if he accepted he would be shelved for four years and his political career would be ended. Indeed, they believed that a plot had been laid by his enemies to bury him in the vice-presidency, and three or four years later some of these political enemies confessed that this had been their purpose. He was inclined to believe that the advice of his friends was good but he finally yielded to the pressure brought to bear upon him and, much against his will, allowed himself to be nominated.

The nomination was made somewhat in this way. When President McKinley was nominated and the thunder of the cheering had died away, Governor Roosevelt rose to second the nomination. His speech was a strong one. He had a

speech in his hand, type-written, but this he did not once look at, and probably did not follow, speaking the thoughts that rose in his mind and speaking them powerfully and well.

What he had to say evidently hit the mark, for the members of the convention at once hailed him as vice-president, shouting for McKinley and Roosevelt. At this Senator Depew, seeing his opportunity drawled out, "In the East we call him Teddy." At this the shouting grew roof-lifting; "Teddy Roosevelt! Teddy Roosevelt!"

Depew was achieving his scheme to "shelve" Roosevelt. When the latter's name was formally presented to the convention calls for a vote rose on every side and the taking of it quickly began. It ended as it only could end under such circumstances. McKinley and Roosevelt were the men of 1900.

Then Roosevelt made what the newspapers call a "whirlwind" canvass of the country. He was tireless and indefatigable, traveling during it no less than twenty-two thousand miles, making six hundred and seventy-three addresses, speaking to three and a half millions of people. The feat was unprecedented, and it made him known to the people to a remarkable extent. He was highly popular before; he was doubly popular when this remarkable campaign ended. When the day of election came the popularity of the candidates was shown in a plurality of 850,000 votes and an electoral majority of 137. On the 4th of March, 1901, he took the oath of office and became Vice-President of the United States

and assumed the duties of presiding officer of the smaller branch of Congress.

On his first day in office there occurred an amusing illustration of his habit of doing what he thought was expected of him, even in an unfamiliar situation. President McKinley and the Senators and other distinguished persons left the Senate chamber for the east front of the Capitol, where the oath was to be administered to the President and where he was to make his inaugural address. No Senator had thought to move an adjournment. Mr. Roosevelt, accordingly, concluded that he must not desert his post, and he knew that it was not consistent with the dignity of the Senate for him to declare it adjourned, on his own initiative. For a long time he remained alone on the Senate rostrum. Not another living creature was in the room. He was put away on a shelf and left there, indeed. Then Senator Heitfeld, of Idaho, went into the chamber on his way to the Democratic cloak-room to get his rain-coat, which he had left behind. He took in the situation at once, and with great solemnity addressed the Chair. What happened might have appeared in the Congressional Record something like this:

Mr. Heitfeld — Mr. President.

The Vice-President — The Senator from Idaho.

Mr. Heitfeld — I move that the Senate do now adjourn till 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

The Vice-President — (looking vastly relieved)
— The Senator from Idaho moves that the Senate

do now adjourn until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow. Is there any objection? The Chair hears none, and the Senate stands adjourned until the hour named.

Mr. Roosevelt emphasized this announcement with a hearty thump of the gavel and rushed down from the rostrum and thanked the Senator for coming to his rescue. When he became President, Senator Heitfeld was one of his first callers, and Mr. Roosevelt asked, as he grasped his hand:

"Do you remember when you and I were the whole Senate? I want to thank you again for what you did that day. If it hadn't been that you forgot your rain-coat and had to return for it there is no telling how long I should have had to preside over an empty Senate."

CHAPTER VII

PRESIDENT BY THE CALL OF DEATH

THE "Old Guard" of Republican politicians were congratulating themselves that they had buried Roosevelt in the famous graveyard of political ambitions—the Vice-Presidency.

He had begun to adjust himself to four years of life in Washington as presiding officer of the Senate, and was again giving some consideration to the reading of law that he might have a lucrative profession when his term expired, a profession whose returns were more certain than those of literature.

Then came the assassination of President McKinley.

There are few more trying positions that a man can occupy, remarks George William Douglas, than that into which an American Vice-President is forced by the sudden death of the President. As Vice-President he has been elected to an office with little power. Its influence over legislation is so slight that it is difficult to discover it, and its demands on the time of its occupant are usually limited to the hours when he is in the chair.

To be suddenly lifted from this inconspicuous place into the most powerful executive office in the world, at the head of one of the greatest nations, is enough to try the stuff in any man. They say that when Vice-President Arthur heard of the assault upon President Garfield he spoke not a word. He sat down and stared into vacancy for fifteen minutes, and when he rose he had the manner of a man who was staggering under a great burden that had just been put upon his shoulders.

The first effect of the news of the assault upon President McKinley was to overpower Mr. Roosevelt with grief for the injury to a friend.

"He must live. He must live," was his thought and his word.

He received every favorable report with delight, as it indicated the fulfillment of his wishes, and when it was announced that the danger was over, he went back from Buffalo to the Adirondacks to resume his interrupted vacation.

"To become President through the assassin's

bullet means nothing to me," he said at the home of Ansley Wilcox, in Buffalo. "Aside from the horror of having President McKinley die, there is an additional horror in becoming his successor in that way. The thing that appeals to me is to be elected President. That is the way I want the honor to come if I am ever to receive it."

When, after a sudden relapse, the President died, Vice-President Roosevelt was in the mountains, no one knew exactly where. Runners were sent in haste to find him, and fired their guns at intervals until he heard and understood that the shots must be intended as signals. He was high on Mount Marcy when he fired his own gun in response and the searchers found him.

The sudden news, blurted without ceremony, almost stunned him. He didn't speak for minutes, gazing the while silently toward a distant mountain peak. Then he went into his camp, hastily threw his belongings together and drove off at hair raising speed through the autumnal woods toward a railway station many miles away. For several hours he urged the driver of the mountain buckboard to drive faster, as the horses plunged through the black, misty night down the rough trail. With great difficulty Roosevelt held to his seat. At five o'clock in the morning he reached the train. At three in the afternoon he was in Buffalo, and strode nervously, with fixed gaze, into a darkened room in the Milburn residence, a room adjoining the one in which the body of the martyred McKinley lay. Distinguished old men, their white heads bowed, sat about the darkened room as the youth-

ful looking Roosevelt entered with quick, alert step.

"The President!" some one whispered, and the elder statesmen rose to their feet. They informed him that for purposes of state it would be necessary for him to take the oath at once. Judge Hazel administered the solemn oath of President of the United States, and half an hour later the new President held his first Cabinet meeting. He asked all the members of McKinley's Cabinet to remain with him, and all of them consented.

President Roosevelt's first public declaration, upon assuming office, was a pledge to carry out unbroken the policies of his predecessor. "It would have been impossible for him," said Walter Wellman, writing of the occasion, "to make a wiser or stronger promise to the country. That brought him confidence and sympathy, which he could have won in no other way. His sincerity no one could doubt; standing by the bier of McKinley, confronted with the great task which fate had thrust upon him, he meant every word of it. Yet it was but a few hours before the positive individuality, the self-reliance, and the aggressive ego of the new president led him into plans for a reconstruction of the cabinet. Had no check come to these hastily formed plans, to these wholly natural self-assertions in a most trying hour, the cabinet that McKinley left would not have been the cabinet of his successor.

"Probably no greater service was ever rendered a newly installed President than was then

and there rendered Mr. Roosevelt by Senator Marcus A. Hanna and Secretary of War Elihu Root. To them was due the change—the spiritual betterment, it might be called—which averted the threatened disruption. It is proper to add that at no time in his marvelous career has Mr. Roosevelt shown greater strength of character of the right and true sort than when he permitted himself to be thus guided. With that clear-headedness which has often marked him in the crisis of his life, and with that willingness to listen and to learn which is beautiful in an intrepid character like his, he yielded his half-formed plans for reconstruction of the council, and exclaimed: “We’ll keep them all; we’ll retain the whole McKinley government and carry out all the McKinley policies, in their full spirit and letter.”

“Thus was averted a blunder which might well have been fatal. It mattered not that afterwards a few members of the McKinley cabinet withdrew,—Mr. Roosevelt did not drive them out. It mattered not that gradually some of the McKinley policies were forgotten or became less popular,—probably Mr. McKinley himself could not have carried out all of them—reciprocity, for example,—had he lived. The point was that Mr. Roosevelt had won the country. By an act of self-abnegation he had made himself morally large and well-nigh perfect in the eyes of the people.”

On his first Sunday in Washington as President he went quietly to the little Reformed Church which he had been accustomed to at-

tend. Here he joined in the prayers offered, and sang with the congregation, and nodded approvingly as the preacher expressed sentiments with which he agreed.

He entered upon his new duties with characteristic vigor. While trying to carry out the McKinley policies, he had to do so in the Roosevelt way. "There is a prevalent impression," continued Mr. Wellman, "that Mr. Roosevelt led a strenuous life in the White House,—that he played there a strong hand, ruling imperiously, and sometimes impetuously,—being self-willed, high-spirited, and impatient of restraint. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Not in my time has there been a man in the White House who leaned more heavily upon his advisers; one more eager to seek and to follow good counsel; or one more prone to 'heart to heart' talks with all whose positions or interests have given them right to be heard or offered promise of good from conference with them. Few great men are actually what they seem, and Mr. Roosevelt was very far from being the character the popular impression ascribed to him. With rare exceptions he took no important step without the fullest and frankest conferences with members of his cabinet and leaders of his party. In no other recent administration were there so many councils of war at the White House. At Washington it was axiomatic that Mr. Roosevelt never did anything without talking it over with many people,—cabinet officers, senators, representatives, and personal friends,—so much so that it was a common joke that cabinet ministers and a coterie of

leading republican senators never dared make dinner engagements, lest they be summoned to the White House at the very moment they should be forking their oysters. It was not a method which conduced to the close keeping of secrets; but it had its advantages, and it gave a loud negative to the prevalent belief that the President was too self-reliant, and too much prone to "go it alone," as a sort of bull in the China shop of statesmanship.

"There are exceptions to most rules, and Mr. Roosevelt, like all other strong and fearless men under habitual self-restraint and discipline, was liable, now and then, to do the unexpected. Probably the greatest act of his first administration, in so far as its effects upon his political future were concerned, was performed without consultation even with his Cabinet. This act and the manner of doing it were so characteristic of the man that they must be placed in history.

"He ordered suit brought against the Northern Securities Company without once laying the matter before his constitutional advisers. They knew nothing of it until they read it in the newspapers. Attorney-General Knox was the only man consulted. Even Mr. Root, the great lawyer from New York, who knew better than any one else the magnitude and sensitiveness of the interests involved,—Root, upon whom Mr. Roosevelt had so heavily leaned, as had his predecessor in office, that, when the great war secretary boarded a train to leave Washington, on the first day of February, a member of the

Cabinet remarked, "There goes back to his law office a man who has been president of the United States for four and one-half years,"—even Mr. Root was not advised, and the Northern Securities thunderclap came to his ears out of a clear blue sky. But Mr. Roosevelt knew what he was about. He knew that, if this proposal had been made in council, fierce opposition to it would have appeared. Members of his Cabinet would have resigned rather than be parties to it. Before a decision could have been reached, if once the case had been thrown open to debate, the great interests in New York would have heard of it, and pressure vast, insistent, and almost irresistible would have been brought to bear to stay his hand. It was better that he should keep his own counsel, and that he alone should bear the responsibility.

"Every one knows that an explosion followed. New York was rabid. The President was trying to destroy prosperity. His course was hostile to the business interests of the country. He was an enemy of commerce, of property, and of stability. Such a man was 'unsafe,' and not to be trusted. But he did not worry. Trusting to his instinct, which never failed him in his pursuit of big game, he watched the effect upon public opinion. In a week he knew he had the country with him; he had convinced the masses that he was fearless, that he dared beard the trust lion in his den, and that his courage was equal to his promises. He was content. He felt that he had won his battle,—that he had made himself the man of the people. He was right. The

Northern Securities case earned him the enmity of the recklessly speculative portion of Wall Street, and it was enmity of that very kind that helped to give him the nomination of his party for a second term virtually without opposition.

"In the autumn following a great strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania threatened to cripple the country. With characteristic fighting spirit — called 'meddling' by his opponents — he started to untie the tangle into which coal operators and labor had got themselves. But in the matter of the coal strike, President Roosevelt thought long and carefully before he acted. Then with the exclamation, 'I suppose this'll end me, but I'll do it,' he appointed an arbitrating commission — and the miners went back to work. Again the brokers were angry, but once more the people applauded. As long as Wall Street fought him, the President hit back. He exposed the famous blunder of the Rockefellers in trying to defeat anti-trust legislation with clumsy telegrams, clinching his hold upon the country as an intrepid foe of the trusts. He let it become known that Wall Street had made overtures of peace on a basis of some pledge from the President as to his future course, — a proffer which he declined with scorn."

It was during the end of the same year, 1902, that our affairs dangerously shifted to a part of the world, Venezuela, which had almost led us into a European war during the Cleveland régime. A fleet of Germans and British war-ships came to anchor off La Guayra in December — first having obtained United States per-

mission to do so—and told President Castro that if certain debts due Germans and Englishmen weren't paid, the fleet would seize certain Venezuelan ports and custom houses and hold them until the amounts in dispute had been obtained.

Castro's answer was immediate preparation for armed defense. The Europeans opened fire, ports were bombarded, Venezuelans were killed.

Then ensued one of the momentous episodes of America's foreign relations in modern times, one of the bravest and most dramatic moves ever made by an American President on his own responsibility, and certainly President Roosevelt's most forcible act in validation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Quietly, consulting nobody, he used the navy with complete success as his Big Stick over the swollen heads of the Kaiser and the Pan-Germans, eager to make their claims a pretext for a characteristic rape of Venezuelan territory. The episode never was known to the public until an account of it, authorized by Colonel Roosevelt, appeared in "The Life of John Hay," by Professor William Roscoe Thayer. Here is that account:

"In 1901 Germany persuaded Italy and England to join her in blockading the coast of Venezuela until the more or less irresponsible Government of that country should see to it that long-standing debts were paid to Germans, Englishmen and Italians. What was called a 'pacific blockade' was established in December. During the following year Secretary of State Hay vainly

urged the blockaders to arbitrate, but on December 8, 1902, Germany severed diplomatic relations with Venezuela, making it plain, that 'the next steps would be the bombardment of Venezuelan towns and the occupation of Venezuelan territory.' Here the Monroe Doctrine was put to a sharp test. 'If the United States permitted foreign nations under the pretense of supporting their creditors' claims to invade a weak debtor state by naval or military expedition and to take possession of its territory, what would become of the Doctrine?' Furthermore, Germany had just before this apparently been making efforts to get a foothold in the Western Hemisphere within striking distance of the Panama Canal.

"At this point President Roosevelt took the matter out of the hands of the Secretary of State. England and Italy at once agreed to come to an understanding, but Germany refused. 'She stated that if she took possession of territory such possession would only be temporary'; but such possessions easily become permanent; and, besides, it is difficult to trust to guarantees which may be treated as 'scraps of paper.'"

Here is the way President Roosevelt taught the Kaiser that the Monroe Doctrine was more than a "scrap of paper."

"One day, when the crisis was at its height, he summoned to the White House Dr. Holleben, the German Ambassador, and told him that unless Germany consented to arbitrate, the American squadron under Admiral Dewey would be given orders, by noon ten days later, to proceed

to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any taking possession of Venezuelan territory.

"Dr. Holleben began to protest that his Imperial master, having once refused to arbitrate, could not change his mind. The President said that he was not arguing the question, because arguments had already been gone over until no useful purpose would be served by repeating them; he was simply giving information which the Ambassador might think it important to transmit to Berlin. A week passed in silence. Then Dr. Holleben again called on the President, but said nothing of the Venezuelan matter. When he rose to go, the President asked him about it, and when he stated that he had received nothing from his Government, the President informed him in substance that, in view of this fact, Admiral Dewey would be instructed to sail a day earlier than the day he, the President, had originally mentioned. Much perturbed, the Ambassador protested; the President informed him that not a stroke of a pen had been put on paper; that if the Emperor would agree to arbitrate, he, the President, would heartily praise him for such action and would treat it as taken on Germany's initiative; but that within forty-eight hours there must be an offer to arbitrate or Dewey would sail with the orders indicated. Within thirty-six hours Dr. Holleben returned to the White House and announced to President Roosevelt that a dispatch had just come from Berlin, saying that the Kaiser would arbitrate. Neither Admiral Dewey (who with an American fleet was then maneuvering in the West Indies)

nor any one else knew of the step that was to be taken; the naval authorities were merely required to be in readiness, but were not told what for.

"On the announcement that Germany had consented to arbitrate, the President publicly complimented the Kaiser on being so staunch an advocate of arbitration.

"The humor of this was probably relished more in the White House than in the Palace at Berlin. The Kaiser suggested that the President should act as arbiter, and Mr. Roosevelt was ready to serve; but Mr. Hay dissuaded him. Mr. Hay had permitted Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, American Minister to Venezuela, to act as arbitrator for that country, and Mr. Bowen regarded it as improper that the United States, which also had claims against Venezuela, should sit in judgment on that case. Mr. Hay, desirous of validating the Hague Tribunal, saw a further advantage in referring to it this very important contention. The President acquiesced therefore, and Venezuela's claims went to The Hague for arbitrament."

In a letter to a private correspondent, Secretary Hay takes a parting shot at the Venezuelan settlement:

"They (the German Government) are very much preoccupied in regard to our attitude, and a communiqué recently appeared in the Berlin papers indicating that the negotiations would have gone on better but for our interference. We have not interfered, except in using what good offices we could dispose of to induce all parties to come to a speedy and honorable set-

tlement, and in this we have been, I think, eminently successful. I think the thing that rankles most in the German official mind is what Bowen said to Sternburg: 'Very well, I will pay this money which you demand, because I am not in position to refuse, but I give you warning that for every thousand dollars you exact in this way, you will lose a million in South-American trade.' "

It was seven years and five months later that Colonel Roosevelt, duly visiting Berlin in the course of his triumphal tour of Europe at the end of the African hunt, and reviewing German troops at maneuvers in the Kaiser's company, was fulsomely addressed by the monarch he had thwarted: "My friend Roosevelt, I am glad to welcome you, the most distinguished American. You are the first civilian who has ever reviewed German soldiers!"

The next year the old Alaska boundary dispute between Great Britain and the United States began to erupt again. At Roosevelt's suggestion the matter was settled once and for all by a joint commission that met in London—the commission deciding in favor of the American contentions.

As Roosevelt's "first term" drew to a close the eyes of the Administration in a day were turned upon Morocco. An American, Ion Perdicaris, and his English son-in-law were kidnaped from their home near Tangier by the notorious Moorish bandit, Raisuli, on May 18, 1904. Raisuli demanded a ransom and other favors from the Sultan of Morocco before he

would release his⁶ prisoners. Nine days later on orders from Roosevelt the U. S. S. cruiser *Brooklyn* with Rear Admiral Chadwick's flag flying was headed toward Tangier, Rear Admiral Jewell following with three more warships. British warships joined the fleet in African waters.

"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!" Roosevelt was quoted as saying, and whether he said it or not the slogan blazed around the world. And a month later the American and Englishman had been released, although Raisuli in the meantime had obtained from the Sultan about all the bandit had demanded.

The declaration of war between Japan and Russia in February, 1904, was to result eventually in one of the most famous diplomatic triumphs of Roosevelt's seven and a half years in the White House. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of both belligerents, and he had been watching closely for the right moment to offer his good offices to restore peace. While the terrific land and sea fights in the Orient were holding the attention of the world, Roosevelt and his remarkable Secretary of State, the late John Hay, sent forth first the famous "Hay Note," asking that the two warring countries respect the neutrality of China lest a greater catastrophe be precipitated.

Russia and Japan agreed to the American request. In the meantime came Roosevelt's nomination to succeed himself for a full term in the White House; and some measure of the way America had lost its fear of a "Man on Horse-

back" in the Presidential chair may be gathered from the fact that the Colonel was elected over his Democratic opponent, Judge Alton B. Parker, by the greatest popular vote ever accorded a Presidential candidate.

The Russian-Japanese war was constantly in his thoughts. The beginning of his full term seemed to the President the psychological moment to propose to Japan and Russia that they get together peacefully and thresh out their difference in conferences. On June 7, 1905, the President sent a note to the Czar and another to the Mikado asking them if they didn't think it would be best for all mankind if they met for peace. Following a long discussion as to the exact spot where they should meet the peace envoys from Japan and Russia began to confer at Portsmouth, N. H., on August 10, 1905 — Washington being too hot at that time of the year.

The peace treaty was signed on September 5, 1905, and the world arose and acclaimed Roosevelt the fighter as the greatest peacemaker of the age. The following year he received the Nobel Peace Prize of \$40,000 for that great service.

The keen study given to naval matters by the former President while Assistant Secretary was shown in his first message to Congress, which included more than a hundred specific recommendations as to the navy. Throughout the time he was President, Roosevelt showed the keenest interest in the development of the navy, insisting on fleet maneuvers and target practice as the only means of keeping it fit. Finally he sent the Atlantic fleet under Rear Admiral

(Fighting Bob) Evans on its memorable cruise around the world, the first and last voyage of its kind ever undertaken by any battle fleet.

But Colonel Roosevelt's interest was not confined to the naval service alone. During his first Administration he succeeded in having Congress enact the first General Staff act, and he promptly appointed as organizer and first Chief of Staff Major-General Leonard Wood, now the ranking line officer of the army.

Mr. Roosevelt had laid the foundation for the staff by taking General Wood, then a surgeon, from the medical service, and appointing him commander of the famous regiment of Rough Riders, which the former President organized at the outbreak of the war with Spain.

Some army officers said that the importance of this first, though incomplete, victory over the bureaucratic system that had always ruled the War Department was shown by the fact that it was not until now, with all the experience of the great war as a foundation, that the Department was preparing with hopes of success to submit to Congress a bill providing for full General Staff control and responsibility for all army matters.

CHAPTER VIII

CONTACT WITH THE PEOPLE

QUITE different from the accustomed formality of Presidential interviews, Mr. Roosevelt's way of meeting visitors at the White

House came, at first, with the surprise and tingle of an electric shock. Mr. George William Douglas tells of a man who was present one day in 1901, when Mr. Roosevelt had been President about two months, and this man describes the scene in a most lively manner. Every phase of humanity was gathered in the waiting room, when the President bounded into the room unannounced, and seized the hand of the first person he saw.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed as he grasped the hand of the visitor. There was an emphasis on the "you" which startled the visitor with its ring of candor. But scarcely had he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to begin his speech, before the President had darted half-way across the circle, leaving outstretched hands tingling with the rush of blood caused by the firm Presidential grasp, and startled ears trying to realize that into them had been hurled the assurance that he was glad to see them.

When the President was not "Glad to see you" he was "Delighted to see you," our informant assures us. Statesmen, office-seekers, giggling brides, tuft-hunters, notoriety-seekers, stately ladies, capitalists, laborers, Democrats, Republicans, Populists, all got the same greeting, the same nervous but firm handshake, the same glitter of the eye. And then away darted this bundle of nerves and steel.

To the visiting delegations who appeared with a spokesman and with the motive of suggesting something of value either to the nation or to themselves, these early methods of the Presi-

dent were perhaps displayed to the best advantage. A party of men from Montana were present on the day in question, and they desired to impress on the President the necessity and the value of their irrigation plans.

"We would like to have a word with you about irrigation, Mr. President," the spokesman began. He was immediately cut short by the President saying in a tone that was heard all over the room and out in the hallway:

"Yes, oh yes. You favor irrigation, do you? Well, so do I, I have urged it in my message. Here, Cortelyou, get me a printed copy of my message so I can read to these gentlemen what I am going to say to Congress on the subject of irrigation."

The printed copy was produced at once and the President read so everybody within earshot could hear what he intended to ask Congress to do on the irrigation question.

A tall man, moving about with a dignified stride, next caught the President's eye, as the Montana delegation backed away. What the man of mystery and dignity said could not be heard, but what the President said could be.

"Yes, yes, I know you and I am delighted to see you," said Mr. Roosevelt, "but you must put your application in writing. Yes. Put it in writing and send it to me with your indorsements and I'll see what can be done."

The man leaned forward and whispered again, this time his face crimson with blushes of embarrassment.

"Oh, I know all about that. Yes, certainly

I do. And I have no doubt you would fill the bill. But I do not know whether or not there is a vacancy. Don't you know that it is impossible for me to keep all these things in my head? Write out your application. Write it out, and then send it to me with your indorsements. Come to see me again, soon. Good-by."

"Ah, there's Mr. White!" exclaimed the President as he espied a scholarly-looking man with short gray beard sitting modestly and patiently back in a corner away from the jostling crowd. "Go into my office, Mr. White. I shall be there in two or three minutes." Mr. White, who is a New York editor, did as he was directed.

"Glad to see you," "Delighted to see you," "Glad to see you," "Delighted," then rang out in greeting as the President whirled around through the room. The people grabbed at his hand as it was extended, or rather, shot out at them.

"Hello, Senator Proctor, how are you? I want to see you in my office directly. Please wait a little while until I am through with Mr. White, then come in. You know I am depending on you as one of my main props."

The rugged Vermont statesman said he would wait, and on the President dashed to another bunch of visitors. In three or four minutes he had squeezed twenty or more hands, and the second crowd of the day was disposed of. With the next crowd there came striding in a handsome rosy-cheeked lad, gaily dressed in a military uniform that was decorated with all the distinguishing colors of the various arms of the

Army and insignia of the various grades of the Navy. Into a large upholstered chair this youth plumped his roly-poly form near the door leading to the President's office. The crowd thickened so fast that the doorkeeper refused to let any more people in till the congestion in the room was relieved. Again the President rushed into the room, and bumped into the youth in the chair.

"Ah, so this is Master —, is it?" Mr. Roosevelt inquired as he seized the right hand of the lad. "Well, I received your telegram from Baltimore last night telling me that you would call on me to-day. I am delighted to see you, sir — delighted to see you."

"Mr. President," the boy began, in a determined effort to deliver his carefully prepared speech, "I am traveling —"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the President. "I know you are, and I am glad to see you. Mr. Cortelyou will look after you."

As the President was surrounded by the eddying crowd the brave little boy, twelve years old, continued his speech thus:

"I am traveling salesman for a typewriter. My father was a miner in Pennsylvania, and when he died a few months ago he left my mother a large family of children, but no property. I am making the living for the family, and I have brought you as a Thanksgiving present one of my typewriters. Accept it, Mr. President and make my mother's heart glad. All our family think you are the greatest man that was ever President of the United States."

There was a kind, gentle, fatherly tone in the President's voice as he held both the hands of this courageous American fighting his own way, and spoke some encouraging words.

"God bless you," said the President a little while later, as he encountered the lad in another part of the room, and a merry-faced old lady who was waiting her turn to greet the President wiped the tears from her eyes that came unbidden as she heard the benediction.

It was now noon, and the reception-room had been filled and emptied five times. For an hour and a half longer the crowd continued to pour in. A pompous man accompanied by a party of women grabbed the President's hand and began to say, "Mr. President, we could not leave Washington without calling to pay our respects. I sat on the stand when you spoke in my town in Colorado last year, and I told the ladies you would remember me."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Mr. Roosevelt, and before the women finished their speeches of congratulations he landed in an opposite corner of the room, where a man wished to impress on him the desirability of "speaking out in your message in no uncertain tone on the currency question."

"I believe my message will please you on that point," Mr. Roosevelt assured the man. "Here, I'll read you what I have written on that topic."

And the President, in his usual way, read that part of his message, to the great delight of his

listener, who signified his agreement by vigorous nods of his head.

This was at the beginning of his administration. It was pretty generally admitted then that he had not the composure and dignity which characterizes the manner of older men who have risen to high place more gradually. But as the months passed he acquired greater poise, he spoke less loudly in greeting his callers, and showed more appreciation of the sensibilities of those asking favors. The superficial evidences of nervousness disappeared. His great responsibilities sobered him and he began to impress his callers as a man of firm will and steady mental poise. Although there had been a change in his manner he still dealt frankly and insisted that others should be frank with him, just as in the beginning.

This insistence on frankness brought confusion to more than one man who neglected to tell him the whole truth. On one occasion he rescinded the appointment of a United States Marshal because the man had misled him as to his record. The man had the reputation of being a drunkard and broiler, and Senator Hoar opposed him. When the Senator protested the President told him that the man had been one of the bravest soldiers in his regiment, and that he had reformed. Later Senator Hoar learned that the man had served a term in prison for horse-stealing, and went to the White House to make further protest.

"He didn't tell me that," said the President. "I'll telegraph him about it."

When the reply came it was that the imprisonment happened fifteen years before and the man said he thought it had been forgotten.

Then the President sent word to him: "If you had told me that in the first place it would have been all right; but you lied to me and that settles it."

In the preparation of his first message to Congress, sections of which we have seen him reading to his callers, he sought the assistance and advice of the men who were familiar with the subjects he intended to discuss.

"Before he finished it," remarked one Senator, "he consulted every one in whose judgment he had confidence. He even did me the honor to summon me here from my home in the West for consultation. When I arrived I found him so busy he was compelled to ask me to dictate to a stenographer my views on certain questions of pressing importance, and send them to him in that shape."

This has been his practice, to take no important action without previous consultation with the people best informed on the matter involved. Before he took the unprecedented course of ordering an investigation into the grievances of the striking coal-miners in 1903, he had many conferences with people representing both sides of the controversy. His final determination to recognize the Panama revolutionists in the autumn of the same year was not reached till he had taken the advice of the men who understood the situation on the Isthmus. But when he did act he took all the responsibility him-

self, and he was naturally pleased when his course was approved by those with whom he talked.

Mr. William C. Adamson, of Georgia, was one of the callers at the White House on the day after the republic of Panama was recognized by the United States.

"Congressman," said the President, shaking his hand, "I am always glad to see you, but especially so at this time."

"Mr. President," replied the Congressman, "I am glad to meet you and see that you are well and buoyant. I called thinking I had business, but found that it was not ready to present to you, so I determined to wait, and in the language of Br'er Rabbit, 'pass the time o' day wid you,' before leaving."

"Speaking of Br'er Rabbit," said the President, "that Jack rabbit on the Isthmus jumped one time too many for his good."

"I imagine the surprise and consternation of that rabbit," Mr. Adamson rejoined, "when, after jumping for a race down the Isthmus, he found himself confronted by a President who was not too bow-legged to head him in the lane."

The President enjoyed this metaphorical compliment so much that he repeated it to a number of his callers.

After taking the advice of various people, it usually happened that he followed his own judgment. Elihu Root, then Secretary of War, called attention to the dominating will of the President in the spring of 1903 at a dinner in his honor. Mr. Root was talking about the Man-

churian question and the possible effect of Russian control of the territory on the course of the United States in maintaining its right in the East.

"We must never forget, gentlemen," said he, "that the War Department is only an emergency bureau, and that the controlling portfolio in the present administration is held by the Secretary of Peace, Theodore Roosevelt."

It was only a few weeks later that Mr. Roosevelt at a public dinner in Charlottesville, Virginia, set forth his own views of the proper attitude of the United States in its foreign relations.

"I want the United States to conduct itself in foreign affairs," said he, "as you of Virginia believe a private gentleman should conduct himself among his fellows. I ask that we handle ourselves with a view never to wrong the weak and never to submit to injury from the strong.

"Another thing: A gentleman does not boast, bluster, bully; he does not insult others. I wish our country always to behave with consideration for others; never to speak in a manner that is insulting or might wound the susceptibilities of any foreign nation never to threaten, never to boast, but when we feel that our interest and our honor demand that as a nation we take a certain position, to take that position and then make it good.

"Speaking to the younger gentlemen present, I wish to state that I myself was once young, and in those days I lived in the cow country

in the West, and we had a proverb running, 'Don't draw unless you mean to shoot.' It was a middling good proverb, and it applies just as much in international as in private affairs.

"I do not wish us ever as a nation to take a position from which we have to retreat. Do not let us assume any position unless we are prepared to say that we have got to keep it. As a nation we must hereafter play a big part in the world. It is not open to us to decide whether the part we play, we of the United States, shall be great or small. That has been decided for us by the course of events. A small nation can honorably play a small part; a great nation, no. A great nation must play a great part. All it can decide is whether it will play that great part well or ill. I know you too well, my fellow-countrymen, to have any doubt as to what your decision will be."

It was in explanation of his retirement from the Cabinet to accept the senatorship from Pennsylvania that Attorney-General Knox said in the summer of 1904:

"I called up President Roosevelt over the long-distance telephone and laid the situation before him, asking his advice. The President, after listening to me, said that as Pennsylvania is such an overwhelming Republican State, and as this appointment might open to me a long term of public service and at the same time it would tend to promote harmony among the factions of the party in the State, he thought it was my duty to accept the appointment."

"But don't you believe that your leaving the

Cabinet at this time will seriously interfere with President Roosevelt's plans for curbing the trusts?" Mr. Knox was asked.

"I do not," was the reply. "My leaving the Cabinet can have no effect upon the continuance of the anti-trust policy of the Administration."

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward his nomination for the Presidency and his remarks on that subject were as unconventional as many of his other acts. In May, 1903, when the party in Ohio was divided on the question of indorsing him, and Senator Hanna was urging that the indorsement could as well be given the next year, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary issued this statement:

"In speaking of the sudden political developments in Ohio the President this afternoon said: 'I have not asked any man for his support. I have had nothing whatever to do with raising the issue of my indorsement. Sooner or later it was bound to arise, and inasmuch as it has now arisen, of course those who favor my administration and my nomination will indorse, and those who do not, oppose.'"

He was not ashamed of his ambitions, neither did he hesitate to express a high opinion of the dignity of public service. The last sentences from an address delivered to the students of the University of California bear on this subject. He was talking about the service that Leonard Wood, William H. Taft, the graduates of the Naval and Military academies, and others had done.

"Taft and Wood and their fellows," said he, "are spending, or have spent, the best years of their prime in doing a work which means to them a pecuniary loss at the best, a bare livelihood while they are doing it, and are doing it gladly because they realize the truth that the highest privilege that can be given to any man is the privilege of serving his country, his fellow-Americans."

CHAPTER IX

PRESIDENT BY THE CALL OF THE NATION

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's first term was due to the tragic accident of McKinley's death, and not to any expression of the people's wish for himself. He felt this situation keenly, and faithful as he was in carrying out the policies of his chosen predecessor, as he had promised, he felt the urge of his own conceptions of the country's needs and the ways to meet them. Naturally he desired a renomination on his own merits, that he might know the Nation's opinion of his course, and receive if possible a commission to serve the people in his own way.

When his party nominated him for the Presidency in the summer of 1904 all precedents were broken. No previous President who had entered the high office through the Vice-Presidency after the death of the President was ever before nominated to succeed himself. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt's first participation in a national convention was marked by his earnest efforts to pre-

vent such a President from receiving the nomination. But when he became a candidate no one was named in opposition to him in the convention, and he was the unanimous choice of the delegates.

He took no public part in the campaign for his election, till toward its close, when charges affecting his personal honor were made. Then he issued a long statement, in the course of which he declared that the charges that he or his campaign committee were blackmailing corporations and were promising "to take care of" the corporations which contributed to the fund to secure his election were "unqualifiedly and atrociously false," and concluded: "If elected I shall go into the Presidency unhampered by any pledge, promise, or understanding of any kind, sort, or description, save my promise, made openly to the American people, that so far as in my power lies I shall see to it that every man has a square deal, no less and no more."

Several weeks before election, says George William Douglas, a prominent Republican leader who believed that he would win, implored him not to commit himself against the acceptance of a third term until the arguments in its favor could be presented. Mr. Roosevelt, turning to Attorney-General Moody, who was present, remarked:

"I cannot with propriety make any public statement now, before I am elected for a second term, but at the very earliest moment I shall smash that idea with all the energy I can command."

Secretary Moody indorsed this plan, and Mr. Roosevelt did not wait longer than was necessary to "smash the idea" that he was a candidate for renomination in 1908, for at half-past ten o'clock on the night of the election, when the result was no longer in doubt, he issued this statement:

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that in my power lies not to forfeit it. On the 4th of March next I shall have served three and a half years, and this three and a half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination." When this statement was recalled during the campaign of 1912, controversy raged hot between those who claimed that he was violating his pledge of 1904 and those who insisted that he had been true to it when he resisted the pressure brought upon him to accept a renomination in 1908. It seemed to be Mr. Roosevelt's intention to pledge himself against such a renomination, while in the White House, rather than against any nomination from private life in future years. He wished his administration to be free from suspicion of political activity in his behalf.

He received the largest popular majority ever given to any candidate, and even carried Mis-

souri, which had been Democratic for more than thirty years. He was pleased, as well he might be, though he was not surprised. They say that he was one of the calmest persons in the White House on the evening of the election while the returns were coming in.

A little more than two weeks after the election he visited the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, making several brief speeches on the way. A large crowd gathered to greet him as he passed through Indianapolis. He thanked them for their presence and said he appreciated it deeply. Then an enthusiastic man in the crowd, desiring to attract attention to the large Roosevelt majority in Ohio, called out:

"What is the matter with Ohio?"

"Not a thing," said the President, "and I want to tell you that there were a lot of other good ones." Then with a beaming smile he leaned over the rail on the car platform and inquired, "What is the matter with Missouri?"

And the crowd yelled its appreciation of the situation. When he reached St. Louis a dinner in his honor was given by the officers of the Fair, at which he said:

"I was lately reading a speech of Lincoln after his re-election. I cannot quote it verbatim, but he says, 'As long as I have been in this office I have never intentionally planted a thorn in any man's bosom. I am gratified that my countrymen have seen fit to continue me in office, but it does not satisfy me that any one has suffered by the result.' I feel that I should approach my duties in that spirit. A man should

have no sense of elation in view of the infinite responsibility and of the weight of duty he owes to his fellow-citizens. He should realize that whether there is a difference before election, the President is President of all the people, of every section, socially and industrially — no West, or North, or East, or South — and he is bound 'with malice toward none and charity to all' to strive to conduct himself toward his duties as they arise so that the result may be for the good of the common country."

No detailed account of the public measures and achievements of President Roosevelt's administration can properly be given here, although some reference to the foreign relations of the United States during that time is peculiarly timely. The prevailing conception of a "Fighting Roosevelt" has almost caused the other side of his character to be forgotten. His record as a conciliator and maker of peace was far more important and considerable during his seven and a half years as President than his acts of belligerency. The New York Tribune has so well summarized the major events of his dealings with foreign nations, largely in the course of his second term, after the signing of peace between Japan and Russia, that this summary is quoted here:

When he came into the Presidency he fell heir to the ancient controversy over the rights of American fishermen in Canadian and Newfoundland waters, dating almost from the treaty of 1818. Mr. Roosevelt induced England to submit the difficulty to The Hague.

Determined, if possible, to end the historic strife among the countries of Central America, he invited representatives of the five republics to the peace conference in Washington, in 1907, which resulted in a joint arbitral tribunal which has done something, at least, for peace in that part of the world.

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War the United States directed to all the great powers a note by which it sought to commit them to the preservation of the administrative entity of China. Most of the powers responded cordially, and thus were established the friendly relations with China which went far to offset the sensitiveness resulting from the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the United States. In 1908 Mr. Roosevelt created another demand on the gratitude of China by remitting something over \$10,000,000 indemnity due on account of the Boxer outbreak. Later he induced Japan to subscribe to the note guaranteeing the integrity of China.

The history of the relations of the United States and Japan during the Roosevelt Administration furnishes a striking illustration of his firm but conciliatory methods. First he won the gratitude and confidence of that country by the settlement of the war with Russia. That paved the way for the settlement of the difficult and delicate problem of the rapidly increasing influx of Japanese labor to this country. The action of the San Francisco school board in excluding Japanese pupils from the city schools menaced the friendly relations between the two

countries, and Mr. Roosevelt was called upon to exercise the utmost diplomacy to avert serious friction. He induced the San Francisco authorities to rescind the order and then took diplomatic steps to reduce the volume of Japanese immigration. By this means giant strides were made toward the successful solution of the problem.

President Roosevelt inherited relations with Germany which were marred by misunderstanding and distrust growing out of the Manila Bay incident, the precipitate purchase by Germany of the Caroline and Ladrone islands and the unpleasant ending of the joint control of Samoa. Germany, dissatisfied with the tariff regulations of this country, contemplated placing a practically prohibitive duty on imports from the United States, and there was a serious lack of cordiality between the two nations. The first step taken by the Roosevelt administration was the invitation extended to Prince Henry, brother of the Emperor, to visit the United States. It was promptly accepted and the cordial reception of the royal sailor proved deeply gratifying to the German people. Then the President's eldest daughter, now Mrs. Longworth, accepted an invitation to name the Emperor's yacht, and another step in the restoration of cordial relations was recorded. Finally the President so altered the administration of the tariff law as in large part to avert friction which had hitherto existed.

The settlement of the Alaskan boundary and the Newfoundland fisheries questions, which had

so long vexed the diplomats of both Great Britain and the United States, was successfully accomplished, and other negotiations with Great Britain of only secondary importance were carried to a satisfactory conclusion. Conflicts between the fishermen and the authorities of the respective countries were rendered almost impossible by a treaty providing for the demarcation of the boundaries of the United States and Canada, while the same convention provides also for the marking of land boundaries, thus eliminating friction growing out of doubt as to the exact location of the boundary lines. Problems concerning the rights of the citizens of Canada and the United States to the use of the waters of Niagara for power purposes were settled by several protocols, and all similar questions affecting boundary waters were disposed of in a treaty signed by Secretary Root. When Mr. Roosevelt's term expired, every question at issue with Great Britain had been settled by treaty except the satisfaction of certain pecuniary claims, a treaty dealing with which had already been drafted.

When, in 1906, conflict threatened between Germany and France over the government of Morocco, a joint conference of powers signatory to the treaty of Morocco was called to meet at Algeciras, and President Roosevelt sent delegates, who played an important part in the negotiations, their disinterested position enabling them to go far in the settlement of difficulties presented to the conference. There was much protest from Democratic members of the Senate

at the course of the President, but the treaty ratifying the part played by the United States in this international problem was approved by the Senate when it ratified, on December 12, 1906, the Algeciras treaty.

Almost throughout President Roosevelt's administration, the course of Venezuela, conducted by the dictator Castro, proved an occasion of high intolerable irritation; but although it finally became necessary to break off all diplomatic relations with that republic, the course of the Administration was tolerant to the last degree. With surprising forbearance, the United States endured treatment which from a more responsible power, must have been resented as insulting, and rested content in the conviction that Castro's methods would ultimately destroy his dictatorship.

The Roosevelt administration brought about greatly increased cordiality in the relations between this country and all the republics of South America. In 1907 the Secretary of State, Elihu Root, made a trip around South America, visiting the capitals of each state and explaining the good wishes and unselfish purposes of this country. Remarkable success attended the trip, and the results were far-reaching in their promotion of a clearer understanding and a greater faith in the disinterested friendship of the United States.

Of far reaching results upon the world was the Roosevelt inception and perfection, during his second term, of a plan to join the Atlantic and Pacific by means of the Panama Canal. In 1906 the Spooner bill was passed, thereby giv-

ing the President the authority to buy the old French Panama Canal Company, lay out a water route across the isthmus, reorganize a canal commission and begin to build. The work meant not only a battle against mountainous engineering problems but notable medical sanitary problems that till then had defied the world. All of these difficulties were met triumphantly, and the Panama Canal is a monument that will not perish.

Only two quasi-belligerent acts are to be recorded of the Roosevelt administration. An American citizen, one Ion Perdicaris, having been taken captive by the bandit Raisuli in Morocco in 1904, the President, as previously has been mentioned, cabled the American representative to secure "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." Perdicaris was promptly delivered to the American authorities, and respect for this country was greatly increased in Northern Africa. In the same year, the evasive tactics of Turkey having exhausted the patience of the Department of State, a fleet was sent to Smyrna. The presence of the fleet accomplished every purpose.

In no respect did Roosevelt accomplish more striking results in carrying out the McKinley policies to which he had pledged himself, says the New York Tribune, than in the case of Cuba. He found Cuba still under the military dictatorship rendered necessary by the war with Spain. By the end of May, 1902, eight months after Mr. Roosevelt took the oath of office, a national election had been held, and Estrada Palma inaugurated as the first President of Cuba. By

September, 1906, revolution and anarchy threatened to engulf the new republic. William H. Taft, then Secretary of War, was sent to the island, and President Palma resigned. A new provisional government, with Charles E. Magoon as its head, was set up. In 1908 another national election was held, and on January 28, 1909, Jose Miguel Gomez was inaugurated as the second president of the republic.

Another feature of the McKinley policies to which Mr. Roosevelt stood pledged was the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. All the powers of protected interests were exerted to defeat him, but in 1903 he accomplished the seemingly impossible. As a result of that treaty, Cuban exports to the United States grew from \$63,000,000 in 1903 to \$203,164,414 in 1915, and imports to Cuba increased from \$22,000,000 in the former year to approximately \$104,723,100 in the latter.

In the administration of the Phillipine Islands there was not only a notable increase of prosperity, but the policy of extending to the Filipinos a share of self-government as fast as they were capable of exercising it was consistently pursued, and in 1907 the first Philippine Assembly was called to order by Secretary Taft. The trade of the archipelago more than doubled during the Roosevelt administration, agricultural prosperity was restored, and peace and contentment established throughout the islands.

Probably no more fair nor justly appreciative estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's services as President has been written than that which his friend

Lawrence F. Abbott prepared for the new "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is more satisfactory to quote such a statement than to attempt to give in a single chapter a detailed record of the seven and a half years' work of the great President:

"Mr. Roosevelt entered the Presidency definitely committed to two principles which profoundly affected his course as Chief Executive of the United States. He had a well wrought out belief in centralized authority in government and a passionate hatred of political and commercial corruption. He believed the United States to be a unified republic, a sovereign nation, and not a federation of independent States united only for mutual benefit and protection. He not only hated corruption per se, but he clearly saw that as efficiency has a greater power for evil in a centralized government. He understood that political materialism, selfishness and corruption in Federal administration afford the strongest possible argument for those who advocate strengthening the independent power of the separate States at the expense of nationalism. At the very outset of his administration he therefore set himself to work, not only to improve the personnel of the Government service, but by exhortations in his messages and public speeches to arouse a sense of civic responsibility both among office holders and among all the citizens.

"His official messages to Congress, probably more frequent, certainly much longer, than those of any of his predecessors, were quite as often treatises on the moral principles of government

as they were recommendations of specific legislative or administrative policies. The effect of his exhortations, as well as his personal character and public acts, upon the standard and spirit of official life in the United States was a pronounced one in attracting to the Federal service a group of men who took up their work of public office with the same spirit of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice that actuates the military volunteer in time of war. No American President has done so much to discredit and destroy the old Jacksonian theory of party government that 'to the victors belong the spoils' and to create confidence in the practical success as well as the moral desirability of a system of appointments to office which rests upon efficiency and merit only. Mr. Roosevelt not only attacked dishonesty in public affairs but in private business as well, asserting that malefactors of great wealth endeavor to control legislation so as to increase the profits of monopolies or trusts, and that to prevent such control it is necessary to extend the powers of the Federal Government.

"In carrying out this policy of government regulations and supervision of corporations he became involved in a great struggle with the powerful financial interests whose profits were threatened, and with those legislators who sincerely believed that government should solely concern itself with protecting life and property, and should leave questions of individual and social relations in trade and finance to be settled by the operation of so-called natural economic laws. In the struggle, although he was bitterly

accused of violating the written Constitution, of arresting and destroying business prosperity and of attempting a radical departure from the accepted social system of the country, he was remarkably successful. By his speeches and messages and by his frank use of one of the greatest of modern social engines — the newspaper press — he created a public opinion which heartily supported him. Under his affective influence laws were framed which were not merely in themselves measures of stringent regulation of business and the accumulation of wealth, but which established precedents that as time goes on will inevitably make the doctrine of Federal control permanent and of wider application. The struggle against some of the most powerful financial and political influences of the time not unnaturally gave rise to the idea that his work as President was destructive — perhaps the necessary destructive work of the reformer — but not essentially constructive. Even those friendly to him sometimes felt it necessary to defend his political course by saying that he was compelled to raze the old buildings and prepare the ground on which his successors might build new and better structures." Consideration of his constructive achievements, the writer holds, makes the "destructive" theory untenable.

It has been said that one of the greatest monuments to Theodore Roosevelt's efforts for reform is the Dolliver-Hepburn railroad act. He began demonstrating the need of such legislation in 1901. He announced his opinion in his message of December, 1903, that "the power

of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be thoroughgoing, so that it could exercise complete supervision and control over the issue of securities as well as over the raising and lowering of freight rates."

The Dolliver-Hepburn measure occupied most of the Congressional session of 1905-6. The bill became a law on June 29, 1906. While it was vigorously opposed by railroad interests and others, most of these opponents later gave approval to the measure, the effect of which was thus described:

"It has ended rate wars, steadied traffic conditions, put a stop to unregulated and injurious competition; has largely quieted the popular outcry against railway management, and has put securities on a sounder basis than ever before."

The achievements attributed to the Roosevelt Administration of seven years and the policies recommended by the strenuous President during that time are many. These, as arranged by his friends to illuminate his candidacy for the Presidency as leader of the Progressive Party in 1912, are:

1. Dolliver-Hepburn railroad act.
2. Extension of forest reserve.
3. National irrigation act.
4. Improvement of waterways and reservation of water-power sites.
5. Employers' liability act.
6. Safety appliance act.
7. Regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor.

8. Establishment of Department of Commerce and Labor.

9. Pure food and drugs act.

10. Federal meat inspection.

11. Navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased in efficiency.

12. Battleship fleet sent around the world.

13. State militia brought into coördination with the army.

14. Canal zone acquired and work of excavation pushed with increased energy.

15. Development of civil self-government in insular possessions.

16. Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba restored to the Cubans.

17. Finances of Santo Domingo adjusted.

18. Alaska boundary dispute settled.

19. Reorganization of the consular service.

20. Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.

21. The Government upheld in the Northern Securities decision.

22. Conviction of post office grafters and public land thieves.

23. Investigation of the sugar trust customs frauds and resulting prosecutions.

24. Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.

25. Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.

26. The door of China kept open to American commerce.

27. The settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the treaty of Portsmouth.

28. Diplomatic entanglements created by the Pacific coast prejudice against Japanese immigration avoided.

29. Twenty-four treaties of general arbitration negotiated.

30. Interest bearing debt reduced by more than \$90,000,000.

31. Annual conference of Governors of States inaugurated.

32. Movement for conservation of natural resources inaugurated.

33. Movement for the improvement of conditions of country life inaugurated.

The above considered as the achievements of the Roosevelt Administration of seven years, the following have been cited as the policies recommended by him as President, some of which were carried out in the administration of his successor :

1. Reform of the banking and currency system.

2. Inheritance tax.

3. Income tax.

4. Passage of a new employer's liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court.

5. Postal savings banks.

6. Parcel post.

7. Revision of the Sherman anti-trust act.

8. Legislation to prevent overcapitalization, stock watering and manipulations by common carriers.

9. Legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

In reviewing the Roosevelt movement for the Conservation of National Resources the same writer for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says:

"If Mr. Roosevelt did not invent this term he literally created as well as led the movement which made conservation in 1910 the foremost political and social question in the United States. The old theory was that the general prosperity of the country depends upon the development which can best be achieved by private capital, acting under the natural incentive of financial profits. Upon this theory public land was either given away or sold for a trifle by the nation to individual holders.

"While it is true that the building of railways, the opening of mines, the growth of the lumber industry and the settlement of frontier lands by hardy pioneers were rapidly promoted by this policy, it also resulted naturally in the accumulation of great wealth in the hands of a comparatively few men who were controlling lumber, coal, oil and railway transportation in a way that was believed to be a menace to the public welfare. Nor was the concentration of wealth the only danger of this policy; it led to the destruction of forests, the exhaustion of farming soils and the wasteful mining of coal and minerals, since the desire for quick profits, even when they entail risk to permanency of capital, is always a powerful human motive.

"Mr. Roosevelt not only framed legislation to regulate this concentration of wealth and to preserve forests, water power, mines and arable soil, but organized departments in his ad-

ministration for carrying his legislation into effect. His official acts and the influence of his speeches and messages led to the adoption by both citizens and Government of a new theory regarding natural resources. It is that the Government, acting for the people, who are the real owners of all public property, shall permanently retain the fee in public lands, leaving their products to be developed by private capital under leases which are limited in their duration and which give the Government complete power to regulate the industrial operations of the leases."

This same authority finds that the greatest single achievement of Mr. Roosevelt's presidency was the taking over by the United States of the project to build the Panama Canal, adding: "The project itself is nearly four centuries old. For a century Great Britain and the United States had been sometimes in friendly, sometimes in acrimonious dispute as to how this was to be accomplished. The French undertook the work and failed. Mr. Roosevelt recognized the new republic of Panama, and obtained from it for the United States, in return for a commercial and military protection advantageous to Panama, the right to build a canal and control it in perpetuity.

"His critics said that his course in this matter was unconstitutional, although the question of constitutionality has never been raised before any national or international tribunal. The fact remains that the construction of the Panama Canal was undertaken to the practical satisfaction of the civilized world. But for Mr. Roose-

velt's vigorous official action and his characteristic ability to inspire associates with enthusiasm the canal would still be a subject of diplomatic discussion instead of a physical actuality."

Again emphasizing his statesmanship in dealing with colonial problems, the "Britannica" writer says, "Strictly speaking, the United States has no colonial policy, for the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico can scarcely be called colonies. It has, however, a policy of territorial expansion. Although this policy was entered upon at the conclusion of the Spanish war under the presidency of Mr. McKinley, it has been very largely shaped by Mr. Roosevelt. He determined that Cuba should not be taken over by the United States, as all Europe expected it would be and an influential section of his own party hoped it would be, but should be given every opportunity to govern itself as an independent republic; by assuming supervision of the finances of Santo Domingo he put an end to controversies in that unstable republic, which threatened to disturb the peace of Europe, and he personally inspired the body of administrative officials in the Philippines, in Porto Rico and (during the American occupancy) in Cuba, who for efficiency and unselfish devotion to duty compare favorably with any similar body in the world. In numerous speeches and addresses he expressed his belief in a strong colonial government, but a government administered for the benefit of the people under its control and not for the profit of the people at home. In this respect, for the seven years of his administra-

tion at Washington, he developed a policy of statesmanship quite new in the history of the United States."

Resisting all arguments and persuasions from politicians and people to accept another nomination for the Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt left the White House March 4, 1909, after having deliberately put forward his best friend and principal advisor, William Howard Taft, as his successor and throwing all of his vast influence toward Mr. Taft's success.

CHAPTER X

EXPLORER AND GOOD SPORTSMAN

A LOVER of wild life, at home in the wilderness, whether on foot or on horseback, Mr. Roosevelt took high rank as a sportsman. He was declared by all who knew him to be a "true sportsman" in every respect, a conscientious observer of the rules of the game, quick on the trigger, no mean match in a fight with gloves or bare knuckles.

After the election of President Taft, something was needed as an outlet for his abounding energy. Big game shooting was in his mind, and talking it over with his famous "Tennis Cabinet," all good sportsmen, says the New York Sun, he decided that his yearning for outdoor adventure would find its heartiest expression in Africa. So with his son Kermit and a modest expedition, he set sail for Africa on March 23,

1909, aiming at the acquisition of flora and fauna trophies of a new country, as well as desiring the thrills of elephant and buffalo hunting. The Sun proceeds:

The expedition was in the wilderness until the middle of the following March, during which time it was almost completely cut off from communication with the world. One result was a collection, which scientists have said was of unusual value to students of natural history. His experiences the hunter naturalist described in his "African Game Trails," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the experiences he had long been anticipating was the shooting of buffalo. The former President hunted buffalo to his heart's content on Heatley's Ranch, which comprised some 20,000 acres between the Rewero and Kamiti rivers and was seventeen miles long and four miles wide. The Kamiti was described as a queer little stream, running through a dense, broad swamp of tall papyrus, the home of a buffalo herd numbering one hundred individuals, and was all but impenetrable.

"There is no doubt," he wrote, "that under certain circumstances buffalo, in addition to showing themselves exceedingly dangerous opponents when wounded by hunters, become truculent and inclined to take the offensive themselves. There are places in East Africa where, as regards at least certain herds, this seems to be the case; and in Uganda the buffalo have caused such loss of life and such damage to the native plantations that they are now ranked as

vermin and not as game, and their killing is encouraged in every possible way."

Continuing with his description of the hunt in Heatley's swamp, the narrator goes on:

"Cautiously threading our way along the edge of the swamp we got within 150 yards of the buffalo before we were perceived. There were four bulls grazing close by the edge of the swamp, their black bodies glistening in the early sun-rays, their massive horns showing white and the cow-herons perched on their backs. They stared suddenly at us with outstretched heads from under their great frontlets of horn.

"The biggest of the four stood a little out from the other three, and at him I fired, the bullet telling with a smack on the tough hide and going through the lungs. We had been afraid they would at once turn into the papyrus, but instead of this they started straight across our front directly for the open country.

"This was a piece of huge good luck. Kermit put his first barrel into the second bull and I my second barrel into one of the others, after which it became impossible to say which bullet struck which animal, as the firing became general. They ran a quarter of a mile into the open, and then the big bull I had first shot, and which had no other bullet in him, dropped dead, while the other three, all of which were wounded, halted beside him.

"We walked toward them rather expecting a charge, but when we were still over two hundred yards away they started back for the swamp and we began firing. The distance being long,

I used my Winchester. Aiming well before one bull he dropped to the shot as if poleaxed, falling straight on his back with his legs kicking, but in a moment he was up again and after the others. Later I found that the bullet, a full metal patch, had struck him in the head but did not penetrate the brain, and merely stunned him for the moment.

"All the time we kept running diagonally to their line of flight. They were all three badly wounded, and when they reached the tall, rank grass, high as a man's head, which fringed the papyrus swamp, the two foremost lay down while the last one, the one I had floored with the Winchester, turned, and with nose outstretched began to come toward us. He was badly crippled, however, and with a soft-nosed bullet from my heavy Holland I knocked him down, this time for good. The other two then rose, and though each was again hit they reached the swamp, one of them to our right, the other to the left, where the papyrus came out in a point.

"We decided to go after the latter and, advancing very cautiously toward the edge of the swamp, put in the three big dogs. A moment afterward they gave tongue within the papyrus.

"Heatley now mounted his trained shooting pony and rode toward the place, while we covered him with our rifles, his plan being to run right across our front if the bull charged. The bull was past charging, lying just within the reeds, but he was still able to do damage, for in another minute one of the dogs came out to us and ran straight back to the farmhouse,

where we found him dead on our return. He had been caught by the buffalo's horns when he went in too close.

"Heatley, a daring fellow, with great confidence in both his horse and his rifle, pushed forward as we came up and saw the bull lying on the ground while the other two dogs bit and worried it and he put a bullet through its head."

Mr. R. J. Cuninghame, the famous African hunter, who was in charge of this expedition, became an enthusiastic admirer of Colonel Roosevelt. He told the London correspondent of the New York Times that the Colonel was excellent company, never made difficulties, never complained of petty annoyances, and was full of anecdotes and good stories. The interview with Mr. Cuninghame continues:

"When we started he ordered me to put him on the steps of the palace at Khartum at four o'clock on the afternoon of a certain day, and I did it but it was necessary to put in three weeks of the hardest kind of marching from Uganda to the Nile. It was terribly hot and rough going, and the mosquitoes were awful; but the Colonel knew it had to be done, and he never complained.

"He obeyed my orders implicitly," said Cuninghame. "He might question them afterward but never at the time. Sometimes he did not understand them, but he was always prompt in observing them."

Cuninghame was very emphatic in insisting upon the scientific character of the expedition.

"We brought back," he said, "about two thousand animals and most unjustified criticism has been based on that. The Colonel has been called a game butcher. It was absolutely false. He went out with the definite purpose of getting a collection of East African fauna for American natural history museums and he kept that always in view."

"Was he a first-rate shot?" Cuninghame was asked.

"I will call him a good one," was the reply; "that is, you could always rely on his hitting his animal and, if he did not put a shot in the right place, of hitting him again and again until he had dropped him. A good many men won't do even that, you know.

"He had one very near squeak. He was determined to get an elephant and a tusker at that. I told him what that meant and how much risk there was, but he said he was willing to face it. That was the Colonel all over. Tell him the risks and he would size them up quietly. If he decided they were worth while that was all there was to it. He just went ahead and took them without saying another word.

"Well, we found an elephant in a forest on Kenia Mountain. We had been hunting for three days, and it was really hard work for a man of the Colonel's bulk in that heat and at that altitude, 11,000 feet. At last, through a thick bush, I caught just a glimpse of elephant hide and a tusk, about thirty-five feet away, just enough to tell me it was a fine specimen. I

pointed it out to the Colonel, and he fired with complete coolness and got the elephant in the ear and dropped him.

"As the shot went off the forest all round roared aloud with trumpeting. We were in the midst of a herd of cows and young bulls, and one of the latter thrust his head through the bushes right over the Colonel's head. I was right behind him, and fired at once and bowled it over. Then I rushed up to the Colonel and said, 'Are you all right, Sir?' But I could see he was before I spoke.

"He hadn't turned a hair. At any moment the cows might have blundered through the bush over us, but he never thought of that. He went up to the old chap he had killed and gave it the coup de grace, and then let himself loose. I never saw a man so boyishly jubilant, waving his hat and dancing about. He had himself photographed with the elephant, and was absolutely delighted. But half an hour later, when we were back in camp and the elephant had been handed over to the scientists, he sat down in a chair and started to read Balzac.

"That was typical. While the Colonel was on a job he was altogether wrapped up in it. As soon as it was over and some one else had taken charge he was busy about something else. So, after all his fatigue and excitement, in the midst of the camp, with the noise of negro carriers all round him, he gave himself up to Balzac.

"I never knew a man with such never-relaxing energy. He was keen day after day. The hard-

est thing he had to do, he told me, was to write his book. Yes, it was the famous dollar-a-word book. He told me another publisher offered him two dollars, but after weighing it all up he thought it was a better bargain to be published by Scribners at only a dollar a word than by the other man. But it was real hard work for him to sit down at the end of each day's march and grind it out in that heat."

Then Cuninghame asked to be allowed to give his testimony as to the strict temperance of Roosevelt.

"He had a libel suit about it, didn't he?" he asked. "I'd like to say what I know. The expedition was strictly dry — isn't that the word? Of course, we had a little champagne, brandy, and rye whiskey as medical stores, and there was one special bottle of brandy of the very finest brand labeled 'Colonel's' which was entrusted to my care. Well, he never touched a drop of anything except, perhaps, at a formal banquet, where he had a glass of sherry to sip a toast to the King.

"But at last he had a touch of fever and the surgeon ordered him a dose of his own brandy. It was measured out like medicine, perhaps two ounces to three of water. He drank it and at once spat it out. He explained that as soon as spirits entered his throat his muscles always automatically contracted and rejected them.

"The surgeon insisted, and threatened to inject morphine in his throat and deaden everything unless he tried again. At length he induced the Colonel to take a spoonful of salad-

oil first, and under its mollifying influence he got one dose of brandy down and it was as mild as milk. You know that was all he took of the bottle on the trip, and when we got to Khartum I had the bottle measured before I handed it over to prove that only two doses were gone.

"Yet, he was in no way fanatical about drinking. He had no use for a man who took more than he could carry, but he had no objection to a man taking a drink."

On one occasion Colonel Roosevelt proved how well he could rise to an emergency. The expedition was on the Kongo when forest-fires broke out. Cuninghame was away in the bush and the Colonel at once took command. There were a thousand negro carriers to handle, but he gave the necessary orders, started back-fires, and collected the baggage so that when Cuninghame returned he could suggest nothing and asked the Colonel to carry on and complete the job.

"He was a big man," said the hunter in conclusion. "He impressed every one and dominated every one by sheer force of his personality."

Though the expedition traversed lands already visited by some of the great naturalist explorers of the world, Roosevelt made discoveries and recorded many facts not before known as to the life history of beasts and birds in equatorial East Africa, says the *Evening Sun*, New York. He was careful to note the seasons at which the young of different antelopes and other large

game appear. He wrote new information of the chita hunting cat, a little known and little studied carnivore in its wild state both in Africa and Asia. He brought out, as no earlier traveler had done, the extent to which the wild game is persecuted and infested with ticks.

He informed the scientific world, according to able critics of his writings, of new facts about the ordinary rhinoceros and its peculiar habits, and emphasized the square-lipped, white rhinoceros as to its gentler disposition and its association with the white egrets which, in accompanying it for protection from the ticks, whiten its broad back with guano. He got particulars regarding the lion's method of killing most of the larger antelopes and zebra by springing to their backs and biting through the vertebræ of the neck. He made observations of baboons, hyenas, elephants, white rhinoceroses, water birds, Grevy's zebra, white-bellied hogs, the hyraxes and the forest and mountain rats, interesting to naturalists in all countries and pronounced by capable scientists to be in many cases absolutely novel.

To Theodore Roosevelt the hunt was the most magnificent, real life drama of latter day existence; in the chase he returned to the primordial thrills unknown to the sedentary, shopworn highways of urban life. After twenty-five years of experience more replete with the stress and storm, the adulation and the excitement of the highest public office within the gift of the people he wrote in his foreword to "*African Game Trails*," at Khartum, on March 15, 1910, the

following sentences, showing the unaltered love of the open:

"There are no words that can tell the hidden spirit of the wilderness, that can reveal its mystery, its melancholy and its charm. There is delight in the hardy life of the open, in long rides, rifle in hand, in the thrill of the fight with dangerous game. Apart from this, yet mingled with it, is the strong attraction of the silent places, of the large tropic moons, and the splendor of the new stars; where the wanderer sees the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wild waste spaces of the earth, unworn of man and changed only by the slow changes of the ages through time everlasting."

Following the African expedition he spent the spring and early summer months of 1910 in traveling through Egypt, Continental Europe and England, accepting many invitations to make public addresses in those countries. He received popular and official ovations suggestive of royal distinction. He received honorary degrees from the universities of Cairo, Christiania, Berlin, Cambridge and Oxford.

The demonstrations of the European countries, the appearance of an American before learned bodies of foreign countries whom he addressed frequently in their own languages, his advice to the young Egyptians and his Guildhall speech in England, awakened a severe analysis of Roosevelt not so much as a statesman, for his administrative achievements were reasonably well known, but as a scholar, reader, student and author.

His knowledge of general linguistic lore was masterly, and he was a scholar of the first rank in the classics. The savants of the Sorbonne heard him address them in as flawless French as they themselves could employ, and he spoke German with all the fluency of a highly educated native. His knowledge of Spanish made interpreters superfluous on his South American travels, and he was equally familiar with Italian and other tongues.

How the Colonel, in his crowded years, had ever found time to equip himself thus thoroughly in this direction was always a matter of wonderment to his friends.

The aristocratic lineage of the man in combination with his service as President and his palpable power under all circumstances was "such as to appeal to the nations which to a greater extent than America are ruled by governing classes." In Germany he was proclaimed as "Bismarckian," in Italy he was "Garibaldian," in France he was the "typical Gaul," and in England he was compared to "Gladstone"; and in most countries he was said to be utterly un-American, and in something of disdain for the rest of America he was called our first "gentleman statesman."

There were points of resemblance and points of sharp contrast between Roosevelt and Gladstone. Roosevelt had awakened strong opposition because of the policies he believed were essential to the rule of the people. Gladstone was said to be inconsistent because he favored such tremendous changes in England to the in-

terest of the fuller rights of the people. Roosevelt had probably molded public opinion to a greater extent than any man before him. Of Gladstone Morley writes: "In every one of his achievements of high mark he expressly formed or endeavored to form and create the public opinion upon which he knew in the last resort he must depend." Both Gladstone and Roosevelt possessed powerful physiques developed by athletic exercise. Both had great power in advocating their policies before audiences favorable or hostile. Both believed that morality was the basis of all reform. Both were authors of books on living questions and contributed to magazines and newspapers much that influenced public opinion.

In 1913, Mr. Roosevelt was invited to go to Argentina to lecture on problems of government in a democracy. He accepted the invitation, planning at the same time to make a trip into Brazil and explore the jungles and rivers of the great Amazon Valley. He sailed October 4th with his son Kermit and a party of friends and was gone seven and a half months. It proved to be the most dangerous and important of all his journeys for exploration and study of natural history.

Late in the year, with several Brazilian guides and army officers, his party plunged into the jungles, following the Paraguay River to its head waters and then striking into utterly unexplored country. He discovered the "River of Doubt," so named by him, which provoked a scientific controversy before its existence was finally es-

tablished. Later the stream was renamed by the Brazilian government "Rio Teodoro," in honor of its discoverer.

The river was found to be a thousand miles long and flowed from a spot 13 south latitude and 59 west longitude, through many doublings and twistings, into the River Madeira. In volume it is similar to the Rhone, the Elbe, or the Hudson. Roosevelt's party followed it for the greater part of its length, passing through stretches of country where the feet of white men had never trodden before. After exploring its source, Roosevelt said of it:

"The upper part of its course was utterly unknown to anybody except the wild men on its bank, while the lower part was known to a few rubber men only. The river takes its rise in the high uplands of the western part of the State of Matto Grosso, just north of the 13th parallel of south latitude and between longitude 59 and 60 west of Greenwich."

During the journey the Colonel and his fellow naturalists collected more than 2,100 birds and mammals, many new to science.

The expedition passed through the most terrible hardships. For a long time they were on reduced rations, and many of their number, the Colonel among them, came down with fever. His constant thought, all through his illness, was for his companions. "This looks like the last for me, doctor," said the ex-president to Doctor Cajaziera. "If I'm to go, it's all right. You see that the others don't stop for me." And again he said: "I've the shortest span of life

ahead of any in the party. If any one is to die here, I must be the one. The others must look out for themselves. You are all strong and can make it." But he pulled through. At another time he was thrown out of his canoe against projecting rocks, and his right leg was cut to the bone. This attack of jungle fever, it is believed, sapped his hitherto splendid constitution so that he never fully regained his former vigor. He returned to the United States May 19, 1914, and the people at home never knew how narrow had been his escape from death.

CHAPTER XI

BIRTH AND DEATH OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

WHETHER or not any agreement existed between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, when the former turned over the presidency to the latter, as to the course Mr. Taft should follow generally in domestic and foreign policies no person surely knows or knew, remarked the *Sun*, except the late Colonel Roosevelt and the living Ex-president Taft.

It is certain, however, that disappointment and discontent grew apace among the staunch supporters of the Roosevelt policies within a comparatively brief time after the new administration began, and reports did not fail to reach the explorer in the African wilderness. Some of his friends went across the ocean to meet him as soon as he emerged from the dark continent,

and they poured their compliments into his ears.

He returned to the United States in a frame of mind, politically, which must be imagined, for he avoided comment on the National Administration and joined the staff of *The Outlook* as contributing editor and wrote essays on politics, economics and social matters until he threw himself with characteristic energy into the campaign in behalf of his old friend and associate in Government, Henry L. Stimson, the Republican candidate for governor. He beat the Republican Old Guard in the convention fight at Syracuse, carrying everything before his electric energy, but he could not elect Stimson, the State turning to the Democratic Party that year.

During the latter part of 1910 and the early months of 1911, Mr. Roosevelt made an extensive tour of the country, lecturing on what he termed "The New Nationalism." In these lectures he outlined the program of legislative and judicial reforms that later became the basis for the platform of the Progressive party.

The presidential campaign of 1912 was so sensational, and contained so many complicating circumstances that accounts of it vary widely. A peculiarly fair and intimate study of the conditions leading up to it was written by Mr. Roosevelt's close friend Ex-Congressman Charles G. Washburn and included in his book, "Theodore Roosevelt, the Logic of His Career," published in 1916 by Houghton-Mifflin Company. By Mr. Washburn's permission that illuminative study of Mr. Roosevelt's 1912 candidacy is here reproduced:

Properly to understand the situation from my point of view, we must go back to the election of 1904, of which Roosevelt said in his address before the Cambridge (England) Union, in 1910:—

“During my first term of office as President of the United States, I said: ‘Now, I do not wish there to be any misunderstanding. I like my job, and I want to keep it for four years longer.’ I don’t think any President ever enjoyed himself more than I did. Moreover, I don’t think any Ex-President ever enjoyed himself more. I have enjoyed my life and my work because I thoroughly believe that success—the real success—does not depend upon the position you hold, but upon how you carry yourself in that position.”

There is no doubt in the mind of any one, I think, that the president did like his job and wanted to be elected in 1904, and he was by a majority staggering in its size. There is no doubt whatever that he liked the job equally well when he finished his term in 1909, and I have never heard any doubt expressed that he could have carried the nomination in 1908, for a second “elective term,” as some liked to express it, had he desired it or even said that he would accept it. He was not weary of the office in 1908, nor was he unduly oppressed and weighed down, as many men have been, by its responsibilities. If he ever had an overpowering ambition to continue to be President, he must have had it then; and had he possessed the lust for power that has been credited to him by some

of his critics, it would have led him then to accept a nomination which his party was ready to thrust upon him. What a personal triumph it would have been from the point of view of the ambitious man to hold the office for practically three consecutive terms, something that no president had ever done, and yet Roosevelt turned away from it. On the evening of the election in 1904, when his election was assured, he said:—

“The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination.”

And he repeated the statement in December, 1907, and devoted himself, with all his energy, to aiding in the nomination of Mr. Taft. Not only that, but every precaution was taken to prevent the stampeding to Roosevelt of the 1908 Convention, of which there was always danger. His trusted personal and political friend, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, was chairman of the convention, occupying that position for two purposes—to make impossible the nomination of Roosevelt, to make certain the nomination of Taft. In his speech Senator Lodge said:—

“That man is no friend of Theodore Roosevelt and does not cherish his name and fame who, now, from any motive, seeks to urge him as a candidate for the great office which he has finally declined. The President has refused what his countrymen would have gladly given him. He says what he means and means what he says,

and his party and country will respect his wishes, as they honor his high character and his great public services."

There is no evidence of which I ever heard that Roosevelt on his European trip gave a thought to the nomination in 1912. Upon his return in May, 1910, at a public dinner given for him in New York, he said:—

"I am ready and eager to do my part, so far as I am able, in helping solve problems which must be solved if we, in this the greatest democratic republic upon which the sun has ever shone, are to see its destinies rise to the high level of our hopes and its opportunities."

I think the suggestion here that he was "ready and eager to do his part" gave some anxiety to his friends, who were more jealous than he of his great fame. This anxiety was increased two months later when at Harvard Commencement, as president of the Alumni Association, Roosevelt, at the request of Governor Hughes, of New York sent the following telegram to Mr. Griscom, Chairman of the Republican State Committee:—

"During the last week, great numbers of Republicans and independent voters from all over the State (New York) have written me urging the passage of Direct Primary legislation. I have seen Governor Hughes and have learned your views from your representative. It seems

to me that the Cobb Bill, with the amendments proposed by you, meets the needs of the situation. I believe that the people demand it. I most earnestly hope that it will be enacted into law."

Roosevelt was again in politics, to the regret, I think, of many of his friends, and to his own surprise, I firmly believe. This was his explanation of it at the time. In introducing Governor Hughes at the Alumni luncheon, Roosevelt said:

"Our Governor has a very persuasive way with him. I had intended to keep absolutely clear from any kind of public or political question after coming home, and I could carry out my resolution all right until I met the Governor this morning, and he then explained to me that I had come back to live in New York now; that I had to help him out, and after a very brief conversation, I put up my hands and agreed to help him."

In October of that year, Roosevelt was Chairman of the New York Republican State Convention, defeating James S. Sherman, then Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Stimson was nominated for governor as a Roosevelt candidate and was defeated by 100,000 votes. In commenting on the election, Roosevelt said at a later period, when he had become a candidate for the Republican nomination for President:—

"In that contest, as in this, I was exceedingly reluctant to be drawn into the contest. In that contest, as in this, I acted only from a sense of

duty to the people as a whole, and in that contest I was assailed with precisely the same arguments by the great majority of those who are now assailing me. If I had considered only my own personal interests and personal preferences, I could, of course, have kept out of the 1910 campaign, have let the machine remain in control at Saratoga, and have seen the State go Democratic by 300,000 majority, as under those circumstances it certainly would have gone. I went in because I conscientiously felt that it was my duty to take part in the fight for honest government, for genuine self-government by the people, without regard to the consequences to myself, and I am in this fight on precisely the same basis and for precisely the same reasons."

As the convention of 1912 drew near, there was much speculation as to whether Roosevelt would be a candidate or not. Many people regarded his statement which I have quoted as a bar to his doing so. It was obviously open to the construction that he would never under any circumstances at any time be a candidate. As to what it was intended to express, Mr. Loeb, who was Roosevelt's secretary at the time, has told me that when the statement was drafted, it was suggested that it be limited in express terms to the election of 1908, but that was disapproved for the reason that a declaration that Roosevelt would not run in 1908 would be accepted as tantamount to a statement that he would run in 1912, which Roosevelt then had no intention of doing, nor had he any intention of saying any-

thing that would not leave him free after 1908. A reporter present asked Roosevelt if this applied to 1912. He replied:—

“Now, gentlemen, that is something I don’t intend to speak about. You accept my statement just as I have made it.”

A prominent newspaper man recently said to me:

“At that time none of the correspondents dreamed of interpreting his refusal to be a candidate as applying to any other year than 1908. It was made to set at rest the rumors that he would try to succeed himself at the end of the term to which he had just been elected, and none of us interpreted it in any other way. Not until he began to be talked of as a candidate in 1912 did anybody try to make it appear that his 1904 statement was intended to cover all the rest of his life so as to bar him forever from running.”

I regard the episode as unfortunate, but as in no way reflecting upon Roosevelt’s good faith.

I had a long talk with Roosevelt in November, 1911. I spoke to him of the convention and of his possible candidacy. He said, in substance, that he did not want to be a candidate—that he did not want the office again, and that he believed that it would be a great risk for him to take it, and that he had no idea that conditions would arise that would make it necessary. If, however, such conditions should arise and it

should become in his opinion a duty, he would not decline to be drafted. As late as December, 1911, he wrote to influential men of the party in Washington urging them to do everything they could to stop any mention of his name in connection with the office. I talked with him again in January, 1912, and again he said he did not want the nomination, he doubted if any Republican could be elected, and that he personally had everything to lose and nothing to gain if he should enter the contest, but again he said that if there should be an uprising of the people, which he did not anticipate, he might consider it. When I asked him why he did not say that under no circumstances would he accept the office if it were tendered him,—and be it remembered that I was in favor of Mr. Taft's nomination,—he said, in substance, "I had to eat my words once in connection with the Vice-Presidency, and I don't want to run any chance of having to do it again."

During all this time the supporters of all the candidates had been hard at work to secure delegates, but nothing was done by Roosevelt, nor did he want anything done. He stated over and over again that he did not want anything done and wanted nothing left undone that would prevent anything being done.

Meantime, as he has told me, Republican governors of several States were writing him and seeing him, urging that he be a candidate. He told them that he was not convinced that there was any popular demand for his candidacy. Gradually, however, through all kinds of inter-

views, through all kinds of articles in the papers, through all kinds of letters and other communications, he became convinced, by a sort of cumulative process, that two-thirds of the rank and file of the Republican party wished him to run; and further, that unless he made the fight for the principles in which he believed with all his heart and soul, there would be no fight at all made for them. He was in this state of mind when, on February 10, 1912, at a meeting in Chicago, the Republican governors of seven States, West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Wyoming, Michigan, Kansas, and Missouri, asked Roosevelt in the following letter to become a candidate for the presidency:—

“ We, the undersigned Republican governors, assembled for the purpose of considering what will best insure the continuation of the Republican party as a useful agency of good government, declare it our belief, after a careful investigation of the facts, that a large majority of the Republican voters of the country favor your nomination, and a large majority of the people favor your election, as the next President of the United States.

“ We believe that your candidacy will insure success in the next campaign. We believe that you represent, as no other man represents, those principles and policies upon which we must appeal for a majority of the votes of the American people, and which, in our opinion, are necessary for the happiness and prosperity of the country.

"We believe that, in view of this public demand, you should soon declare whether, if the nomination for the Presidency come to you unsolicited and unsought, you will accept it.

"In submitting this request we are not considering your personal interests. We do not regard it as proper to consider either the interests or the preference of any man as regards the nomination for the Presidency. We are expressing our sincere belief and best judgment as to what is demanded of you in the interests of the people as a whole. And we feel that you would be unresponsive to a plain public duty if you should decline to accept the nomination, coming as the voluntary expression of the wishes of a majority of the Republican voters of the United States, through the action of their delegates in the next National Convention."

With the knowledge that he would be a candidate, Roosevelt made, on February 21, 1912, his Columbus speech on "A Charter of Democracy," in which, among other things, he advocated the recall of judicial decisions. This speech alienated hundreds of thousands of Republican votes. He did not need to make it to secure the votes of radicals — those were his already. He must have known, as well as any one, what the result would be. And then, when he had left nothing undone and had done everything to make his nomination in a Republican Convention impossible, he replied, under date of February 24, 1912, to the letter of the seven governors, as follows: —

"I deeply appreciate your letter, and I realize to the full the heavy responsibility it puts upon me, expressing as it does the carefully considered convictions of the men elected by popular vote to stand as the heads of government in their several States.

"I absolutely agree with you that this matter is not one to be decided with any reference to the personal preferences or interests of any man, but purely from the standpoints of the interests of the people as a whole. I will accept the nomination for President if it is tendered to me, and I will adhere to this decision until the convention has expressed its preference. One of the chief principles for which I have stood and for which I now stand, and which I have always endeavored and always shall endeavor to reduce to action, is the genuine rule of the people; and therefore I hope that so far as possible the people may be given the chance, through direct primaries, to express their preference as to who shall be the nominee of the Republican Presidential Convention."

It is my conviction that Roosevelt entered this campaign without any desire to gratify a personal ambition, but as the leader of a cause in which he believed and without any thought as to how his personal fortunes would be affected. Recently he wrote me :

"You know that 1912 really represented merely the goal of thought for which I had always been heading. From my standpoint it was

merely the effort to apply the principles of Abraham Lincoln to the conditions of the twentieth century."

His political creed is contained in the Carnegie Hall Address of March 20, 1912, in which he said toward the close:—

"In order to succeed we need leaders of inspired idealism, leaders to whom are granted great visions, who dream greatly and strive to make their dreams come true; who can kindle the people with the fire from their own burning souls. The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind."

This expressed his state of mind. Many of his friends would have preferred to have him preserve the great fame that was his, undimmed by any conflict in the political arena that might well lead to reverses. He chose for himself the other course. "In the long fight for righteousness, the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one

man fails or succeeds, but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind."

The campaign itself constitutes, said the New York Tribune, "the most sensational chapter in the history of the Republican Party." Mr. Roosevelt, after having obtained a very large majority of the vote in the primaries in his contest against Mr. Taft, was nevertheless denied the regular nomination because of the action of the Republican National Committee in unseating Roosevelt delegates and qualifying Taft delegates.

[On a night never to be forgotten Mr. Roosevelt's partisans, obtaining consent from their leader at the Hotel Blackstone, arose in a body, left the convention hall, entered a hall of their own, formed the Progressive party and named the Colonel as their standard bearer with Hiram Johnson of California as their candidate for vice-president.

A national organization was hurriedly formed, and every State, country and town formed the best organization possible on short notice. A regular convention was called for August 5, 1912. The delegates, who appeared to be as earnest as religious zealots in their plan to win victory at the polls, confirmed the action of June 19, and formally nominated Roosevelt as their candidate, with Governor Hiram Johnson, of California, as his running mate.

Roosevelt plunged into the three-cornered campaign against Wilson and Taft with all the vigor

that had characterized his earlier campaigns. An explosive utterance in which he said that he felt "like a Bull Moose" gave a nickname to the new party. Roosevelt toured the country, directing most of his batteries against President Taft and the standpat element in both parties, which he attacked with entire impartiality.

Suddenly his speech-making tour was cut short by a sensational attack on his life. He had reached Milwaukee in his swing through the country, and was just seating himself in an automobile for the drive to the auditorium, where he was to deliver an important address, when Schrank sent the bullet into his chest at short range.

On the instant there was a movement to deal summarily with Schrank, but Colonel Roosevelt was cool, and himself restrained the crowd until Schrank was taken properly into custody.

The bullet, having passed through the candidate's heavy overcoat and his other clothing, fifty pages of manuscript and his spectacle case, had penetrated only two inches into the right breast. He was able to proceed to the auditorium, and against the advice of friends and physicians made a speech lasting fifty-three minutes.

This feat, which drew the applause of the world and caused all Americans, irrespective of their political beliefs, to glory in such an indomitable will and such fortitude, seemed to produce no ill effects. The candidate went to his home at Oyster Bay within a week after being taken to a hospital in Chicago, and there continued his campaign by statements and messages

to his followers through prominent Progressive political leaders.

As all far-seeing men anticipated, he was defeated, the impossibility of overcoming a solitary Democracy by the divided efforts of its antagonist party being clearly visioned; but nevertheless Colonel Roosevelt made a wonderful race against the victor, Woodrow Wilson, and his Republican rival, Mr. Taft. He received more than 4,000,000 votes and proved absolutely that he had a hold upon a vast section of the American people that nothing could break.

Again, in 1916, an unmistakable call came from all parts of the country that Mr. Roosevelt should run for the presidency. He would have taken the nomination if Progressives and Republicans could join in making it. He wanted to unite the factions and end party strife. He felt that the Nation sorely needed a strong Republican party, able to win, and capable of assuming the great tasks and responsibilities of the war.

But the sentiment of regular Republican leaders was unalterably opposed to his selection. They could not forget 1912. They went to Chicago with delegations that nothing could sway or stampede from a coldly resolved upon course. At the same time the Progressive party met in Chicago with one candidate — Roosevelt, though it delayed naming him until it could see what the Republicans would do. They were eventful, thrilling days, though the outcome was disappointment for Roosevelt and the host who demanded his nomination.

The Republicans named Charles E. Hughes, taking him from the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, after it had declined to listen to Colonel Roosevelt's suggestion to nominate either Senator Henry Cabot Lodge or General Leonard Wood. At Colonel Roosevelt's own insistence, which virtually dissolved the Progressive party then and there, his name was eliminated by them and they named a candidate for vice-president only.

Mr. Wilson was reelected, though by the narrowest margin and largely on the score of his persistent promise to keep the country out of the European war that had been raging for two years.

CHAPTER XII

THE VOICE THAT ROUSED THE NATION'S SOUL

THREE months after Theodore Roosevelt's return from Brazil, the great horror which the world had thought impossible suddenly became a reality, and the principal nations of Europe were plunged in war. Such a thing had been declared to be "unthinkable." Organizations, endowments, philanthropists, and writers had been more than ever active in working for the ideal of "world peace," while plans of frightfulness and conquest were being brought to completion in the secret chambers of the Huns.

Roosevelt was quick to see the menace to America and to urge immediate preparation to meet it, but again the chorus of peace believers

protested that although the "unthinkable" had really come to pass in Europe, it was still unthinkable and impossible in America. We were perfectly safe and had nothing to do with the quarrels of Europe.

But the great awakener of the Nation's soul would not be stilled. Jealous guardianship of the honor of the United States was Colonel Roosevelt's watchword, declared the New York Tribune, from the outbreak, in August, 1914, of the world war. Patriotism was the motto spelled by his speeches and preparedness was demanded with an earnestness into which he threw every energy of mind and body. The Sun, New York, recalls the fact that except for a few weeks at the outset of the great conflict, when he held himself in check because of the President's pronouncement for perfect neutrality, he was never at a loss as to the real meaning of the conflict, as to the brutal ambition of the Central Powers, as to the peril not only to Europe but to America herself if the Germans should win.

He arose in all of the energy and might of his intellect and called upon America to awake to a realization of her peril, The Sun continues. He burned with anger at the injustice of the invasion of Belgium, at the enormities practiced there and in France or wherever the German foot trod. He spoke in blasting anger against the U-boat warfare that destroyed American ships and lives as nonchalantly as it destroyed the ships and lives of the then belligerent powers. He had no patience with President Wilson's slow-going, tolerant attitude toward the war.

There were times that he assailed the President and the Administration bitterly, when he called for proper preparation against the looming peril, when he called for universal military service and a great navy, when he demanded that we do something more than pretend a neutrality that more than nine-tenths of the country abominated.

He was busy with the trial at Syracuse the day the *Lusitania* was sunk on May 7, 1915, and that night he dictated to the writer of *The Sun* the statement that rang through America as to what America's plain duty had become. He would have sent Von Bernstorff out of the country, seized the German merchant marine and got ready for the stern business of protecting American honor.

All of these things eventuated, but it can never be forgotten that Roosevelt sensed thus early the morality and the practicability of their immediate operation.

When war came he at once gave proof, says the *New York Tribune*, that his eternal slogan of patriotism was no mere catch phrase. All four of his sons immediately began training to go into action against the Germans. Their father was also eager to fight.

He wanted to recruit a volunteer army for service in France, to be sent over before the draft army could be gotten into shape. The idea struck a tremendously popular chord in this country. It was estimated that 200,000 men volunteered to go with the Colonel.

The more popular the Colonel's plan became over the country the more unpopular it became

in some Washington circles, and particularly at the White House. President Wilson was unequivocally opposed to the Colonel's plan from the start.

Colonel Roosevelt and his friends fought to the last ditch for this volunteer army for France. They argued that France needed help immediately, and promised to start one division toward France within four months. They agreed to accept no volunteers subject to the draft. They even promised the army would be financed at the start — armed and equipped — from private funds. And the War Department was assured that the Colonel did not want to lead the army; that he would be satisfied to be the junior brigadier-general in command of one of the brigades. Congress, in passing the draft law, included in the law a provision which left the way open for the Colonel to raise his army, provided the Administration would consent.

But President Wilson declined to avail himself of this provision, and the Colonel stayed at home. Colonel Roosevelt thereupon urged those who had volunteered to go with him to enlist in the regular army.

As soon as this country entered the war Colonel Roosevelt began to lay stress on the imperative necessity of rushing American troops to France. He advocated immediate passage of a conscription bill and denounced plans to hold the entire American forces here until they had been trained. Realizing the terrific gain in morale which their presence would give to troops of the Allies, he urged that at least one complete Ameri-

can division be sent to the front at the earliest moment, that its numbers be kept full and that other divisions be placed side by side with it when possible to send them over.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "half their training should be given our troops on the other side of the water."

At the same time he made a strong appeal to all Republicans to support the Administration in pushing the war to a successful conclusion. He never ceased, both in his speeches and in his magazine articles, to warn the country to mobilize all its resources — men, food and munitions — and never ceased to point out any action by the Administration which he thought might impair American effectiveness.

Up to the conclusion of the war he gave strenuous opposition to any peace plan which would allow German militarism again to endanger the world.

Of nothing was he prouder than of the spirit shown by his four sons when they responded to their country's call. On the very day he received news of the death of his son, Quentin, killed in an air battle with a German aviator in France, Colonel Roosevelt sent a letter to the soldiers in France saying he "would give anything to be over with you."

"I send my heartiest greeting to you men at the front," he wrote. "You have made all of us who stay behind lift our heads high with pride by what you are doing. It is you men, and only you men, who are doing the one vital work for the American people to-day. All good Ameri-

cans at this time owe homage to the fighting men at the fighting front. What you are doing is vital for the honor and interest, for the future welfare and for the very existence of our republic, and you are also battling for the very existence of every well-behaved, civilized nation big or little. I congratulate you on the great good fortune that is yours in that you now have the chance to endure the hardship and peril for that great ideal and to render to our country the greatest of all services. I would give anything to be over with you."

In 1917, Colonel Roosevelt requested the House of Representatives to return the \$40,000 Nobel Peace prize voted him after the Portsmouth treaty ending the Russo-Japanese War. He never had touched this money, but had given it to the House of Representatives to found an industrial fund. This, however, never had been done. He asked the return of the money that it might be devoted to war work.

In one of his last addresses he said "Pacifism and unpreparedness never kept a nation out of war. They invite war and insure that if war comes it shall be costly, long drawn out and bloody."

Though Colonel Roosevelt was not allowed to go to war himself with a division of volunteers which he had recruited among his admirers, his four sons, one of whom gave his life, and a son-in-law, Dr. Richard Derby, represented him. Two of his sons were wounded; all distinguished themselves.

Quentin was killed in an air battle on the western front. His machine was shot down by a German aviator, experienced and skilled, with a record of thirty-two planes downed to his credit. Young Roosevelt, though skilled, was inexperienced, his adversary said after he and brother officers had buried and marked the grave of Quentin. The victor paid tribute to him in saying that he had fought courageously and gallantly. Colonel Roosevelt wished that his son's body remain in the soil that he had sought to free. "Let the tree lie where it falls," he said when asked if Quentin's body would be brought home.

Archie and Theodore, Jr., were cited for bravery in action and Kermit distinguished himself while fighting with the British forces in Mesopotamia. At his own request, when the United States entered the war, Kermit was transferred to our army.

In the fighting before Toul, Archie was wounded. He so distinguished himself that General Pershing personally recommended him for promotion to a captaincy, which he subsequently got, and he was cited for gallantry in action, too. He was a second lieutenant when he went into action. While leading his men he was hit by shrapnel that injured both a leg and an arm. He was taken to a Paris hospital, and while there learned that he had been awarded the French War Cross.

Theodore, Jr., was wounded while he and his detachment were wiping out machine-gun nests near Plerisy, in the Soissons sector, in July.

Shrapnel was imbedded in Major Roosevelt's knee but he would not allow himself to be moved until the nests were cleaned out. He was taken to a hospital back of the lines and then transferred to a Paris hospital, where an operation was performed. He afterward was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and was cited for gallantry. His wife, one of the few who managed to get to their husbands fighting in France, reached him there. She was engaged in war work. During the same month, July, Quentin was killed.

When the Americans started preparing for the war, Kermit and his wife had just returned from Argentina, where he had gone to help establish a branch of the National City Bank. He immediately enlisted in the officers' training camp at Plattsburg. While there he was offered a commission with the British forces. He accepted and later was cited in British dispatches, but when the American army crossed the ocean he had himself transferred to fight under his own flag.

Archie abandoned his business in a carpet factory in Connecticut, where Theodore, Jr., had started his career several years previously, and also went to Plattsburg. Archie won a second lieutenancy. Both Archie and Theodore, Jr., were among the first to go to France. Theodore, Jr., was prospering in the oil well business when he abandoned it for his country.

Theodore Roosevelt, who was refused any personal participation in the great war, was called by former Justice of the Supreme Court, Charles E. Hughes, "the greatest hero of the war."

The following tributes to his noble share in America's greatest task are just a few from the thousands which were uttered after his death. They are quoted here as a necessary part of the record of Mr. Roosevelt's greatest service to his country.

Ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes, speaking before the Republican Club, New York:

"The greatest desire of his life was denied the Colonel when he was prevented from going to the front and actually taking part in the struggle," said Mr. Hughes. He continued:

"We can but faintly imagine the measure of his disappointment, but we may conjecture that it had no small share in hastening the final breakdown. His country at war, and Roosevelt at home! That was the cruelest blow that fate could deal him.

"But if he could not fight for liberty and humanity on the western front, he could fight with pen and voice at home. There was not a moment lost. With increasing vigor he demanded adequate forces, adequate equipment, speed and efficiency. His lash knew no mercy, but it was a necessary lash. As it was, we were just in time. How late we should have been had it not been for Roosevelt, God only knows!

"But who can doubt the value of the service of that insistent demand in making it possible that we should arrive at the front in force in time to make the last great German drive a failure? He quickened the national consciousness, he developed the sense of unity and when the country awoke he was the natural leader of

an aroused America. His priceless service at home made all the world his debtor.

"His soul revolted at the wrongs of Belgium and he poured out his scorn upon the neutrality which ignored the call of humanity and sacrificed the self-respect of the American republic. When the *Lusitania* was sunk in May, 1915, and Colonel Roosevelt demanded action with immediate decision and vigor, he was right, and had his voice prevailed and had the country earlier shaken off its lethargy, millions of lives and countless treasure might have been spared.

"Of inestimable value to his country had been his service in office, but now — a private citizen — he was to perform an even greater service. To a hesitant Administration and to a people lulled into a false security and lending ear to an unworthy pacifism, he preached the gospel of preparedness. Throughout the country journeyed this courageous apostle of right thinking, having no credentials but those of his own conscience and patriotism, and by his pitiless invective he literally compelled action. Back of all that was done was the pressure of the demand of Roosevelt."

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in his eulogy, at the National Memorial Service of the United States Government in Washington, said:

'He would have had us protest and take action at the very beginning, in 1914, when Belgium was invaded. He would have had us go to war when the murders of the *Lusitania* were perpetrated. He tried to stir the soul and rouse the spirit of the American people, and despite every

obstacle he did awaken them, so that when the hour came, in April, 1917, a large proportion of the American people were even then ready in spirit and in hope.

"How telling his work has been was proved by the confession of his country's enemies, for when he died the only discordant note, the only harsh words, came from the German press. Germany knew whose voice it was that had more powerfully than any other called Americans to the battle in behalf of freedom and civilization."

Because he was not permitted to go to Europe at the head of a body of soldiers, said Mr. Lodge, Colonel Roosevelt was denied the reward which he would have ranked above all others, the great prize of death in battle. He continued:

"But he was a patriot in every fiber of his being, and personal disappointment in no manner slackened or cooled his zeal. Everything that he could do to forward the war, to quicken preparation, to stimulate patriotism, to urge on efficient action, was done. Day and night, in season and out of season, he never ceased his labors. Although prevented from going to France himself, he gave to the great conflict that which was far dearer to him than his own life. I cannot say that he sent his four sons, because they all went at once, as every one knew that their father's sons would go. Two have been badly wounded; one was killed. He met the blow with the most splendid and unflinching courage."

Rev. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, speaking under the auspices of the American Defense Society:

"The name of Theodore will stand forever associated with the entrance of America into the world war.

"It was his voice far more than any other which roused the soul of our country and brought us to ourselves before it was too late. It was his fearless witness which compelled our people to see the truth and to meet their responsibility.

"In the day when America stood neutral before the greatest moral crisis in history, when the pacifist spirit was dominant, when the soul of our nation seemed to be dulled and deadened, when men in highest place were saying that this was Europe's war, that its issues did not concern us, that the war spirit among us was being fomented by the munition makers, Theodore Roosevelt's voice sounded the call to honor and to duty. His strong championship of right urged us to the course which, after two and a half years of hesitation, we took at last.

"It was he who led in the demand that there should be no terms with Germany but unconditional surrender.

"And when the fighting was ended, it was his voice which was again lifted up for a just and righteous settlement and against a soft and immoral peace.

"No one of open mind will question the great part played by Theodore Roosevelt in the world battle for righteousness and freedom. His un-

matched service during this period will stand clear in the pages of history.

"It was his fervent desire to have part in the struggle at the front. This opportunity was denied him, but he gave that which was dearer to him than his own life. He sent four sons into the fighting line, all to prove themselves worthy of him and of their country — one of them never to return.

"His unceasing labors during the war and the shock of his son Quentin's death no doubt hastened his end. His loss to the country is an irreparable one."

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST SCENES OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

No man ever enjoyed life more keenly nor gave more to it and got more from it than Theodore Roosevelt. Many times he testified to his relish of the strenuous efforts and battles in which he engaged. He wanted to live because he wanted to work, but he always faced the possibilities of death with a fearless heart and a cheerful spirit. His narrow escape at the time of a trolley crash with his automobile in 1902, when one of his companions was killed, so unnerved a member of Congress who was in the party, that when they had retired from the crowd and were alone, he exclaimed, fervently, "Thank God, you escaped!" The President replied simply, "I thank God that I escaped death. I

want to live and go on with my work, but I do not think I fear death. I know that I do not fear death as much as I do that I may make some mistake affecting the welfare of this country."

In comparison with the utmost service to his country, dangers, buffetings, reproaches, fighting, and death itself were as nothing, and he might have said, with Paul, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." He desired, with all his soul, to give his personal service to his country on the fighting line in France. If his request that he be permitted to raise a volunteer division had been granted, he would have loyally placed himself under the direction of some West Point superior, and played his subordinate part faithfully and well. In private conversation in Brooklyn, soon after this country entered the war, he expressed the belief that one of the best things that could happen to the United States, in stirring the war spirit, would be to have "an ex-President shot at the front, in France."

"This was not said merely to make an impression on the listener," says the Brooklyn Eagle whose editor tells the incident, "or to convey the idea that if he got to the front he intended to plunge headlong into danger to court a hero's death. He was eager to fight for his country, and he was ready to make any personal sacrifice, no matter how great, if it should stimulate her in the venture upon which he had embarked. He would have given himself, as he had given his sons, not merely yielding to the

pressure of circumstances, but eagerly, joyfully, because he believed that no man, physically able, could serve his ideals so well behind the lines as in the forefront of battle. His one great regret, as he himself expressed it, was that he had not been allowed to take his place beside his boys."

His life was not laid on the altar of service in France; but he spent himself, and was spent, in unceasing service at home to rouse the Nation to the fullest recognition of its high duty, and the utmost exertion of its great power to win a complete victory.

His last book, "The Great Adventure," was published by Scribners in November, 1918, just as the victory was won. His "Foreword" was signed and dated November 6th, five days before the Armistice, and exactly two months before his own final promotion. This book is startlingly appropriate as his last published volume. The first chapter, "The Great Adventure" reads almost like a conscious farewell. A few of its sentences are quoted as a fitting epitaph to the noble-hearted author of them:

"Only those are fit to live who do not fear to die; and none are fit to die who have shrunk from the joy of life and the duty of life. Both life and death are parts of the same Great Adventure. Never yet was worthy adventure worthily carried through by the man who put his personal safety first. Never yet was a country worth living in unless its sons and daughters were of that stern stuff which bade them die for it at need; and never yet was a country worth dying for

unless its sons and daughters thought of life not as something concerned only with the selfish evanescence of the individual, but as a link in the great chain of creation and causation, so that each person is seen in his true relations as an essential part of the whole, whose life must be made to serve the larger and continuing life of the whole.

“With all my heart I believe in the joy of living; but those who achieve it do not seek it as an end in itself, but as a seized and prized incident of hard work well done and danger never wantonly courted, but never shirked when duty commands that they be faced.

“Woe to those who invite a sterile death; a death not for them only, but for the race; the death which is insured by a life of sterile selfishness.

“But honor, highest honor, to those who fearlessly face death for a good cause; no life is so honorable or so fruitful as such a death. Unless men are willing to fight and die for great ideals, including love of country, ideals will vanish, and the world will become one huge sty of materialism. And unless the women of ideals bring forth the men who are ready thus to live and die, the world of the future will be filled by the spawn of the unfit.

“In America to-day all our people are summoned to service and sacrifice. Pride is the portion only of those who know bitter sorrow or the foreboding of bitter sorrow. But all of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch bearers. We run with the torches

until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners."

For even so vigorous a constitution as the one Theodore Roosevelt had built up by persistent training and care since boyhood, the terrible experiences in the Brazilian jungles were too severe a strain. At fifty-five he had not the same reserve vitality and power of resistance to fever and blood poisoning as he had had in earlier journeys into the wilderness. After his return he never fully regained his health, although he fought constantly against encroachments of the old jungle disease, and persisted valiantly in his public work and his writing. Much of his time was interrupted by periods of illness and special treatments at Roosevelt Hospital. The public never knew until the struggle was over how serious some of these attacks of illness were. The New York Tribune chronicler told the following story of those eventful days, revealing many startling details which had been carefully kept from the newspapers until then:

Quentin's death was much more of a blow to him than most of even his intimate friends realized, though it could not be said that he had ever thought all of his sons would return to him.

"I pray God," he once said to the writer, "that He will, in his mercy, send them back to me safe and sound, but in my heart I know it is almost too much for me to hope for. I know what modern war is, and I know my boys. I know they will do their part. That means danger.

"It is not a pleasant thought for a father who knows what modern war is, and the fearful things a high explosive shell will do, to think of his boys being exposed to them, to think perhaps that at the moment they may be lying mutilated in No Man's Land.

"No, it is not pleasant, and yet there are curs [this was at the time a Southwestern editor had asserted the Roosevelt boys, through influence, had secured safe berths] who dare say that my boys, every one of them in combat corps, had shirked their duty with the aid of my supposed influence!"

Again, as he was recovering from the very serious illness of early last winter in Roosevelt Hospital, a caller, congratulating him on his recovery, said his friends had been worried.

"Well," said he, "I was not worried about myself. I was not thinking of myself. I was thinking of my four boys. I tell you I am almighty proud of my boys, and," after a momentary pause, "just as proud of my two fine girls."

This illness, which developed in February, was, in the opinion of medical friends, the beginning of the end with Colonel Roosevelt. It began with a rectal abscess, which was first operated upon without an anesthetic at Sagamore Hill. It left a painful wound, in spite of which the Colonel insisted on motoring forty miles into town to his office, then in the quarters of The Metropolitan Magazine. There he met several friends and later went to the Harvard Club, where he had several engagements. He kept these, though trouble with the wound caused him

to leave for the Hotel Langdon, where he had arranged to see his then attending physician, Doctor Martin, before returning to the club for a dinner of the Vigilantes.

This dinner was to be in the nature of a farewell to Major John Purroy Mitchel, who was to leave in a few days for a California flying-field, and to discuss ways and means of combating German propaganda. After it, Colonel Roosevelt was to spend the night at the Langdon and leave early the next day for Boston to speak for the Red Cross. He had been urged to cancel this latter engagement, but refused on the ground that he could fill it, that it was war-work, and that it must be done.

While waiting at the Langdon for Doctor Martin, the Colonel began dictating to his Secretary, but suddenly started to collapse. He pulled himself together and staggered to a bedroom, where he lay down. In a few minutes, Doctor Martin arrived, found a high fever, and after installing nurses, induced the Colonel to cancel the engagements he had insisted on filling.

He had rather a restless night, and the next day there was a consultation of physicians. At this the Colonel was advised to go to Roosevelt Hospital, where under complete anesthesia, it would be possible to examine the deep-seated abscess that had been lanced two days before. This, they said, would enable them to find out exactly what was wrong, and they could at the same time clean up a large abscess which had developed in his left ear and a smaller or embryo abscess in the right ear.

"Is there anything that can be done?" the Colonel is quoted as asking, "that will clear up this entire matter of Brazilian fever? Since I came back I have had it recur in one way or another. If it is possible to clear it up for all time, I wish it done."

The physicians assured him that this was what they had in mind, and he agreed to their plan, stipulating, however, that he should go to Roosevelt Hospital in his own motor and not in any ambulance. This was agreed to, and that afternoon at four o'clock he went on the operating-table.

He was there two hours, the doctors' bulletin announcing that they had found the large abscess was draining into a large fistula. Unattended to, they said, this might have had the result of poisoning the entire system. The operation, they declared, had been a success. The work on the ears was thought so unimportant it was not mentioned.

Next day, however, mastoiditis had developed in the left ear, and experts were hurriedly called into consultation. A condition that made them fear to operate or not to operate was found, but it was finally decided to stake all on waiting a while before operating. The account proceeds:

That night the bulletin frankly said the Colonel's condition was critical. Only the family and a very few intimates knew that it was dangerous.

All that night a specialist on the ear slept in the hospital and others were awaiting call, while

the operating-room and a staff of nurses were ready for any emergency.

By noon the next day, however, the danger had passed. As one of the physicians expressed it: "This is one of those cases where nature, left to herself, makes a successful stand at the very last ditch. An almost infinitesimal amount of progress and the inflammation would have compelled us to operate whether we wanted to or not."

From this sickness Colonel Roosevelt made a good recovery, though he was in the hospital a little more than a month. When he left the only noticeable effect was that the destruction of a canal in the left ear, which serves as a physical balance, had made his gait unsteady and, as he put it, compelled him to learn to walk again.

At this time the doctors advised that he take a long rest at his Oyster Bay home and refrain from any traveling or other hard work. The Colonel tried to follow this, but he felt that he should go to Maine to deliver the chief address at the Republican State Convention. To this the doctors agreed, with the proviso that he be very careful until then, and then not overdo. So, in the closing week of March he went to Portland and there delivered what he held was one of the most important speeches of his career.

It was what politicians call a "keynote" speech, and in it he offered a program on which all factions of the party might get together. The response of the country to it was good, and, in the Colonel's opinion, amply repaid the effort. To his way of thinking, it was of paramount na-

tional importance that the party heal its schisms and get together for the common good.

The Colonel did very little after that in the way of public speaking until late in May, when, at the request of the National Security League, he made a tour through the Middle West. Those sections were selected where pro-Germanism and pacifism had been strong. It was, in a word, an invasion of what was considered the enemy's country, though the Colonel had maintained that the trouble was bad leadership and that the issues had not been presented squarely to the people, who, he was positive, at heart were all right.

The first of these trips, made in May, which included such places as Milwaukee, where there is a large German population, was without especial incident. In each, especially Milwaukee, the Colonel gave the crowds "the best that is in me," and in each the response seemed to justify his faith.

The second of these trips, in June, was marred by an attack of erysipelas, which developed in Chicago twenty-four hours after he left New York. Against the advice of eminent Chicago physicians, he insisted on keeping his appointments; and, traveling with Dr. George H. Coleman, of Chicago, in attendance, he spoke in Omaha, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Bloomington, Indiana, returning to New York apparently little the worse for the attack. Within a week he was reported free of the disease.

The Colonel then agreed to take things easier during the height of summer, but he made an

exception to his rule of no speeches for a while in order to speak to Passaic's large foreign-born population on July 4. Again on Labor Day he spoke at Newburg, N. Y., at the launching of a vessel in the shipyard of which his young friend Thomas C. Desmond was the directing genius. By this time he was apparently fully recovered.

Within the month the Colonel received the bitterest blow of his life—the death of his son, Quentin. The first hint of this affliction came in a censored dispatch telling a New York newspaper to watch Oyster Bay “for news of —.” This was submitted to Colonel Roosevelt, who decided by the following process of elimination that Quentin had at least been injured.

“It can not be Ted and it can not be Archie,” said he, “for both are recovering from wounds. It is not Kermit, for he is not in the danger zone at just this moment. So it must be Quentin. However, we must say nothing of this to his mother to-night.”

The next day the censor released the news that Quentin was dead. The Colonel, hard hit, in a public statement expressed the pleasure of Mrs. Roosevelt and himself that the boy had had his chance to do his bit. On the following day, with the characteristic Roosevelt explanation that it was a matter of duty, he went to the Republican State Convention in Saratoga to try and heal party differences.

If, however, the Colonel did not show his grief, it was not because he did not feel grief. His closest intimates said he grieved in solitude while maintaining a smiling face in public.

When he spoke of the boys, more especially to the soldiers who visited him from a nearby camp on Saturday, it never was with regret for Quentin, only pleasure that his boys had done well. His grief was sacred to himself.

The Colonel's last public appearance of importance was in the closing days of the State campaign, when, at a meeting in Carnegie Hall, in the interest of Governor Whitman, he made answer to President Wilson's appeal for a Democratic Congress. He seldom was in better voice, and those who heard him that night said it was "the same old Roosevelt."

A few days later he made his last public appearance at a meeting in honor of a negro hospital unit. After this he developed symptoms of rheumatism, and on November 11, the day the armistice was signed, sciatica having developed, he went to Roosevelt Hospital, in New York City, partly for treatment, but most of all to be near his physician, Doctor Richard.

There the diagnosis that a defective tooth was responsible for the trouble was substantiated, and, after it had been extracted, the sciatica cleared up. Then came inflammatory rheumatism, which, however, so yielded to treatment that he was fit to return home on Christmas day to play Santa Claus for little Richard Derby and the children of Theodore, Jr.

All of the Roosevelt children in this country were at home that day. For the event Mrs. Longworth came from Washington, Mrs. Derby was on hand with her babies, and Captain Archie, home disabled, with the Colonel and Mrs. Roose-

velt and Mrs. Archie, made up the family party.

It was the first Christmas in years when a young roast pig raised on the place had not been the *pièce de résistance*.

Because of doubt as to when the Colonel would come home the slaying of the porker had been delayed too late, and a turkey was roasted instead. It also was the first Christmas in many years that the Colonel had not played Santa to the children of the Cove school, where his own children received their primary education.

After the holiday the children scattered, Mrs. Derby, who left home for the South on January 3, being the first to go away. This left Mrs. Roosevelt and the Colonel alone in the big house, there being no apparent reason why the children should longer remain.

Mr. Roosevelt was active to his last waking moment, with work for his beloved country. On Saturday he dictated the message which was read at a meeting of the American Defense Society at the Hippodrome on Sunday night. In this message he phrased afresh the thoughts that had been burning in his mind of late.

"There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room but for one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile.

"We have room for but one language here, and that is the American language, for we in-





HIS LAST MESSAGE

"We have room for but one flag, the American flag—we have room for but one loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."—From a statement by Theodore Roosevelt, read the night before his death at a meeting of the American Defense Society.

—Pancoast in Philadelphia *North American*.

tend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house, and we have room but for one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

Sunday night he had been reading and writing until about twelve o'clock when he retired and fell asleep. He did not wake again, but at about 4:15 o'clock he ceased breathing and passed into the larger life which he had so richly earned.

CHAPTER XIV

A LOVER OF HOME AND CHILDREN

BETWEEN the real Roosevelt and the one whom the man in the street thought he knew so well, there was, in many respects, a wide difference.

The popular idea of him, writes John J. Leary, Jr., in the New York Tribune, was largely that of the reckless Rough Rider, hot-headed and impetuous and quick on the trigger. But "the real Roosevelt, the Roosevelt, his intimates and those not quite in the inner circles of his friendship knew, was a cautious, clear-headed, far-sighted thinker, slow on the trigger, considerate of the rights and feelings of others, intensely loyal to his ideals and his friends, and the ideal family man who, in later years, at least, would have preferred the quiet of his Oyster Bay home and the comfortable ways of

'a grandfather with literary tastes' to the turmoil of public life and all that public life involved." He made this very plain one day in conversation with Henry L. Stoddard, editor of the Evening Mail, who thus tells of the incident:

"Once we talked about the White House. It was during the 1912 campaign. We were sitting on the porch at Sagamore Hill. 'This is the only spot on earth for me,' he said. 'I am never satisfied away from here.' I spoke about the White House.

"'Oh,' he said, 'you don't live there. You are merely Exhibit A to the country. I've had seven years of it and I know. I admit that once I felt differently. When I was Civil Service Commissioner down in Washington, I used to walk by the White House, and my heart would beat a little faster as the thought came to me that possibly — (he emphasized 'possibly' with the strident note so familiar to those who ever heard him speak) — 'possibly,' he repeated, 'I would some day occupy it as President.

"'Well, I did occupy it as President, and now I can pass by without a thrill. It has no lure for me. I am in this fight not because I want to be in the White House, but, as you well know, because no one else would undertake it. Going back to the White House has nothing but peril to my place in history. I made that place during the seven years I was there, and I may unmake it by going back. I certainly do not expect to be able to improve it. No, I do not want the title of President again. In fact, I have never had much respect for titles. I don't

believe in them. I want to know a man's deeds, not his title.' "

Writing of Mr. Roosevelt's life on Sagamore Hill, Dr. Leary continues in the Tribune:

The absence of style—"dog," the Colonel's western friends call it—was the key-note of life on Sagamore Hill. Everything there was plain, but substantial, and fare ample and tasty, but plainly and severely American. No French chef ever spoiled the corn bread or the country sausage that might be served at breakfast or the roast that graced the heavier meal of the day.

This meal, dinner, was always an event in the Roosevelt home. Whether there was one guest or a dozen, and all the children and their playmates, or whether, as was very often the case in late years, there were only the Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt, a ringing of the gong at six o'clock or thereabouts was the signal for the Colonel to retire to bathe and shave and don his evening clothes. This habit of always dressing for dinner when at home (and abroad when that was possible) and of appearing on Sundays in immaculate morning clothes was his only concession to dress. On other days and at other hours, a rough tweed suit, knickerbockers, heavy woolen stockings, and hobnailed boots or riding clothes of khaki and an old Stetson hat, at Sagamore Hill, made up his costume.

At Sagamore Hill it was the Colonel's habit to arise early and, after a light breakfast and a glance at the morning paper and at the mail Charley Lee might have brought from the vil-

lage post-office, he would go for a walk about the estate, a hard canter over the splendid roads of the vicinity, or spend perhaps an hour in a rowboat or at chopping wood. Then he would settle down to a session devoted to the affairs of the estate—the Colonel had a considerable farm at Sagamore Hill—or to his literary work. This would keep him busy until lunch, a simple affair, and then, like as not, the reception of visitors from here, there, everywhere.

The visitor might be a prelate of the Roman Church—the late Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, was always welcome at Oyster Bay—a diplomat, or a noble of high rank from abroad, a prize-fighter—John L. Sullivan was proud of the Roosevelt friendship, and the Colonel was fond of the big gladiator—"Big Tim" Sullivan from the Bowery, or some scion of an old Knickerbocker family in for a purely social chat.

These, as a rule, the Colonel received in what he called the North Room, a big wing he had added to the rambling structure which crowns Sagamore Hill, but which the newspaper men who knew it called the trophy room from the fact that it was stored with trophies of the chase and the Colonel's travels about the world. Sometimes the Colonel would tell the history of this bronze or that picture, or explain to the small boy of the party where the animal whose skin he might be standing upon was killed. In his room there were many objects of priceless value, but the one thing dearest to the Roosevelt heart was a massive piece of silver, the gift

to Mrs. Roosevelt by the men of the battleship *Louisiana*. Next to the Remington bronze of the Bronco Buster, the present to the Colonel from his regiment, which sat in the library, he valued this piece of silver bronze above all his other possessions.

It was in this North Room that Colonel Roosevelt held most of the conferences with visitors who came to discuss politics, or other matters of public importance, and where, after dinner, visitors from this or other lands would most often be entertained, for it was a comfortable room and it was not the Colonel's habit to "make company" of anybody.

In these conferences or after-dinner discussions Colonel Roosevelt was ever the very frank, outspoken citizen, or, if the other man or men in the conference had anything to tell, a very good listener. Listening well was not the least of his accomplishments, and, contrary to the belief of many, he welcomed difference of opinion. The man who could and would point out weaknesses or supposed weaknesses in any position the Colonel had or was about to take was the most valued, and if the spacious old fireplace could talk it would tell of many a Roosevelt speech or letter modified or torn up, because one of these candid friends had shown a better way or a clearer term of expression.

Many of the documents here discussed never saw the light of day. Others did not become public until weeks or months afterward, and when the time seemed opportune or demanded some statement.

This habit of preparation of things long in advance, plus the almost uncanny ability before mentioned to see ahead, was largely responsible for much of the Colonel's reputation for being "quick on the trigger."

Always a man of contrasts, a dashing fighter, a lover of the strenuous life, Mr. Roosevelt had withal the gift of gentleness which goes with a sympathetic understanding of the heart of a little child. He was a companion and an intimate in all the experiences of his own children. As soon as his children became old enough to read and understand writing the Colonel formed the plan of writing them letters on all manner of subjects such as might appeal to them and instruct them. The letters are full of good advice and rugged Americanism, and a volume of them is about to be published. They are such as will unquestionably prove to the liking of American children everywhere. They are filled with expressions of affection, of instructive expositions of many subjects, including many things about birds and animals and even of drawings which Colonel Roosevelt himself made. He accompanied his letters often with quaint drawings and sketches made by himself in order to illustrate that which he was trying to teach the children.

Mr. Roosevelt's glorification of fatherhood and motherhood was one of many instances of his grasp of the elemental virtues and of his courage in urging the importance of what men sometimes overlook because it is so common. He was never ashamed to show his fondness

for children, and was always touched when they responded. Mr. Eggleston, whose description of the President's meeting with visitors at the White House has already been quoted, tells also of his treatment of children:

"There was a glisten as of tears in his eyes when I told him the other evening that a stalwart boy had recently said to me:

"'Anyhow, Mr. Roosevelt always stands for us boys when we want to do things.'

"I had seen him receive a boy a few days before," Mr. Eggleston continues. "The boy, a fine lad with a head that meant something, had come with his father to be 'presented.' The father was received cordially. The boy was almost embraced. The President took him by the shoulders in caressing fashion and talked with him as any good-natured senior in a school might do with a new scholar who pleased his fancy. The boy had looked abashed and terrified before his presentation. When it was over he seemed to me to be the happiest boy in the world—with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Roosevelt."

Two little girls were going to Oyster Bay to visit their grandmother for a second time while Mr. Roosevelt was at his home there in the summer of 1903. When asked if they had seen the President, one of them responded:

"Of course I have. He goes by our house almost every day. He always waves his hand and takes off his hat to me."

"To you!" exclaimed the other child. "He takes off his hat to all of us."

"Well, he may do that, but he smiles at me. I know he does, because we are acquainted. I was on the fence one day, alone, and he went by on horseback. He leaned over and said, 'How do you do, little girl? What is your name?' 'Ethel, sir,' I said. And after that he always smiles at me, because he knows me."

One day he was sitting in his library at home, talking over public affairs with a friend, when a lot of boys entered the room.

"Uncle Teddy," said one, respectfully, "it's after four."

"So it is," responded Mr. Roosevelt, looking at the clock. "Why didn't you call me sooner? One of you boys get my rifle."

Then he turned to his guest and added, "I must ask you to excuse me. We'll talk this out some other time. I promised the boys I'd go shooting with them after four o'clock, and I never keep boys waiting. It's a hard trial for a boy to wait."

Then he walked off down the lawn with a crowd of boys surrounding him, all talking at the same time and appealing constantly to "Uncle Teddy."

A wholesome woman who had called to see him in Washington in connection with public business, said, as she was leaving, that his conception of family life was beautiful, and added that she thought his children must be a great pleasure to him.

"Pleasure!" he said with a smile; "you would be surprised and perhaps shocked if you could see the President of the United States

engaged in a pillow fight with his children. But those fights are the joy of my life."

During the special session of Congress in November, 1903, it became necessary to appoint a Federal Judge in one of the Western States. The President believes that it is right to consult the Congressmen from the State in which an appointment is to be made. The Congressmen from this State had not been able to agree on a man for the vacancy. The supporters of one candidate had charged that the candidate of another group was guilty, among other things, of playing poker with many lawyers and winning their money. It was said that such a man could not be trusted to make an impartial judge when these lawyers were practicing before him. The President, however, would not rule this man from consideration just then, and insisted that the Congressmen should agree among themselves.

One afternoon, while they were in caucus together, one of the Republican leaders of the State went to the White House and talked to the President about the case. In the course of the interview he told Mr. Roosevelt how distressed the candidate's family was over the charges against him, and exhibited a letter which the man, who was in Washington looking after his own interests, had received from his young daughter at home. The letter read:

DEAR PAPA: Why don't you go to the President and tell him about it? If he sees your face he will never believe those nasty charges.

Mr. Roosevelt took a rose from among the flowers on his table and handed it to his caller.

"I wish," said he, "that you would send that flower to that daughter and tell her I like a young girl who has that kind of faith in her father."

At this moment a messenger from the Department of Justice came in and presented a paper to the President. It was a note from Attorney-General Knox, stating that at the President's command he had investigated the charges against the man and found them untrue. The President showed the note to the State leader and then, sitting down, wrote out the candidate's nomination and sent it at once to the Senate.

The combination of a loyal daughter defending her father against unjust charges made an appeal not to be resisted. On another occasion executive action was prompted by an appeal to prevent the separation of the members of an immigrant family. This was in the case of two Syrian children whose father came to this country in 1902. He left his wife and family behind, planning to send for them later. He settled in Worcester, Massachusetts, and declared his intention of becoming a citizen. Within a year he had saved enough money to bring his family to the United States. They sold their small belongings in Turkey and started for America. When they arrived in New York they were met by the husband and father, and the family reunion was joyous. They were all to live together in the land of freedom and could

hardly wait till the inspection officers had admitted them.

Then came the tragedy. The children could not pass the medical examination. While on board they had contracted some disease of the eyelids, said to be contagious, and they must go back on the steamer which brought them. The mother might remain here. Indeed, she would have to, as there was not money enough left to pay her way back to her own country. And if she went back she would have no place to go to. There are many such tragedies at the immigration office. The inspectors are used to them and their indifference made the thing seem harder to bear.

"Is it nothing to you that I have spent my all to bring my family here, where there is opportunity for every man, and now find that for reasons beyond our control my innocent young children must be torn from their mother?" is what the man said, in effect, wondering at the heartlessness of the letter of the regulations.

But he hastened to get assistance. Through a friend he interested Mr. Rockwood Hoar, of Worcester, son of Senator Hoar. Mr. Hoar assured the immigration authorities that a bond would be given to guarantee that the children would not become public charges. When the authorities refused to accept any bond, he persuaded his father to use his influence. The Senator, in his turn, urged that the children be admitted, telling the officers that their father was an industrious man, fully capable of taking care of his family. He received word, in reply, that

the terms of the law were explicit and that the children with the diseased eyes would be sent back on the following Thursday, when the steamer that brought them sailed. Exceptions had been made in the past in favor of special cases and trouble had always followed. The Senator then telegraphed a statement of the case to the officers in Washington, but they replied that nothing could be done; it was contrary to public policy to make an exception in favor of any one. He then telegraphed to Senator Lodge, who was in Washington, and Mr. Lodge made an unsuccessful appeal at the Treasury Department. This was on Tuesday. Mr. Hoar telegraphed to the President on Wednesday morning, explaining the situation and saying that if an exception were ever allowable, it ought to be made in this case; and that the naturalization laws, which gave to the minor children of naturalized citizens the same rights as their parents, ought not to be nullified by the immigration laws, or the execution of those laws. In less than half an hour after the receipt of the dispatch, a message left the White House ordering the New York immigration officers to admit the children at once.

The President believed that whatever might be the terms of the law, its provisions did not extend to such cases, and acted accordingly. There has seldom been a finer example of the genuineness of American democracy. The highest executive power in the land reached down to put into the mother's arms the suffering child, barred out by the officers who had decided to enforce the letter rather than the spirit of the law.

It was the appeal of the child to the elemental man.

When the President was in Worcester a few months later, he asked about the children, and they were taken to him at Senator Hoar's house, where, the ailment of their eyes entirely cured, they looked the gratitude which their tongues, untrained in English, could not speak.

The President frequently showed an interest in the families of the men he met. When the train reached Nebraska on one of his tours of the country, Governor John H. Mickey joined the party to escort it across the commonwealth. The President was delighted to meet him and asked many questions, ending with:

"How many children have you, Governor?"

"Nine," the Governor replied.

"You are a mighty good man," said the President with evident delight. "You are a better man than I am. I have had only six."

His love of children was all-inclusive, and children everywhere loved him in return. All those who were too little to know how to admire him just loved him on sight. The older ones did both. There was the little invalid in Portland, Oregon, carried to the curb on a stretcher to see him go by, when he was passing through in 1902. He noticed her, stopped the carriage, jumped out and kissed her.

There was the day in February, 1911, when, walking back to the office of The Outlook after luncheon, he found a lost nine-year-old, newly arrived with his parents via Ellis Island, crying in the streets, and dried the child's eyes and took him

to the East Twenty-third Street police station, where he turned him over to the matron, and then swapped old memories with the bluecoats behind the desk, one or two of whom had been on the force when he was Commissioner.

And then there are the countless stories of his own, the Roosevelt children, in and out of the White House and at Sagamore Hill, and latterly there are the photographs of him holding the grandbabies. Of these stories, a favorite in its day was about his little boating and sleeping out in blankets expedition to a remote sand beach on the Sound, his companions being Kermit, Archie and their cousin Philip. The date was August 9, 1902. The President and the three kiddies quietly stole off to the bay, eluding all eyes but Secretary Loeb's, and that was the evening when the Pacific cables rumpus broke like a bombshell, and telegrams and emissaries and magnates and reporters poured in in vain upon the Roosevelt home. Mr. Loeb could not say where the President was. He seemed embarrassed by it. The four simple livers returned in the morning after a bully time, and the business of a President on vacation was resumed. Subsequently such sleeping-out excursions were a feature of every summer.

And there was the autumn day in 1917 when he sat for two hours at the elbow of Justice Hoyt in Children's Court, and heard the cases, and acted as unofficial consulting Justice, and once, leaning over, whispered to a youngster, "It's all right this time, sonny. You're all right. But remember, don't do it again, or he'll send you





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COLONEL AND MRS. ROOSEVELT WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW
AND GRANDCHILDREN

away! He'll send you away!" And again, after hearing how some other juvenile malefactor of little wealth had made full restitution to the pushcart man or somebody, the Roosevelt fist thumped the arm of the chair, with "That's a fine boy! That kind make first rate citizens!"

One day, on the occasion of a reception in the White House to a party of distinguished visitors from the west, a gentleman and his wife entered, and with them their little golden-haired daughter, four years old. Mr. Roosevelt was conversing with some official in his office to the right of the reception room, with the door—as he ever kept it—wide open.

"There's our President," whispered the man, pointing through the door.

"Is he my President too?" lisped the baby girl.

"He is," said the man.

"Oo-o!" said the little one.

And out marched Mr. Roosevelt.

He walked straight to where the party of three were standing and shook hands with the father and mother.

"Are you really my President, too?" repeated the little girl.

"Why, of course I am, dear!" said Mr. Roosevelt. "Just wait till I show you."

The President bolted back into his office. A moment later he emerged again. In one hand he held a beautiful long-stemmed American beauty rose, in the other was a pen-knife with which he was whittling off the thorns from the stalk.

"We mustn't let it hurt the patty-paws," he smiled beamingly as he handed the flower to the little one.

"I congratulate you, Mr. W——, and you, madame, on having such a charming little daughter, and I thank you for bringing her to see me."

Then he shook hands again heartily and passed on to his other waiting guests. That rose now rests in a picture frame of a young woman.

At the time of the Barnes libel suit, Mr. Roosevelt was visiting the home of Chancellor Day of Syracuse University. During his visit he kept up his horseback exercise, riding about the residence streets on a mount which a local admirer had loaned. One afternoon a prominent Syracusan looked up from his newspaper on the front porch and called to his wife upstairs: "There goes Theodore Roosevelt on horseback."

At the moment the six-year-old son of the house was in the bathtub and in nothing else. He heard his father, rushed scampering and spattering downstairs, out the front door and right down the walk to the middle of the street, hoping for a glimpse of his great idol. That night at a reception the father told the Colonel of it.

"By George! — By George!" — and he chuckled. "You bring that boy to me — I want to see him!" He was brought, duly clad, and was mounted for half an hour on the Roosevelt knee, and told stories about Injuns and

lions and giraffes and grizzlies and My Grandchildren and when taken home, in a trance state, and measured, was found to have grown an inch!

CHAPTER XV

A BIRD LOVER AND NATURALIST

THE versatility of Mr. Roosevelt was a constant surprise to his fellow countrymen.

Into whatever path of thought or activity he turned he was soon recognized as a master. His aptitude for science, fluency in languages, love of sport, fondness for exercise were as strongly marked as his quickness at repartee and power for delivering a thundering rebuke. Recalling his skill as a naturalist, the New York Sun says:

"John Burroughs, the naturalist, in 1907 declared that he did not know a man with a keener and more comprehensive interest in wild life, an interest both scientific and human. Speaking of the President's trip to the Yellowstone Park in April, 1903, Burroughs said he was struck with the extent of his natural history knowledge and his trained powers of observation. On that occasion the naturalist was able to help the President identify only one bird. All the others the President recognized as quickly as Burroughs himself."

It was while the President's party was bear-hunting in the Yellowstone that he remarked: "I heard a Bullock's oriole a little while ago."

"You may have heard one," was the polite objection of a man familiar with the country, "but I doubt it. Those birds won't come for two weeks yet."

"I caught two bird notes which could not be those of any bird except an oriole," the President insisted.

"You may have the song twisted," observed a friend.

As the members of the party were seated at supper in the cabin that evening Roosevelt suddenly laid down his knife and fork exclaiming, "Look! Look!"

On a shrub before the window was a Bullock's oriole. Nothing that happened on the whole trip seemed to please the President so much as that verification of his bird knowledge.

Burroughs, following a visit to the President at Sagamore Hill, in 1907, wrote that the one passion of Roosevelt's life seemed to be natural history, for a new warbler that had appeared in the woods "seemed an event that threw the affairs of state and the Presidential succession into the background. He told a political visitor at that time that it would be impossible for him to discuss politics then as he wanted to talk and hunt birds, and for the purpose he took his visitors with him.

"Fancy," suggests Burroughs, "a President of the United States stalking rapidly across bushy fields to the woods eager as a boy and filled with the one idea of showing to his visitors the black-throated green warbler!"

On this walk the party passed a large and

wide-spreading oak. The naturalist pointed to it and observed that it was a remarkable example of the noble tree.

"Yes, and you see by the branching of that oak," said the President, "that when it grew up this wood was an open field, and maybe under the plow; it is only in fields that oaks take that form."

"That is true," agreed the naturalist, "but for the minute when I first observed the tree my mind didn't take in that fact."

A few days before the visit of the naturalist the Roosevelt children had discovered a bird's nest on the ground a few yards in front of the house. The President had concluded it was the nest of the grasshopper sparrow, as he had seen that bird about his home. With the naturalist he went down to investigate and found two brownish mottled eggs in the nest. After a quick glance he observed, "It isn't the nest of the grasshopper sparrow after all; those are the eggs of the song sparrow, though the nest seems to be more like that of the vesper sparrow. If I am not mistaken, the eggs of the grasshopper sparrow are much lighter in color — almost white, with brown specks."

"Right again," said Burroughs, smiling, "for the moment though, I had forgotten how the eggs of the little sparrow differ from those of the song sparrow." And, writing a comment upon his visit, the naturalist took occasion to remark that the President's bird lore and wood lore seemed as delightfully fresh as if just learned.

The President's naturalist friend once asked him if he had ever heard that "rare piece of bird music the flight song of the oven bird."

"Yes," was the reply, "we frequently hear it of an evening, while we are sitting on the porch, right down there at the corner of the woods."

The flight song of the oven-bird was unknown, according to Burroughs, to the older ornithologists, and as patient and tireless watchers as Thoreau never identified it. The President, however, caught it readily from his porch at Sagamore Hill.

"Do you see anything wrong with the head of that pronghorn?" asked Roosevelt as he handed Burroughs a copy of his "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail."

It was a picture of a hunter bringing in an animal on the saddle behind him. Burroughs saw nothing wrong with the picture. The President took the naturalist into one of his rooms where the mounted head of a pronghorn hung over the mantel and pointed out that the eye was "close under the root of the horn," whereas the artist, Remington, had placed the eye in the picture two inches too low.

Roosevelt's interest in birds and natural history of course dated from his boyhood. Early in his teens he published a list of the birds in Franklin County, New York. He kept a bird journal at the age of fourteen, when he was in Egypt, and on that tour with his father up the Nile to Luxor his success as a naturalist was foreshadowed, for he made a collection of

Egyptian birds found in the Nile Valley which is now in the Smithsonian Museum, in Washington, D. C.

A thin pamphlet entitled "The Birds of Oyster Bay," and long out of print, was probably Roosevelt's first venture into literature.

When he went to Harvard — Burroughs expresses the conviction — it was his ambition to be a naturalist, but there he became convinced that all the out-of-door worlds of natural history had been conquered and that the only worlds remaining were to be conquered through the laboratory, the microscope, and the scalpel.

In his natural history studies, as in all his other undertakings, Colonel Roosevelt was most painstaking and accurate and on more than one occasion he emerged triumphant from a dispute with some professional natural historian over some rare specimen.

Scientists generally acknowledged the Colonel an authority in this field. Carl Akeley, head of the elephant-hunting expedition in Africa for the American Museum of Natural History, and now connected with the Elephant Hall of the Museum, paid tribute to this phase of Colonel Roosevelt's accomplishments. Mr. Akeley, while hunting elephants in the African wilds, encountered the Roosevelt expedition there and hunted with the party for some days.

"Colonel Roosevelt was an amateur naturalist, and yet he was a naturalist of splendid training," said Mr. Akeley. "He had the keen eye and mind of the ideal naturalist and he was further aided by a phenomenal memory such as few

men possess. He found infinite joy in studying wild animal life in its native haunts and the least of his pleasure in killing it. His greatest pleasures lay in seeing and learning, thereby proving him an ideal naturalist.

As a nature lover at all times, the President seems to have stood the test of being able to see little things as well as big things, and of seeing without effort and premeditation. Yet a degree of patience was required for the accumulation of his knowledge in these fields. The warblers, both in color and in song, are bewildering to the experienced ornithologist. Nevertheless, Burroughs says, the President had mastered every one of them.

He wrote Burroughs one day that he had just come in from walking with Mrs. Roosevelt about the White House grounds looking up the arriving warblers.

"Most of the warblers," he said, "were up in the tops of the trees, and I could not get a glimpse of them, but there was one with chestnut cheeks, with bright yellow behind the cheeks, and a yellow breast thickly streaked with black, which has puzzled me. I saw the black burrian, the summer yellow bird and the black-throated green."

But he did not let his yellow-breasted visitor go away without learning his name. A few days later he wrote, "I have identified the warbler. It is the Cape May."

After Mr. Roosevelt's death John Burroughs paid the following tribute to his friend's skill and knowledge as a naturalist:

"Colonel Roosevelt was a born naturalist. He made a collection of birds in Egypt when he was a mere lad. He knew our native birds quite as well as I, even the shy, elusive wood warblers, and as for the animal life of the globe, he knew it as few men do.

"During the last term of his Presidency, he asked me to go with him one May day down to a retreat he had in the woods of Virginia, called Pine Knot and help him name his birds. We spent three days there and identified over eighty species of birds and fowl. He taught me two new birds, Bewick's wren, and one of the rare warblers, and I taught him two, the swamp sparrow and one other, just what, I now forget. He had heard and seen Lincoln's sparrow in an old weedy field, and on Sunday after church, he took me there and we waited around for an hour, but the sparrow did not appear. Had he found this bird again, he would have been one bird ahead of me.

"I asked him if he had seen the little gray gnat-catcher in that vicinity. "Yes," he said, "I saw one yesterday." He took me to the place, a little run with some old plum trees on its bank, and instantly said: 'There it is now.' And sure enough there was the tiny bird in a field nearby. We found the male and female blue grosbeaks.

"Roosevelt was death on nature-fakers as he called those writers who falsified nature, and he dealt them some crushing blows. It was almost impossible to deceive him on subjects of natural history."

And Vilhjalmur Stefansson, President of the Explorer's Club, added this important testimony:

"It is to be supposed that there were some fields on which Colonel Roosevelt was ill informed, but none of these came to my attention nor, so far as I know, to the attention of any of my many friends in the fields of scientific exploration. Many would say that Frank Chapman, Curator of Birds at the American Museum, is the greatest authority on birds in America, yet when I asked him what he thought of Colonel Roosevelt as an ornithologist, Chapman replied, 'The Colonel knows more about birds than I do,' and similar things were continually being said of him by specialists in other fields of knowledge."

CHAPTER XVI

THE AUTHOR AND MAN OF INTELLECT

THE intellectual breadth and development of Mr. Roosevelt was one of the greatest marvels noted by those who met him during his European tour, just as it always was a matter of comment among his friends at home. Walter Wellman described, in the *American Review of Reviews*, at that time, something of the impression created among Europeans by Mr. Roosevelt's surprising versatility: "Everywhere he insisted upon meeting all sorts of people and visiting all sorts of places, and from the White Nile to the Danube men were surprised

at his geniality, his good fellowship, his humor, his energy, his frankness, his curiosity or desire for knowledge, which found vent in the asking of myriads of questions, and in his remarkable versatility, his familiarity with history, archeology, architecture, politics, and persons — from his knowledge of Arabic literature to his acquaintance with the antiquities of Egypt and Rome. This versatility did not surprise his American comrades, who knew of his marvelous faculty for reading photographically and retaining in the memory, but it amazed the foreigners. And when he had occasion to speak at universities, schools, banquets, whether he spoke without or with preparation, his hearers, whether English, Egyptian, Italian, or Austrian, almost to a man looked upon him as one of the greatest orators they had ever heard."

Mr. Roosevelt told most informally in a letter from Khartum to *The Outlook* the titles of some of the books he had taken with him to read on various trips. Although he said "I cannot, of course, begin to remember all the books I have at different times taken out with me," and "I take with me on any trip, or on all trips put together, but a very small proportion of the books that I like, and I like very many and very different kinds of books," even the fragmentary list he mentioned in this letter is bewildering to an average man. Among them are "Memoirs of Marbot," Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristotle, the *Odyssey*, volumes of Gibbon and Parkman, Lounsbury's *Chaucer*, Theocritus, Lea's "History of the Inquisition," Lord Ac-

ton's *Essays* and Ridgeway's "Prehistoric Greece," Ferrero's "History of Rome," De La Gorce's "History of the Second Republic and Second Empire," Euripides, Murray's "History of the Greek Epic," Mahaffy's *Essays on Hellenistic Greece*, Polybius Arrian, Schiller, Koerner, Heine, Morris' translations of various Norse sagas, including the "Heimskringla," and so on through the classics, ancient and modern history, philosophy, and transient fiction.

A foreign ambassador exclaimed to President Roosevelt one time at Oyster Bay, says Henry Beach Needham: "When did you ever find time to get that information?" and the President answered with a smile: "I have a store of rather useless information. The getting of it has been a relaxation. For instance, when I have been hard at work on some big state question, I liked nothing better than to study out the dismemberment of the empire of Alexander the Great." All through life Roosevelt has been steadily adding to that "store."

He laid strong hands upon knowledge and opportunities wherever they came in his way, and many times he went out of his way to find them. During the years he was in public life he addressed hundreds of political, business, labor, ethical and social assemblages on almost every conceivable topic, but always he was ready with a message that went straight to the spot. Somewhere in his "store" he always found just the thing which the occasion required.

Long before his public career began, Mr. Roosevelt conceived the belief that he was to be

a writer. Even after he had served several terms in the New York Legislature, and had worked zealously as Civil Service Commissioner in Washington, he still held to the idea that authorship was to be his real life work.

He had inherited fortune enough so that it was not necessary for him to work for a mere subsistence, but he was not content to be idle. His energies had to be employed in some way, and the pursuit of literature appealed to him. Later, as his family grew, he confessed to friends that it had now become necessary for him to write if he was to give his children the education which he desired for them. The income from his inheritance was not large enough of itself.

It is surprising that in the midst of his strenuous busy life, all through the years, he found time, or made time, to write so many important books. The New York Times, commenting on this phase of his work, said, "Few men deserving so well as Theodore Roosevelt to be characterized as men of action have written as much as he, and still fewer of them have written as well—with as much both of lucidity and elegance, as much of fervor and of obvious pleasure in the sedentary art. His writings, too, were in amazingly numerous fields for one constantly engaged in doing the things that provide material for others to write about. And, just as it was hard to tell what were his vocations and what his avocations, so it was not easy to decide whether it was as a historian, a statesman, or a naturalist that Roosevelt the writer found his most congenial and grateful domain.

"Probably there will be no final verdict on that question, but several, each reached through the personal taste or preference of the judge. Yet it is at least the safest, or least dangerous, prophecy to say that of all the Colonel's many books, his innumerable magazine and newspaper articles, those devoted to what used to be called natural history — to his observations of, and adventures among, animals, birds, and fishes — most nearly approached to perfection in style and content, will live longest, and have in the future the most numerous and most appreciative readers."

His first book was a naval history of the War of 1812, which was published when he was twenty-four years old, and had been out of college only two years. The reason the subject attracted him was characteristic. The histories which he had read were one-sided. They gave too much credit to the American Navy and too little to the British. The facts were not fairly presented. He thought that, in justice to both sides, a more accurate account of the war with a more impartial estimate of the military significance of the victories ought to be prepared. He did this work so successfully that the critics of greatest authority commended him, declaring that "the impartiality of the author's judgment and the thoroughness with which the evidence is sifted are remarkable and worthy of high praise." When an English publisher prepared a history of the British Navy, Mr. Roosevelt was asked to write the history of its exploits in this war. He made himself an authority on the

subject at an age when young men are authorities only on tennis, baseball, polo, golf, or, possibly, bridge whist.

His next book grew out of his ranching experiences, and was published in 1885, three years after the first. It was called "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman: Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains, together with Personal Experiences of Life on a Cattle Ranch." It was profusely illustrated, and first published in an edition limited to five hundred copies and sold by subscription for fifteen dollars. In honor of the author's ranch town, it was called the "Medora Edition."

His literary and historical reputation was sufficiently established by this time for the publishers of a series of biographies of American statesmen to ask him to write the lives of Thomas Hart Benton and Gouverneur Morris. These were published in separate volumes, in 1886 and 1887. And in 1887 there also appeared with his name on the title-page a volume of "Essays on Practical Politics." Another volume based on his western experiences came out the next year, with the title "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." It is devoted to a description of life on the plains as it was lived in the early eighties of the last century. That life is fast disappearing with the fencing of the ranges and the growing density of population. Mr. Roosevelt's book will be increasingly interesting, not only as a record of experiences of one of the Presidents, but also an account of conditions that once existed in the West.

In 1889 the first two volumes of "Winning of the West" appeared, his historical work of greatest dignity and value. The third volume was published in 1894. It deals with the period from 1784 to 1790, and describes the founding of the trans-Allegheny commonwealths. What happened in the period covered by the volume, Mr. Roosevelt briefly summarizes in the preface. "It was during those seven years," he writes, "that the Constitution was adopted and actually went into effect an event, if possible, even more momentous for the West than for the East. The time was one of vital importance to the whole nation; alike to the people of the inland frontier and to those of the seaboard. The course of events during those years determined whether we should become a mighty nation or a mere snarl of weak and quarrelsome little commonwealths, with a history as bloody and meaningless as that of the Spanish-American states."

It should be noted here by the student of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual and political growth, that for many years he had been occupied with the study of the development and expansion of the United States, from the point of view of the historian, modified by the experience of practical political life. It was not as a mere tyro that he entered upon the management of the executive affairs of the government in accordance with the national policy that had grown up during a century. If fate had intended him for the Presidency, he could have had no better training in Americanism, properly so called, than he secured through his studies for this book. The fourth

volume of it was published in 1896, and in 1898 he was planning to complete the fifth volume if he should not be elected Governor of New York.

His historical studies were not confined to the incorporation of the great West into the nation. He wrote a "History of New York City," published in 1891, in which he says: "It has been my aim less to collect new facts than to draw from the immense storehouse of facts already collected those which were of real importance in New York history, and to show their true meaning and their relations to one another; to sketch the workings of the town's life, social, commercial, and political, at successive periods, with their sharp transformations and contrasts, and to trace the causes which gradually changed the little Dutch trading hamlet into a huge American city."

These historical subjects are peculiarly American, involving either the absorption of vast territory into the national domain or the building of a great city from the many and diverse peoples that have sought freedom of opportunity to live their life in their own way on these shores.

His history of New York was followed in 1893 by "The Wilderness Hunter: an Account of the Big Game of the United States, and Its Chase with Horse, Hound and Rifle." This is a hunting history, illustrated with pictures of the animals killed by Mr. Roosevelt himself, besides much interesting hunting lore. He collaborated with G. B. Grinnell in writing three hunting books for the Boone and Crockett Club, namely,

"American Big Game Hunting," "Hunting in Many Lands," and "Trail and Camp Fire." He also collaborated with Henry Cabot Lodge in the preparation of a volume of "Hero Tales from American History."

In 1897, ten years after his first volume of political essays, he published another collection under the title "American Ideals; and Other Essays, Social and Political." The subjects of the various chapters show pretty well the range of his interests. Here they are: "True Americanism," "The Manly Virtues and Practical Politics," "The College Graduate and Public Life," "Phases of State Legislation," "Machine Politics in New York City," "Six Years of Civil Service Reform," "Administering the New York Police Force," "The Vice-Presidency and the Campaign of 1896," "How Not to Help Our Poorer Brother," "The Monroe Doctrine," "Washington's Forgotten Maxims," "National Life and Character," "Social Evolution," and "The Law of Civilization and Decay."

He told the story of the raising of the regiment of Rough Riders and of its career in Cuba and afterward, in a volume published in 1899. As the regiment itself was unique, this history is unrivaled for the frankness with which the story is told, and for the skill of the writer in selecting from a large mass of materials that which would give the proper impression of what was done, and at the same time preserve the human interest in a military campaign.

In the following year he published a "Life of Oliver Cromwell," which is deeply interesting,

for it presents the picture of one man of action through the eyes of another man of action, who is also at the same time a trained writer and student of history. His third volume of essays, "The Strenuous Life," appeared in 1900 also. And in 1902, "The Deer Family," another hunting book, was issued, with his name as collaborator with others on the title page. "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter" (1905), was followed by "Good Hunting" 1907, and "African Game Trails" (1909), many scenes of which were written in camp just after the hunting excursions described. This volume, which has since become well known, was described by a writer for the National Geographic Society as an "unusual contribution to science, geography, literature and adventure. Naturalists will prize the accurate descriptions of the huge beasts by a hunter naturalist. He is the first naturalist of much experience with American big game to study all the large species of Africa, so that his comparisons and observations form a particularly valuable contribution to knowledge."

Other works produced during the last ten years of his life are "True Americanism," "African and European Addresses," "The New Nationalism" (1910), "Realizable Ideals," "Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood" (1912), "History as Literature and Other Essays," "Theodore Roosevelt, an Autobiography" (1913), "Life Histories of African Game Animals" (1914), "America and the World War" (1915), "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open" (1916), "Fear God and Take Your

Own Part" (1916), "The Foes of Our Own Household" (1917), and "The Great Adventure" (1918).

Almost any other man might well have rested his fame for an abundant life work on these books dealing with so many varied subjects, and reaching often so exalted a plane of morals and patriotism; yet, speaking at a dinner one time, of the Periodical Publishers' Association in Washington, he took a retrospective look at his literary career, as though it were ended, for he said, "In the days of my youth I was a literary man."

A pleasant picture of him on this occasion was presented by Mr. Walter Wellman in the *Chicago Record-Herald*. He wrote:

"Probably President Roosevelt never spent a happier two hours than last night, when he was the guest of honor of the Periodical Publishers. The President had agreed to stay at the dinner from 9:45 to 11 o'clock, but he liked the show so well he remained till midnight and then held a reception, greeting every one present. Mr. Roosevelt made a speech to the publishers, the authors and artists and their other guests, and was enthusiastically applauded. It was not the best speech the President has ever made, but it was good enough, and it pleased the people who heard it. Mr. Roosevelt is not an orator, and makes no pretensions in that direction, but there is something very fascinating about his earnestness, and he captivated the men of the periodical press, as he has captivated many audiences before. Many were pleased at the manner in

which Mr. Roosevelt threw himself into the spirit of the occasion. The wit and the humor of the addresses had no more appreciative listener than the President of the United States. He expressed his pleasure by characteristic shakes of the head, strenuous gestures, broad smiles, and congratulations waved across the banquet hall. It was a common remark among the eminent authors, artists, and publishers assembled that it is a fine thing to have a President who is so human, so warm in his sympathies, so keen and discriminating in his understanding of all human endeavor."

In all Mr. Roosevelt's writings, says *The Sun*, New York, there was a certain metallic conciseness of style and effect. This was particularly noticeable in his long messages to Congress. But the "effect of plain statements often repeated and enlivened by striking phrases here and there which came about by accident or design was never absent in his many messages and speeches." It was in describing experiences out of doors or in referring to wild animal or bird life that he gave his best evidences of a keenly emotional nature. Yet, during his leadership of the Progressives in 1912, his public speaking took on an emotional character of such a nature that some of his speeches will hardly be found to be surpassed for sheer eloquence in the history of American oratory. The peroration of his Carnegie Hall address, for instance, stands unique, surcharged by all the circumstances attending it and through its literary form with emotion electric in its nature and effect.

His gift of phrase-making was an essential part of his picturesque Americanism. His phrases frequently became an integral part of the common speech, and few of those accepted have as yet become obsolete. Without effort apparently he made famous the "strenuous life," the "larger good," "the square deal," "the predatory rich," "mollycoddles and weaklings," "undesirable citizens," "beaten to a frazzle," "civic righteousness," "deliberate and infamous mendacity," and the "hat in the ring," "the big stick," "parlor Bolsheviks," "rosewater reformers," "out-patients of Bedlam," "race suicide," "nature faker," "muckraker," "malefactor of great wealth," "weasel words," "pussy-footers," "hyphenated Americans," "bush-league czars," "as clean as a hound's tooth," "an elderly fuddy-duddy with sweetbread brains," and many others.

The sentence in which the "strenuous life" was first used by Roosevelt he spoke in a speech at the Hamilton Club in Chicago in 1899, and it embodies the expression of his strenuous moral philosophy: "I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardships, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."

In the matter of form his care was to be forceful, and except in some important speeches and

written appeals to the people or his party, his composition was matter of fact, though unexcelled in forceful directness. He was versed in the world's literature. Trevelyan speaks of Macaulay's "omnivorous and insatiable appetite for books," and it was this sort of desire for books that was Roosevelt's at all times, whether in the White House, on his campaigns, in the West, in Africa, or in the hospital in Chicago recovering from the bullet wound by Schrank. In the thick of the campaign of 1904 he reread all of Macaulay's "History of England," all of Rhodes' "History of the United States," and Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit."

He had by nature and practice the faculty of extremely rapid reading. He read a book or magazine whenever it was convenient at home or on his journeys. In the matter of his reading and writing he was described as a "man of letters in love with life." Commentators have said that he read little after leaving college with the intention of training himself in literary forms, but attained his intellectual attitude and literary style by wide reading, concentrated thinking, and constant practice.

The public of Europe and America was interested at the time in the books Roosevelt took with him to Africa, known as the "Pigskin Library" because of the binding, which fitted them for use under all circumstances and kept them looking outwardly like well used "saddle surfaces" when they became stained with blood and sweat. The original list of the "Pigskin Library" follows:

Bible	
Apocrypha	
Borrow	Bible in Spain
	Zincali
	Lavengro
	Wild Wales
	The Romany Rye
Shakespeare	
Spencer	Faerie Queen
Marlowe	
Mahan	Sea Power
Macaulay	History
	Essays
	Poems
Homer	Illiad
	Odyssey
Chanson de Roland	
Nibelungenlied	
Carlyle	Frederick the Great
Shelley	Poems
Bacon	Essays
Lowell	Literary Essays
	Biglow Papers
Emerson	Poems
Longfellow	
Tennyson	
Poe	Tales
Keats	Poems
Milton	Paradise Lost (Book 1 and 2)
Dante	Inferno (Carlyle's translation)
Holmes	Autocrat
	Over the Teacups
Bret Harte	Poems
	Tales of the Argonauts
	Luck of Roaring Camp
Browning	Selections
Crothers	Gentle Reader
	Pardoner's Wallet
Mark Twain	Huckleberry Finn
	Tom Sawyer
Bunyan	Pilgrim's Progress

Euripides (Murray's translation)	Hippolytus Bacchæ
The Federalist	
Gregorovius	Rome
Scott	Legend of Montrose Guy Mannering Waverley Rob Roy Antiquary
Cooper	Pilot Two Admirals
Froissart	
Percy's Reliques	
Thackeray	Vanity Fair Pendennis
Dickens	Mutual Friend Pickwick

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAN OF VIGOR AND ACTION

THE outstanding characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's life, the one thing most commented upon, and pictured in cartoons was his ever abounding vitality and strenuous activity. In previous chapters of this book the story has been told of how by a deliberate purpose and plan he grew from a delicate, almost feeble boy, whose condition was cause for anxiety, into an athlete of surpassing vigor and endurance, full and firm of muscle, steady of nerve, with blood pure and rich, and boundless exuberance of spirit. His chest was expanded until his capacious lungs were qualified to feed his blood with oxygen; and his

vigorous heart drove the rich, vitalized fluid through his big neck into his active brain. The tireless, purposeful expression of all this dynamic vitality of body and spirit became known to the world as "the strenuous life."

He went into the African jungle after nearly thirty years of strenuous public service. The professors said he would succumb to fever or the sleeping sickness. Some of his native escorts went down, but he came back "rejuvenated." Henry Beach Needham wrote to Collier's of the returning hunter's superb health, "his resistless youth . . . like a fighter trained to the minute . . . appallingly healthy and effusively strenuous."

"As President, physical culture was," writes Allen Day in Putnam's, "as serious with Mr. Roosevelt as the gravest questions of State. . . . He said himself that it would be utterly impossible for him to keep up the high pressure of the life he led did he not clear his brains and brace his nerves by strengthening his body and constantly enriching his blood. So it was that every moment to be spared he devoted to recreation, the sort that strengthens the body and clears the mind (clubs, dumb bells, singlesticks, tennis, riding — most of all riding). While it gave him keen pleasure, he discovered, also, the reason why it was absolutely necessary. This building up of the body and the clearing of the mind create a strange condition — strange to those who have allowed themselves to become so enfeebled that they have never experienced it. You might call it exhilaration, but it is more than that. It's a feel-

ing of power which is possessed only by a man who keeps up his physique to the highest standard—a power that masters one and fills him with determination. He was eager to work, or to fight as necessary. He rejoiced in obstacles to overcome. He could accomplish tenfold more than if he had not keyed up his system to his highest point.”

How this physical vigor constantly displayed itself in his daily life was remarked by many observers close to him. A notable instance of his apparent tirelessness was described by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who called on him at the White House in the spring of 1902.

“My personal visit was made on the evening of the day on which he returned from his comet-like trip in the Carolinas,” says Mr. Eggleston in the *New York Herald*. “He had got back to Washington in the morning after five days of soul-wearying travel, still more wearying speech-making and function-holding, and the ceaseless strain of social and every other sort of exciting experience. Almost any other man would have gone to bed and put business aside for one day at least. Mr. Roosevelt had gone to his desk, instead, to clear off the work accumulation of nearly a week. He had then held an important Cabinet meeting, received many official and other callers who had vexing business matters to discuss, made several appointments to office, and attended to a multitude of other trying affairs. Yet, when I desired to withdraw on the ground that he must be well-nigh exhausted, he cheerily answered:

“ ‘ Oh, no, I'm not at all tired. In fact, I never make much of weariness. Light a cigar, I want to talk with you about a historical point which you criticized some years ago in one of my books.’ ”

“ Fortunately I was sitting at the time in a well-armed easy-chair,” Mr. Eggleston continues, “ otherwise I think I might have fallen. Think of this busy man, ceaselessly engaged with strenuous public affairs, still remembering that poor little criticism of mine, years after it was written! The criticism concerned a minute detail of very small consequence in any case, yet so earnest and sincere is this man, and so ‘ strenuous ’ in all that he does, that he remembered the point perfectly, and mentioned it only because he was interested to explain to me how he had been led into the insignificant little error. It seemed to me that in this incident more than one admirable quality of the President's mind and character were revealed in a very enlightening way.”

An earlier record of the way he employed his time was made by a man who accompanied him on his tour of the country, as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1900. It is the schedule of a day's occupation, and for variety of interest it would be difficult to find it equaled in the lives of any other two men. Here it is:

7 A. M.— Breakfast.

7:30 A. M.— A speech.

8 A. M.— Reading a historical work.

9 A. M.— A speech.

10 A. M.— Dictating letters.

11 A. M.— Discussing Montana mines.

11:30 A. M.—A speech.

12 M.—Reading an ornithological work.

12:30 P. M.—A speech.

1 P. M.—Lunch.

1:30 P. M.—A speech.

2:30 P. M.—Reading Sir Walter Scott.

3 P. M.—Answering telegrams.

3:45 P. M.—A speech.

4 P. M.—Meeting the press.

4:30 P. M.—Reading.

5 P. M.—A speech.

6 P. M.—Reading.

7 P. M.—Supper.

8 to 10 P. M.—Speaking.

11 P. M.—Reading alone in his car.

12 P. M.—To bed.

He was practicing then what he always preached. One version of his gospel of life has been given by Major W. H. H. Llewellyn, of Las Cruces, New Mexico, who commanded a company in the regiment of Rough Riders. The Major said one day after his old commander had become President:

“The Colonel (he will always be Colonel to the Rough Riders) was talking the other day with one of his old boys who had come out into our country to do business, and he said to him

“‘Get action; do things; be sane; don’t fritter away your time; create, act, take a place wherever you are and be somebody; get action.’

“That’s the Colonel all over,” continued the Major. “It’s the story of his own life. It’s the advice he gave us all when we parted with him at Montauk Point. Do you remember that

evening in the camp when the regiment stood in front of him, and the parting came? I can hear him say now as he did then:

“Remember when you go out into the world to-morrow, for nine days you will be regarded as heroes, and then you will have to take your places as ordinary citizens. You will be judged then for what you are, what you do as men, not as to what you have been. Don't get gay.”

The Major paused a moment, and then concluded, reflectively: “I've seen young fellows in our clubs sit three hours discussing the character of the work in a polo pony's hoof. That kind of action the Colonel hates.”

Mr. Roosevelt was happy where things were happening. He remarked once that he liked to be where something was going on, and that he generally managed to make something happen where he was. Danger arouses in him a keen sense of enjoyment, as was illustrated in a small way in Victor, Colorado, during the campaign of 1900. A mob tried to prevent him from speaking there. One man hit him in the breast with a piece of scantling six feet long from which an insulting banner had been torn. Another man tried to strike him in the face, but was prevented by a miner. The same observer who recorded the routine of a day's work on the tour said afterward:

“When the storm of the mob swept up to him I stood on the lower step of the Pullman sleeper with George W. Ogden. Ogden exclaimed:

“‘See the Colonel's face!’”

“‘I looked. Rocks were flying over him and

the scantling waved savagely. And he? He was smiling and his eyes were dancing; and he was coming ahead to safety as composedly as though he were approaching the entrance to his own home among friends.

When it was all over he exclaimed enthusiastically:

“ ‘This is magnificent. Why, it’s the best fun I’ve had since I started. I wouldn’t have missed it for anything.’ ”

His interest in athletics never diminished. In his youth he played football, and when he received the team of the Carlisle Indian School at the White House on the morning after the Thanksgiving Day game in 1902, he proved that his interest in the sport still survived. He had read the account of the game in the morning papers and was full of it all day, talking football at the Cabinet meeting and with nearly every one he saw. When Mr. W. G. Thompson, who had charge of the Indians, introduced them to him, he knew all about them. Johnson, the captain, was presented first.

“Delighted,” exclaimed the President, grasping his hand. “You play quarterback. The mass play of your team was splendid. I am delighted.”

Parker came next and was greeted in a similar way, according to the account of the Washington correspondents.

“Your play was brilliant. You made three touchdowns, didn’t you? How in the world did you do it?”

And so it went along the line. The President

talked football with every man in the party. Sometimes he would call back one of them to discuss a point in the game. Nearly every man was asked to what tribe he belonged. One said he was a Kaw.

"Yes, Congressman Curtis belongs to that tribe," the President remarked. "I'm glad to meet a fellow-tribesman of his."

"You're a football player, that's self-evident," he remarked as he looked at one of the boys who had been bruised in the game. To another battered player he said, "I see without asking that you played yesterday, and it didn't improve your beauty."

The stolid Indian smiled cheerfully at this and passed on.

Mr. Roosevelt made every one of them feel at his ease. He knew the big chiefs in some of the tribes represented, and when he mentioned their names the players addressed were greatly pleased. Most of the Indians had adopted the names of white men, and the President asked these what they were called by their own people.

"No need to ask you, Mr. Tomahawk," said he, beaming on the right guard. "I know what yours means."

There was one player whose Indian name was Bear. When the word was spoken the President cried:

"Delighted," and grasped the boy's hand warmly. "I'm well acquainted with the bear family. I met some of them in Mississippi, and I know Baer of the Reading Coal Company. He is harder to catch than any of them. You are

built like a football player. I'm glad you are not one of the bears I chased in Mississippi. They would make good football players, too."

At the end of the line was the only player who was not an Indian. He was Exendine, a full-blooded Eskimo. When Mr. Thompson presented him, the President reached out and crushed the youth's chubby hand in his own and said:

"Delighted to meet you. I congratulate you on coming to this country to get an education. So you are an Eskimo? I don't suppose the coal famine worries you a bit."

He was unfeignedly interested in these young men, not only because they were Indians, but because they were developing vigorous bodies. Virility always appealed to him. It certainly is a novel doctrine that mere animal vigor is a good thing in itself, as well as for the potentialities that lie in it. If it were preached more there would be fewer dyspeptics and fewer hypochondriacs and fewer men with brains awry because they receive too little nourishment from the body.

Mr. Roosevelt's own virility kept his nerves steady, so that he did not succumb to physical suffering, as appeared at the time of the accident in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on September 2, 1902, when the carriage in which he was riding was demolished by an electric car, its occupants thrown out, and Craig, the special Secret Service officer traveling with him, killed. Dr. Lung, who reached the President first, found him on his knees, raising himself uncertainly from the grass,

thirty feet from the smashed carriage. The doctor threw his arms about him and lifted him to his feet.

"Where do you feel pain?" the doctor asked, at the same time patting the President's sides gently, searching for broken ribs.

The President broke away from him roughly.

"I'm all right," he said. "Some of the others are badly hurt; look after them."

The President's face was badly bruised in this accident, and the bone of one of his legs so seriously injured that two operations had to be performed on it later — one in Indianapolis and one in Washington — and he had to cut short a Western trip on account of it. But he did not think of himself. His physicians had to do that for him.

On one occasion, not long after he had built his house on Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, he gave a hunt breakfast to the Meadowbrook Hunt Club, and after it was over set out with his fellow-huntsmen for a ten-mile "drag."

Less than an hour later a friend who was inspecting the new stables saw Mr. Roosevelt ride up. He noticed that his host had liberal quantities of court-plaster on his face, that he showed some blood, that he had his right hand tucked between the two buttons of his waistcoat, and that when he dismounted he did so cautiously.

The friend began to think that he had had a bad fall, but Mr. Roosevelt was so cool and played so unconcernedly with one of his children that was being wheeled by the nurse near the stables that the man decided that he was only scratched.

And that was what he himself said when asked about the matter.

"Only a scratch — just a little scratch."

In a few minutes Mr. Roosevelt went into the house and his guest dismissed the incident from his mind. A quarter of an hour later the man was standing in front of the house where a horse, covered with lather, tore up the driveway. Its rider, a well-known Long Island doctor, pulled up at the steps and inquired:

"How's Mr. Roosevelt? Has he come home?"

"What's the matter, Doctor?" the guest asked. "Yes, he is home, but as far as I can see he has only got about a yard of court-plaster on his face. He can't be hurt very much, for he has been playing with his baby since he came back."

The doctor looked astonished, and exclaimed as he hurried into the house:

"Why, man, he broke his arm when his horse went down!"

A few days later the same friend met Mr. Roosevelt with his arm in a sling on Fifth Avenue in New York.

"Sorry you didn't tell me the other day that your arm was broken," he said. "Perhaps I could have helped you."

"Pooh! Pooh!" Mr. Roosevelt replied. "It was merely a scratch," and turned the conversation.

Mr. Roosevelt was known to take more physical exercise than any other public man in Washington. He outwalked his friends and outrode them, too. One of his favorite amusements was

riding, and he liked to get a friend to go with him. He sat close to his horse in the Western style and made fun of his acquaintances who adopted the English fashion of riding. When Prince Henry of Prussia visited Washington, the President took him riding through the country roads about the capital in a driving rain-storm. Most of the party turned back when the rain became heavy, but the Prince and the President kept on, each seeming to enjoy the battle with the elements. Indeed, he seemed to delight in testing the willingness of his friends to expose themselves to the weather. Not long after Mr. Robert Bacon, his classmate in Harvard, was made First Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Roosevelt initiated him into the strenuities of life in Washington under his own administration. He invited Mr. Gifford Pinchot, of the Forestry Bureau, and Mr. Bacon to take a walk with him one afternoon at the close of a busy and tiring day. It was raining hard and he advised them to put on old clothes. Instead of following the advice they arrived at the White House dressed as usual. Mr. Roosevelt met them in a badly worn suit with a slouch hat and heavy shoes.

The three started out in the rain. Their walk took them to the open country, where they came to a considerable body of water. They wished to cross to the other side, but there was no bridge within a mile. The President told Mr. Bacon that he could go to the bridge and cross and meet them on the other side, as he and Mr. Pinchot would wade over. Mr. Bacon objected

and declared that if the others waded he would too.

"Bully," shouted the President. "Come on, then!" and he plunged into the water, that proved to be so much deeper than he anticipated that he had to swim for some distance, Bacon and Pinchot following after.

He had no more hesitation than a healthy boy in doing things that appealed to him. This made it easy for him when hunting to take game into camp, when less adventurous hunters would have been unwilling, if not unable, to do what he did. While at the Keystone Ranch in Colorado, for instance, on a hunting trip, he and his guide held at bay a large lion in a crevice on the precipitous side of a rock ledge which extended from the point of the crevice sheer down fifty feet. Mr. Roosevelt shot at the lion, and the beast disappeared under a perpendicular wall of rock. A large slab of stone projected over the rim of the ledge, and if one of the men could hang head first over this slab he could see the lion and might be able to shoot it.

"The question which confronted us," said the guide in telling of the incident, "was how to hang over the rock. Finally Colonel Roosevelt looked at me intently and said, 'Goff, we must have that lion if he is there. I'll tell you what I'll do. I will take my gun and crawl over that rock. You hold me by the feet and let me slide down far enough to see him. If I can see him I will get him.' This plan was carried out, and he killed the lion, hanging head downward, while I held him by the feet."

But of all the pictures of Mr. Roosevelt, either verbal or photographic, the one which gives the best and most vivid impression of the vigorous human animal rejoicing in his vitality is that one which shows him mounted on a hunter taking a fence. Horse and rider are instinct with life, and while you look at them they seem to leap out of the paper and dash down the road with the drum-beat of the hoofs ringing in your ears as they disappear from view.

Mr. John Morley's characterization of him, after spending a day or so at the White House, puts in words what the photograph represents.

"I have seen two tremendous works of nature," the British statesman said; "one is Niagara Falls, and the other is the President of the United States."

The office of the presidency makes severe demands upon the strength of its occupants. Most of them have had little time or energy left for anything else. There are few things, however, in which Theodore Roosevelt did not interest himself. He might well use for his motto the famous saying of Terence, "*Homo sum — humani nihil a me alienum puto*"—I am a man interested in all that concerns my fellow-men. It is necessary to review his extra-Presidential activities for only a few months to discover how far his sympathies extended.

In the summer of 1905 he traveled from his home at Oyster Bay to Coney Island, on New York Bay, for the sole purpose of visiting a hospital for the treatment of children of the poor suffering from tuberculosis of the bones. When

he saw what benefit the children derived from the sea air he made an appeal to the public for the support of the institution. In August, 1905, he accepted the honorary vice-presidency of the Public Schools Athletic League, organized to secure systematic athletic drill for the boys. In a letter addressed to General George W. Wingate, the president of the League, he said the organization "is performing a service of the utmost importance, not merely from the standpoint of the physical, but also from the standpoint of the ethical needs of these school-children." He wrote further: "I am also particularly pleased that you are about to organize a woman's auxiliary branch, for the girls need exercise quite as much as the boys."

From athletics in the schools in August his attention was transferred in the autumn to football in the colleges. In October he invited representatives of the athletic interests of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale Universities to meet him at the White House to consider reforming the abuses in the game, and in November he had Dr. J. W. White of the University of Pennsylvania as his guest when he discussed the same subject. Doctor White reported, after his conference, that the President had clear and positive views on the kind of reforms needed. They included the abolition of brutality and foul play, with such power given to the umpire as would permit him to order from the field not only individual players, but whole teams when detected in brutality or in violation of the rules of fairness; and he urged that the responsible heads of col-

leges whose teams play together should have a "gentleman's agreement" to secure the enforcement of the spirit as well as the letter of the rules intended to make an honorable defeat more glorious than an unfairly won victory.

The fixed purpose of his boyhood and young manhood had never been yielded. "Theodore Roosevelt lived the kind of life he wanted — the life he deliberately, passionately wanted, and lived it despite the urging of those who loved him and studied him and were anxious lest he wear out the physical mechanism that was day after day spurred to intense action by an ever-active brain. Such," says H. C. McMillen, writing for the *Evening Post*, New York, "is the sorrowful conclusion of William Muldoon, wrestler, boxer, trainer, and director of a hygienic institute where Cabinet and other Government officials and big business men have been restored to health after hard work had worn them down. Mr. Muldoon boxed and wrestled and fenced with Colonel Roosevelt, and they were warm personal friends for the years of a generation." Mr. McMillen's interview with Mr. Muldoon continues: "It was Colonel Roosevelt's untiring brain that drove his body — drove it through long hours of official duties, drove it through days and weeks and months of campaigning, speechmaking, conferences, and handshaking, drove it through days of travel and nights in a Pullman berth, and drove it on long hikes in Africa, and on grilling tours through the Brazil jungle and down cataracts of unknown rivers.

"The Colonel went upon that last trip to South

America against the advice of his friends. It was there he really lost his health. A man's body is simply the house which contains his spirit, and his spirit, by which I mean his mind, his intellect, must have consideration for the house that shelters it. If you have a comfortable, well-made house, with 'foundations deep-walled and warm,' you will not abuse it, be indifferent to the vicissitudes of weather and time.

"The Colonel's spirit never spared the house that contained it. That is why I am sorry that he has gone as he did go. I loved the Colonel and I love America, and I know that Theodore Roosevelt was entitled to twenty years' more of life—twenty years in which the country would need him as it has not needed him before, and twenty years in which he could serve America as he never served her. If he had died at eighty years, instead of at sixty, I would accept that as fulfillment of the inevitable, the just rule of life. But he died twenty years too young, before his work was finished, and he died because he simply had to live at the fullest, while he lived. His spirit was tireless, unflinching, and it wore out the house it inhabited.

"After he left the White House, Colonel Roosevelt did little boxing, and wrestling. He continued tennis, but since March, 1909, his contests in sports were by no means as active as when he was President. On his Oyster Bay estate he played tennis with visitors, chopped trees, and cut wood in scientifically re-foresting his lands, and he rowed about the bay a great deal. But the bouts on the mat, and the boxing

and single-stick work in which he delighted while in the White House were pretty well given up.

"He liked to box with 'Mike' Donovan, trainer at the New York Athletic Club, as well as with myself. Donovan died a short time ago. The Colonel's eyesight was not of the best. He was near-sighted, and he wanted to see his opponent, wanted to see his eyes — wanted to catch that brightening that anticipates the delivery of a blow. It is almost impossible for some boxers so to control their eye expression that they will not betray their intention to strike, or by a slight intensification of the glance, or a quick glance to that part of an opponent's body where the next hit is to be landed, betray the blow they intended to deliver. Colonel Roosevelt wanted to see his opponent's face, and he liked to 'mix in' when boxing.

"Hard and heavy give and take was the Colonel's method, and his opponents, if they were wise, stood off, used their heads instead of their hands, were quick on their feet, and forced the Colonel to adapt his plan of fighting to theirs. It was all the same to the Colonel. His objective was the contest, not the result. He wanted the straining of muscle and sinew, the urge of the fighting, the joy of the landed blow, and he enjoyed not less the sting of the gloved fist against his skin and flesh.

"General Leonard Wood, Gifford Pinchot, James A. Garfield, Ambassador Jusserand, and several fine strapping young army and navy officers were in and about the White House when Roosevelt was President, and when official duties

were finished for the day, the joys and exhilarations of Olympia were supreme. General Wood and the President, in the days when the former was an army surgeon with the rank of captain and when Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, used to take long walks, or walk off to the chosen spot and there kick a football around for the physical rejuvenation necessary after the debilitating Washington official life. In the White House they strove against each other with single-sticks, and if it ever had been the fortune of Leonard Wood to cross swords in mortal combat with an antagonist, that training of hand and eye and wrist and leg that he got fencing with the President would surely have won him victory, I do believe.

"Those contests and sports in the White House, on the tennis courts, and in beautiful Rock Creek Park and the surrounding Washington, kept Theodore Roosevelt strong and active and alert. He rested at night, and his body kept up with the strain his spirit imposed upon it.

"It was the trials of his wanderings in Africa and South America, and the strain of his 1912 campaign following his acceptance of the Progressive nomination for the Presidency, his efforts in 1914, when he toured New York State in a motor car in behalf of the Progressive nominee for Governor, and his mighty battling to arouse America to war with Germany that tested his physical mechanism beyond its limit. He was not impersonal and objective; he was per-

sonal and intense. For so many months he felt that the country, his country, was not in the right movement, not in the right mood, and his impotence was more exhausting than the severest strain of official duties.

"Some of us would say, 'Colonel, why do you worry? The country would not see eye and eye with you in 1912, and the delegates of your party would not accept your judgment in 1916. You have done all you could. It is no longer up to you. Be content.' But the Colonel *lived* his notions of right and justice and wisdom, and when they were outraged he was outraged spiritually, and that reacted upon him physically. In hours of unhappiness and depression for his country his spirit drove his body, just as in his joys of contests.

"Rest and repose are the great upbuilders, the great medicines, of the mind, the nervous system, and the physical body. Theodore Roosevelt lived the life he wanted, but he did not live always as his truest friends wanted. His family desired, and his friends in sports and physical contests desired, that he give his body and his nerves more repose. That was always my urging to him. Not that sports and contests wore him down—they counteracted finely the effects of too long hours at his desk, or in important conferences. But the nervous system and flesh and blood rebuild and repair themselves while the individual rests, and the Colonel's spirit would not allow him to rest.

"This need for rest, for relaxation, the complete relaxation of utter 'letting down,' an en-

tire separation at intervals from duties and friends and interests, is what I want to emphasize. That need for our busy, conscientious American men, is imperative. That is why, though I hesitate at this time to tell of Colonel Roosevelt's sports and contests, I feel that American men of great spirit or great intellect, with minds like Theodore Roosevelt's, that go out to every imaginable subject, men who are so necessary to guide their countrymen, should know that the lesson that lies in his death at the early age of sixty years is that his spirit drove his body too hard.

"The hours that Colonel Roosevelt spent on horseback were as happy as any in his life. He was the man who appreciated the 'feel' of a fine nag between his knees. General Bell, then Chief of Staff, and Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, were among his riding companions. A steep cliff or a ford that promised an upset and a plunge in icy waters never deterred those riders. I guess that some easy-going army men did not like the President's order that every army officer must ride ninety miles in three days, or walk thirty, as a once-a-year official physical test, simply to demonstrate the 'ready for active service' quality. But that order was prompted by the President's conviction that a certain minimum of physical capacity was something that the country had a right to demand of its army officers, and that the existence of that capacity could best be shown by the actual riding or walking test."

"Theodore Roosevelt was the one American

President distinctly an athlete," continues Mr. McMillen. "Traditions of George Washington represent him as a man of great personal strength, and that he was a huntsman used to the rigors of outdoor life is dwelt upon by his biographers. The legend of his throwing a dollar across the Potomac has served not only to illustrate the prowess of his good right arm, but has enabled a million of his fellow countrymen to crack a joke by remarking that 'Of course a dollar went farther in those days.'

"Grover Cleveland was a hunter and fisherman, but he shot over moorland and reedy shore with a shotgun, while Colonel Roosevelt hunted big game with a rifle.

"The fact that Colonel Roosevelt while boxing with a young artillery officer had one of his eye-balls so seriously injured that he never recovered the sight in that eye, did not become known until years after his service in the White House had closed, and the army officer was serving in France. It was just like the good sport Roosevelt to keep the mishap and its consequences a secret until a complication which necessitated his going to Roosevelt Hospital for treatment helped to make public the fact of that chance blow of several years before.

"Another story that leaked out years after the Olympian contests in the White House has it that General Wood suffered a broadsword crack over the head, administered by his friend and adversary, Theodore Roosevelt, and that a fracture resulted that necessitated trepanning.

"According to Muldoon, the Roosevelt sons

are physically what their father was at their age, rather slighter than the average man, but with great mental and nervous energy. In the days of his earlier manhood, Theodore Roosevelt wanted to fill out his slight frame, to put on flesh, but there came a time when he felt that he weighed too much, and he exercised strenuously in order to cut down his weight."

There was enough of the romantic and the mysterious about the Japanese method of wrestling, jiu-jitsu, to fascinate Colonel Roosevelt, and a Japanese teacher of the science gave lessons to the President in the White House. Here is an extract from the diary of John Hay, Secretary of State, indicating that anecdotes from Olympia were carried to the cabinet councils:

"April 26.—At the Cabinet meeting this morning the President talked of his Japanese wrestler, who is giving him lessons in jiu-jitsu. He says the muscles of his throat are so powerfully developed by training that it is impossible for any ordinary man to strangle him. If the President succeeds once in a while in getting the better of him he says, 'Good! Lovely!'"

"One of the army officers who put on the gloves with the President was Lieutenant Fortescue, a distant relative of the Roosevelt family. One morning the young lieutenant was insistent in badgering the Colonel for a bout. The latter at first refused, but finally agreed to go four rounds. According to Joseph Grant, Detective Sergeant of the Washington Police Department, detailed to the White House to "guard" the

President, it was just about the fastest bout he ever saw.

"The Colonel began to knock Lieutenant Fortescue right and left in the second round," said the detective. "His right and left got to the army officer's jaw time after time, and the bout was stopped in the third round to prevent the army man from getting a knockout. Then the Colonel turned to me and said: 'I think I can do the same to you: Put on the gloves.'

"I drew them on reluctantly, and I put up the fight of my life. The best I could do was to prevent a decision and get a draw."

Brief reference was made in Chapter II of this book to the fact that *work* was the ideal and the impelling motive of Mr. Roosevelt's life. He was always a worker. He never had an idle moment. Even during the periods of his life at Sagamore Hill no part of his time was unoccupied. The morning hours were given to exercise, pulling at the oar of a boat, laying the ax to a tree with vigorous blows, or riding horseback through the familiar paths around Oyster Bay. Then would come a reading period, for books which would give him information rather than for newspapers. He gave little time to newspapers. Everything he did was done thoroughly, and with his whole heart. So important a characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt's life was this passion for work and accomplishment that a clear understanding of it is helpful in explaining the great success of his career. Many of the tributes paid to his memory have emphasized this as one of his greatest glories, and one of the most profitable

qualities for his fellow citizens to emulate. It is worth while to quote from two of these tributes:

Mr. Thomas Bragg, writing for the *Evening Mail*, New York, describes him as a "doer with all his might" and continues:

"There was no half-way business with Roosevelt, no half-heartedness; whatever he undertook he went into it with his whole heart and soul, with every ounce of his magnificent energy and unconquerable earnestness.

"It was said of a certain tempestuous personage of the last century that had fate made him a chimney sweep he would have been prepared to sweep out Vesuvius!

"It was with the same virile and irresistible spirit that Roosevelt went about the performance of the tasks that destiny called upon him to perform.

"The old adage has it that it is better to 'wear out than to rust out,' but there was never any need of sounding this in the ears of Theodore Roosevelt. Never was there, from the time he could walk until he laid himself down for his last sleep, a moment when there was any danger of this man's dying from the rust of disuse.

"While he lived he was thoroughly, grandly alive — alive and busy with the work that the great Taskmaster had given him to do.

"In his life there were no idle hours, no lost or wasted days, no squandered opportunities for useful activity.

"Day by day, as the days came along, his life was packed full of work — hard work, honest

work, work into which he put the very best that there was in him.

"The energy of the man was phenomenal, and quite as wonderful was the zest with which he performed his labors. It was a joy for Theodore Roosevelt to be busy. As the powerful swimmer welcomes the great waves, so Roosevelt welcomed the opportunities for work. He rejoiced in them, like the 'strong man prepared to enter into the race.'"

The editor of *The Globe*, New York, noticing that in the pulpits of the country, chief emphasis was placed on Mr. Roosevelt's service to this country as preacher — as promulgator and champion of moral ideals, declared that "it was as a doer of the word rather than as its preacher that our dead leader and friend wished to be regarded as worthy." The editor then continues:

"Few men ever gave birth to a greater volume of speech, but few ever had more contempt for mere exhortation. He regarded as valueless and even vicious preachments not backed by deeds. He did not minimize St. Paul, but he held rather with St. James.

"He translated professions into acts. His reforming spirit did not chill when he took an oath of office. He did not merely urge the rightfulness and necessity of public control of public utilities, but he was the chief force in securing the passage of the Ford and Hepburn bills. He did not shrink from the responsibility of defining, and was willing to take the risks necessarily incident to practical experiment. He did not consider his duty as done when he had expressed

resounding generalizations. He put a principle to the test of use.

"Imperishable material monuments will forever be associated with the name of Roosevelt. There is the Panama Canal, which would not now be if he had not made definite decisions. There is the great Roosevelt dam, symbol of the work of Roosevelt for the vast irrigation projects which have made deserts blossom. He drove through the conservation measures which gave offense to so many selfish interests. The forests that now protect the river sources of the West represent Roosevelt in action.

"When it became necessary to save the Republican party from the abyss toward which unwise leaders in the madness of personal animosity were seeking to drag it, he did not hesitate to bolt, although he well knew there was little chance of carrying the election. The list of things actually done is a long one, and the easy way was always not to be insistent.

"The best thing about the lost leader of America was not his brilliant mind, or his moral perceptions, or the driving power of his will, but his character as evidenced by his acts. He was an embodiment of applied integrity, and it is as such that his example will be of chief value to the future. The bottom principle guiding him may be followed by every man or woman no matter in what walk of life."

The Roosevelt gospel of constant and strenuous endeavor gains great force, therefore, from the living example behind it. He preached to others only what he practiced himself, and it is

impossible to read these words of his without feeling the impelling force of the dauntless spirit expressing itself in them:

"I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

"Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much or suffer much because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat."





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THE FAMOUS ROOSEVELT SMILE

CHAPTER XVIII

HUMAN AND DEMOCRATIC, ABOUNDING IN FELLOWSHIP

"THIS Government stands for manhood first and for business only as an adjunct of manhood," was one of the keynotes of Roosevelt's American policy. Another was this: "There is just one safe motto for Americans to act upon — that is the motto of all men up; not some men down." The first interest in Roosevelt's great, full-blooded heart was man. [The first aim in all his work and study was to get close to man and help him. The rich man and the poor man, the powerful and the ignorant, the white and the black interested him, and he measured their work by their conduct, not by their station.] "His interest in, knowledge of, and sympathy with all forms and manifestations of human life, either past or of the present time," wrote Lawrence F. Abbott to *The Outlook* from Rome, "is so comprehensive and genuine that naturally men and things somehow or other seem to gravitate toward him and group themselves around them."

In Egypt, among the ancient monuments and striking attractions which occupy the average tourist, the thing that most absorbed Mr. Roosevelt was the human life of Egypt to-day, and its relation to past and future civilization. Always he was anxious to rub against real men stripped of all external dignities and conventionalities. It was the one trait in particular which, in Egypt,

caused "the most hospitable and cordial friendship and sincere respect to be showered upon Mr. Roosevelt by everybody, from the Khedive down to the humblest cab driver," and in his own land gave him so intimate a place in the understanding and the love of all the people.

The most thoroughly human qualities were conspicuous in Roosevelt at every point of contact. His acts and his words were all spontaneous and natural. The man was in the foreground, and office or function in the background. His faults were just enough to accent his genuineness and draw him closer to the rest of us. We can admire and respect the high qualities of any man, but the nearer perfect he becomes the farther he is removed from us. It is the mistakes, the hasty temper, the lapse from dignity, the touch of vanity, the impulsive indiscretion that puts him for the moment within the reach of our own sympathy and understanding. We seem to feel that he is one of us. We can love him then. I have known one of the keenest admirers of Mr. Roosevelt actually to chuckle with delight on reading of some "break" made by him, through which the human asserted itself over the ideal.

But note this: Never in all the years of his public life were Roosevelt's bitterest enemies able to point to a single vicious, impure, or dishonest act. His faults were all from the hot red blood of a pure-souled man.

Mr. George William Douglas wrote concerning him that it was the human side of the man which made him believe that good government

is more than a matter of enforcement of abstract theories. It must in some way make human fellowship an easier and a less restricted enjoyment. There is the case of Peter Kelley, for instance. Kelley was a young Brooklyn lawyer who was sent to the New York Legislature by the Democrats in 1883, when Mr. Roosevelt was serving in that body. Kelley attached himself to Roosevelt, and the two worked together for those things in which both believed. The Brooklyn Democratic organization was not pleased with Kelley's independence and he was not renominated. He had given so much attention to his legislative duties that his law practice suffered and he could not get it back again. As time went on he fell ill, and his landlord threatened to evict him for non-payment of rent. Mr. Roosevelt heard of the matter, and sent a check for several hundred dollars to Kelley, with a message telling him to consider it as a loan to be repaid at his convenience. Kelley accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered.

Then Mr. Roosevelt was asked to speak at a meeting in Brooklyn, held some time after the mayoralty election in 1887. He said as he arose, "You wish me to talk about civic reform and good citizenship, I suppose."

Some voices were heard saying "Yes," and "That is what we came for."

"Then," said he, "I will tell you about one of your own neighbors, my friend, Peter Kelley. He is a Democrat, while I am a Republican, but honesty in public service knows no party lines. The first duty of decent citizenship is to stand

by a good man when you have found him ; that is the only way you can keep popular government respectable, and the people of Brooklyn have not stood by Peter Kelley."

Then he told the story of Kelley's record in the Legislature and of the treatment which he had received from his party at home, and aroused so much admiration and sympathy for the man that it began to look as if he would have clients enough in the future. And Alfred C. Chapin, who had just been elected mayor, offered to appoint Kelley to a city office. Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to the humanity of his audience came too late, as Kelley died that night.

Probably one of the finest illustrations of Mr. Roosevelt's admiration for the splendid human traits in the men with whom he has been associated is found in the tribute which he paid to Leonard Wood, William H. Taft, and Elihu Root in his speech at the Harvard Commencement dinner, June 25, 1902. He reviewed briefly their work in the War Department, in the Philippines and in Cuba, and concluded: "These three men have done that service. I can do nothing for them. I can show my appreciation of them in no way save the wholly insufficient one of standing up for them and for their works, and that I will do."

Dr. Edward Everett Hale appreciated the significance of the address, for that same day, at a reunion of the members of the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity, he said, after Mr. Roosevelt had presented a gold medal to him in behalf of his fellow-fraternity men:

"Some of you heard the President's speech.

"To those who were not there, I say you should have been there, because it is a speech not to be remembered for a lifetime, but for centuries, by one who gave every moment he had to extol the work of three of his great lieutenants that they might have the fair honor which they deserve. I do not know that there is anything like it in literature, where a chief has stood so loyally by three men who stood so loyally by him and the country as well."

When he attended his class reunion at Harvard in 1905, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation, he manifested the same disposition to say a good word for others. It was at the meeting of the alumni, presided over by Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, president of the association, that he said:

"I speak on behalf of the younger men here present when I say that we shall count ourselves more than happy if we can in any way approach the service of the older men in Harvard to the Union. In Bishop Lawrence's very touching introduction of me he spoke of the effort I am making for peace. [The President's intervention in the war between Russia and Japan, which was later followed by a cessation of hostilities and a treaty of peace.] Of course I am for peace. Of course every President who is fit to be President is for peace. But I am for one thing before peace — I am for righteousness first, and for peace, because normal peace is the instrument for obtaining righteousness. I am speaking now on behalf of the class of '80, and as

nobody else has blown our horn for us I am going to blow it just a little. We have followed the example so admirably set by the class of '79 in seeking to show in practical fashion our desire to do something for the University. Acting largely under the lead of Mr. Robert Bacon, we have raised — Gentlemen, I am going to ask you to give nine cheers for Robert Bacon." The President led the cheering and continued: "We have raised a fund to be used without conditions at all for the benefit of the university, but we hope it will be used in increasing the salaries of those employed to teach in Harvard University. We ought to raise salaries for the sake of giving a more adequate reward to the men. But even if they would go on working at improperly low salaries, we ought to give them decent ones for the sake of our own self-respect."

It is this sort of whole-souled plea for others that was partly responsible for the great affection in which the country ever held him, an affection so great that even the children shared it and spoke of him familiarly. A school-teacher in Syracuse disclosed this mental attitude when she asked a little girl in class to name the head of the government.

"Mr. Roosevelt," she replied.

"That is right, but what is his official title?"

"Teddy!" was the instant response, made with great assurance.

Even the small boys who were taken to Washington by their fathers to see the President got impatient in the waiting-room and asked:

"When are we going to see Teddy?" and

again, "Is this where Teddy Roosevelt works?"

Mr. Roosevelt's interest in the old home of his mother in Roswell, Georgia, and in the old family servants, manifested during his visit there in 1905, has been well described by Mr. Ralph Smith, who says that as the President's carriage passed through Roswell on the way to the homestead on the hill an old man shouted:

"There's Teddy, Martha's son!"

The President himself made a low bow and waved his hand in the direction of the old man. At the homestead "Mom" Grace and "Daddy" Williams, old servants of the Bullocks, had gathered with the Wing family and their relations. When the President and his party reached the house the people assembled were introduced by Senator Clay to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. It was not long before the President's attention was drawn to an old negro woman, stooped under the weight of years, her skin black and wrinkled.

"This is Auntie Grace," said one of the ladies, who had noticed Mr. Roosevelt's evident interest.

"Mom Grace, you mean, don't you?" asked he. "I always heard her called 'Mom' Grace, not Auntie Grace."

"Yes, sah," said the old woman; "dis am 'Mom Grace,' Miss Mittie's nuss, and you was Miss Mittie's son?" she asked.

"Yes, Mom Grace, I am Miss Mittie's son, and I am certainly very happy to see you," and the President cordially grasped the old woman's hand.

"I sho' 'member Miss Mittie, just like it was yestiddy," she said, "and I sho' is happy to see you, too."

"Where is Daddy Williams?" the President asked, referring to a servant who had been raised as a slave by the family.

The old man was brought forward and was greeted heartily. The President then turned to Mrs. E. H. Wood and asked about the "beautiful bed of violets that my mother used to talk about." It was shown to him with many flowers in blossom. Then he desired to see the old well that was used as a cold-storage vault. He went through the house from top to bottom and explored the back yard, talking all the time of the many things which his mother had told him of the place. Finally he stood for his photograph on the front porch. Before the group was posed he said:

"Where are Mom Grace and Daddy Williams? They must be in this picture."

And Theodore Roosevelt, son of Martha Bullock, stood before the Southern homestead beside his mother's old black nurse and another family servant, an intensely human man yielding to the natural impulses of interest in all that pertained to the life of his family in the generation before him.

Mr. Roosevelt's keenest interest was always in the man who was fighting his way up in the world, says Henry L. Stoddard, who is authority for the following:

"Roosevelt was accused of insincerity in meeting Tom, Dick and Harry, but those who knew

and understood the man knew well that insincerity was not in his make-up. He was, if anything, too sincere for his own good. He really liked to do something for the fellow at the bottom of the ladder.

"I could quote many instances. I recall one in particular that happened while I was with him in Trinidad two years ago. The cruiser *Tennessee* arrived at the port just as we were leaving. Several of the officers came ashore, and as soon as they learned that Colonel Roosevelt was on the wharf they hustled over to greet him.

"While he was talking with them, I noticed that the sailors who had rowed the officers over were trying vainly to get the Colonel's attention. They did not dare offend their superiors, but they did want a word and a nod from 'Teddy.'

"I could see that it would mean much to them, thousands of miles from home, to get a word from their former President. At the right moment I told him that some of the sailor lads were eager to greet him.

"Good-by to the officer! The Colonel was off at once to the side of the wharf; the boys gave a cheer, and then a round of cheers. Then several of them pulled out cameras and asked leave to kodak him. It was the event of their lives, no doubt, and as we turned away the Colonel remarked, 'By Jove! I wouldn't have missed that for a good deal. I enjoyed it as much as the boys. We're both far away from home.'"

Mr. Roosevelt never regarded himself as better than anybody else, and never asked that rules be suspended in his behalf. Years ago, while he

was still a very young man, he visited the Yellowstone Park. His seat mate on the stage that carried the party from the railroad to the park says:

"When we reached the government station, at the entrance to the National Park, an official asked that all hunting arms be passed to him in order that he might seal them. Mr. Roosevelt promptly turned his guns over to the official; but the man instantly recognized the traveler and offered them back. The recognition was mutual.

"Your guns are all right, Mr. Roosevelt," said the government official in a low tone.

"No; they have no seals upon them," was the prompt reply.

"I can trust you," answered the inspector.

"Not on your life," answered the visitor. 'Seal 'em up! No special privileges for me, just because we have met before, old man.'

"And Mr. Roosevelt's guns were sealed like the others."

It would have been easy for Mr. Roosevelt to fall in with the theories and practices of the people who believe in government by the few on the ground that the many cannot be trusted to decide what is good for them. But the notion of imposing government from above on anybody save the criminal, seems never to have occurred to him as a just or a righteous thing. He told a New York audience in 1890 that he had more confidence in the virile vicious than in the inefficient and degenerate "higher society." He only elaborated this idea when he said on another occasion:

"For myself, I'd work as quickly beside Pat Dugan as with the last descendants of the Patroon. It literally makes no difference to me, so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. I would have the young men work. I'd try to develop and work out an ideal of mine, the theory of the duty of the leisure classes to the community. I have tried to do it by example, and it is what I have preached — first and foremost, to be American, heart and soul, and to go with any person, heedless of anything but that man's personal qualifications."

It was always the man that counted with him. "The rank is but the guinea's stamp." And when he found a man he was always loyal to him. All those who had anything to do with him know this. He showed it in Bangor, Maine, when he was there in the summer of 1902. At a suitable pause in the proceedings of the meeting which he was addressing he went to the edge of the platform and called out:

"If 'Old Bill' Sewall is in town I want him to join me at luncheon, for I feel like a man who has lost a partner in a crowd."

It was William Wingate Sewall, of Island Falls, that he wanted, the man who went West with him when he bought his ranch in Dakota Territory. There was a scurrying hunt for Sewall, and when he was found he shared the honors of the day with the President.

"I knew that if the President knew I was around," said he in the evening, when the excitement had subsided somewhat, "he'd have me right with him, but I didn't think it would be

anything like this. I have known him for twenty-three years — ever since he was a college boy. We didn't talk much about politics to-day. We had other things to talk about."

According to General Charles F. Manderson, former United States Senator from Nebraska, Mr. Roosevelt's democratic manner had a somewhat startling effect on a prominent Englishman who saw him when he was Governor of New York.

"I was in Buffalo, attending a meeting of the American Bar Association," said General Manderson, who was its president. "Among the distinguished guests present from abroad was Sir William Kennedy, of London, eminent in the profession, and one of the justices of the High Court of Justice of Great Britain and president of the International Law Association.

"One night while seated in the parlor of our hotel the attention of the English lawyers who were present was attracted by considerable hilarity in an adjoining room. Later on the door opened and in walked Governor Roosevelt. He greeted me in his usual breezy fashion, and in explanation of his presence in town stated that he had been addressing some of the agricultural societies of the State and had come to Buffalo to dine and spend the evening with a number of his personal and political friends. He spoke to me of having lately attended a reunion of Rough Riders, and greatly amused and interested me and the group of foreign gentlemen, all of them lawyers, seated near, with a vivid and picturesque description of his army life in Cuba; of the life

on the plains in which he had figured, with tales of bucking bronchos and cavorting steers with heads aloft and tails over their backs in wild stampede. He also gave interesting bits of hunting scenes, and wound up with some unique views of men and things interesting to him in his brief but strenuous existence.

"I took advantage of a pause in the conversation," General Manderson continues, "to introduce the foreign gentlemen present. After Mr. Roosevelt had taken his departure, Sir William Kennedy broke out with, 'But, I say, Senator, that is a very remarkable man, you know, a very remarkable man. And you say he is Governor of New York. That is very surprising, you know. I really can't say that I ever before met exactly such a man. And he seems to be a fighter. I rather like that in him. And you say he is a writer of high repute, too? Well, by Jove, he is the queerest combination I have ever met.'

"During the summer of 1901, while I was in London, I again met Sir William. Mr. Roosevelt's impressive individuality still dominated his mind, for after indulging in some preliminary conversation he remarked: "By the way, I see that your friend, Roosevelt, whom we met in Buffalo, is Vice-President. That is very astonishing, very astonishing, indeed. I was much interested in him at the time and have watched his course and have read some of his writings. He seems to write as well as he fights, and is very young to have had such an eventful career.'

"I told him to watch the future and not be

astonished at what could be achieved by young men in this young country of ours. I then increased his amazement by telling him the story of Roosevelt's nomination as Vice-President, and how it was forced upon him. When he heard that his great desire was to be re-elected as Governor of New York, that he might carry out certain reforms, the amazement of this intelligent and appreciative jurist increased.

"Sir William Kennedy was in this country again in the summer of 1904," General Mander-son concluded, "and I met him at the Congress of Lawyers in St. Louis. He had ceased to be amazed, and his astonishment had given way to the satisfaction that all prominent Englishmen seemed to feel over the advancement of this typical American."

The human and humane things seemed to be easy for him, even though at times it meant taking note of trivial matters. One day while Governor he was walking from the Capitol in Albany, accompanied by a friend, when he noticed two sturdy but tired horses striving to haul a load up the ice-covered street.

One of the horses slipped. Mr. Roosevelt stopped at once, and with the absorbed expression on his face which he wears when deeply interested, watched the horse get up on his feet. The animal stumbled again and fell.

"Stop a moment," Mr. Roosevelt said to the driver. "Drive sideways."

The man did not recognize the Governor and was about to curse him for interfering when Mr. Roosevelt caught his eye. Then the man

zigzagged his horses up the hill past the ice with never a word.

The grim look on the Governor's face disappeared as quickly as it came, and the next moment he had lifted his hat to a little child who had saluted him in military fashion.

With equal sympathy he relieved the embarrassment of a new page who was overawed by his boyish idea of the greatness of the head of the State government. The boy had to deliver a message to the Governor and he entered the executive chamber with his heart in his throat and his knees trembling from embarrassment. When he reappeared from the room after delivering the note he was smiling blissfully, and as he met another page he exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Say, ain't Teddy a peach!"

Neither as Governor of his own State, nor yet as President, did he for one moment forget that he was "just folks." He did chafe, however, under the awesome manner with which he was sometimes approached. In referring to this subject in conversation with a friend at dinner, he said:

"I am losing all my manners. The ladies won't sit down where I am unless I sit down first."

When a woman from Jacksonville, Florida, was presented to him in his office, she announced:

"Mr. President, I have come all this way just to see you. I have never seen a live President before."

"Well, well," was the reply, while the woman looked shocked, "I hope you don't feel disap-

pointed, now that you have seen one. Lots of people in these parts go all the way to Jacksonville to see a live alligator."

He surprised a painter who was at work on the White House just as he astonished the woman from Jacksonville. He went out of the house one day to see how the men were getting on with their work. One of them was swinging his brush in a leisurely fashion and Mr. Roosevelt stopped near him to see how slowly the man could work. Pretty soon he demanded:

"How much do you get a day?"

"Three and a quarter," the painter replied.

"That's big pay for such pleasant work," rejoined the President. "When I was a boy I used to think that I would like to be a painter. It always appealed to me because you can see something accomplished with each stroke of the brush."

By this time Mr. Roosevelt was close beside the man, who asked him if he did not want to try his hand at painting now, and offered his brush. Much to his surprise, the President took it and for a time covered the wall with paint at a rapid rate. He went over fully ten square feet of surface before he surrendered the brush. Then he nodded, as much as to say, "That is the way you ought to work," and walked over to a gang of men who were shoveling dirt into a wagon.

One of his South Dakota friends went to Washington to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt soon after he became President. While he was there he attended a musicale at the

White House. At the close of the program — classical music only had been played — some one asked the man banteringly how he had liked the entertainment.

"I am afraid," he replied dryly, as many another man would have done, "I'm afraid it was a spell too far up the gulch for me."

The President, who heard the pertinent criticism, laughed heartily, turned to the man's wife and saved the situation by remarking:

"You'd better take care of the captain's pistol. I know that out in his country they shoot the fiddler when he doesn't play the tunes they want."

In the autumn of 1903 a committee of labor men from Montana went to Washington to talk about the labor situation in that State. Before entering on the discussion of their business the President entertained them at luncheon, with Secretary Cortelyou, of the Department of Labor and Commerce; Carroll D. Wright, Labor Commissioner; Representative Dixon of Montana, and Wayne McVeagh, as the other guests. He told the labor men he was "as glad to welcome them as he would be to receive seven of the richest and most influential men in the country," and then led the conversation around to life in the West, with which his guests were familiar, and still further appealed to them by stories of his own experience.

"The best meal I have ever eaten," said he, among other things, "or at least, the one that tasted best, I got in Butte, and it cost me just twenty-five cents."

"In 1885, Jack Willis, a cowboy friend of mine, and I landed in Butte. Our remittances had been delayed and we had just half a dollar between us. We were so hungry we could hardly see, and we were much afraid that our fifty cents would not go far toward satisfying our appetites.

"Finally we found a twenty-five-cent restaurant — not a Chinese restaurant, either — and the meal we got there made us happy and content. The next day our money reached us and we were all right. But ever since then I have had a warm place in my heart for Butte."

His human sympathy made it possible for him to get enjoyment out of many novel situations. The Kansas City newspapers have preserved an instance of his geniality, shown at the time of his visit to that city in 1903. As the parade in his honor was passing along Walnut Street a cowboy stepped over the rope that was holding back the spectators — he was tall enough to step over it easily — and, taking off his sombrero with a courtly flourish, as the President appeared, he yelled:

"Hello, Ted!"

The President looked around suddenly, a broad smile spread over his features, and he slowly and distinctly winked his left eye at the man in the street.

When the police succeeded in getting the cowboy back behind the rope, where he belonged and where he was among his friends, he exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Did you see him recognize me? Why, me

and Ted used to ride the range together in Wyoming. We're old pals. Did you see him wink t'other eye? He knows me all right."

Mr. Roosevelt never confessed whether he knew the man, or only knew what would please him.

As President, he always tried to gratify the desire of the people to see him. On his tours of the country he recognized the propriety of the curiosity of the people to look on a "live President," even though he did smile when they confessed that curiosity in Washington.

"I had the honor to be the guest of the President during his journey through the Eighth Congressional District of Iowa," said Colonel Hepburn, the representative of that district, in discussing this subject. "The schedule provided for five stops, at which times the President made some remarks to the vast crowds of people who had gathered to see the Chief Executive. We passed through, perhaps, twenty towns where no stops were made, but the President insisted that the train should slow up at every station, and no matter what he happened to be engaged in doing at the time, he instantly ran to the rear platform and bowed, and in some instances waved his hat or handkerchief to the masses of people who had expected to get only a glimpse of a flying train bearing the President of the United States.

"It was raining at one of the points where a stop was made," Colonel Hepburn continued, "and the President was to take a short drive and inspect the town. The committee on reception had provided a covered carriage, but the

President insisted that the top should be lowered even though it exposed him to the storm. As the top was dropped, he remarked:

“ ‘These thousands of people have assembled this bad day to see their President; if they can stand to walk in the rain, I guess I can stand it to ride a few minutes in the rain.’ ”

At the town of Diagonal, the President was making a speech. An old crippled soldier hobbled along and tried to find a seat without success. The President stopped:

“ ‘I cannot proceed until that old soldier is provided with a place to sit.’ ”

“At one point the President looked out of the window of the car and a few rods ahead saw a farmer in his working clothes with bared head, standing alongside the track that ran through his cornfield. Realizing that the farmer intended to show his respect for the President of the United States as he was borne by on the rushing train, Mr. Roosevelt, without stopping to excuse himself to the men he was talking with, seized his hat, dashed to the rear platform, swung it in the air and bowed.”

Mr. Roosevelt's approachableness impressed itself upon all who had anything to do with him, whether it was the members of the Diplomatic Corps or whether it was his own countrymen of whatever station.

“ ‘Mr. Roosevelt is by all odds the most democratic President we have had since the days of Jefferson.’ ”

“These words,” said Mr. Eggleston in the interesting account of his visit to the President re-

referred to in a previous chapter, "were spoken to me in Washington the other day by a gentlewoman who has lived long, traveled much, and observed closely, and who, by reason of her high social position, has had the entree of the White House for thirty years or more.

"I quoted the utterance to Mr. Roosevelt soon afterward," Mr. Eggleston continues, "when I had the pleasure of passing an hour or two with him in the private residential part of the Executive Mansion. His answer was quick, as his answers are apt to be when anything interests him.

"*'I am democratic,'* he said, with emphasis on the verb, 'if the word democratic is used in its legitimate sense. But I have no patience with the vulgarly ostentatious avoidance of ostentation which sometimes calls itself "*democratic.*" I have no sympathy with the thought that in order to be democratic one must put aside respect for the gentle decencies of life and make a boor or a clown of himself. I believe thoroughly in the simplicities and the honesties of life and in the fellowship of all honest and sincere men. But it doesn't appeal to me when a man refuses to wear the customary garb of gentlemen lest aristocratic pretensions be attributed to him.'

"You do not think, then," Mr. Eggleston interjected, "that one need go to a public dinner without cuffs in order to demonstrate his democracy?"

"The President laughed, and his laugh was sufficient answer to my question," said Mr. Eggleston. "But presently he added:

“ ‘It is my endeavor to make of the White House during my term, not a second-rate palace, like that of some insignificant prince, but the home of a self-respecting American citizen who has been called for a time to serve his countrymen in executive office. There seems to be a world of difference between democracy and demagoguery. The one is based upon an honest and sincere respect for one’s fellow-men, the other involves the sacrifice of self-respect in an appeal to vulgarity and prejudice.’ ”

“As Mr. Roosevelt earnestly said this,” commented Mr. Eggleston, “I could not avoid recalling that passage in the novel called ‘Democracy,’ in which it is recorded that a certain senator of the cuffless sort gravely doubted the prudence of taking a daily bath lest the practice be regarded by his constituents as ‘savoring of aristocracy.’ ”

Mr. Eggleston also recorded the impression which he received of the President’s appreciation of the dignity of the great office that he occupied. “He is, first of all, a gentleman, with all a gentleman’s self-respect. He is, secondly, an American citizen, so strongly imbued with a sense of the dignity of American citizenship that he makes his respectful bow to it whenever he meets it. He is, thirdly, the chosen representative of eighty million people, selected from their number by their willing suffrages to occupy the highest office within their gift. He maintains all of dignity that his high office demands of him. He has all the winning and easy courtesy for those who approach him that any gentleman

shows to the stranger within his gates. And with due respect to those imperative obligations, he has all that any American citizen can have of frank and generous recognition of other citizenship than his own. When he comes out of his sanctum, as I saw him do a little while ago, to greet the miscellaneous throng of persons who daily call, with no other purpose than the idle one of shaking hands, he does so precisely as he might enter his drawing-room at Oyster Bay to converse with assembled guests. There is no formality or air of state in his demeanor; but there is equally nothing of assumed familiarity. He does not sit or stand, as former Presidents have done, to have his guests 'presented.' He simply moves about among them, as one does in his parlor, greeting each pleasantly, saying whatever there is to be said of friendliness or courtesy, and if one previously known to him happens to be in the assemblage, grasping his hand with special cordiality and making pleasant reference to some previous occasion of meeting. In brief, President Roosevelt receives his morning callers in the White House precisely as Theodore Roosevelt, citizen, always received his callers in his own home. And he sends them away at last, happy and with the feeling that there has been nothing of arrogance in his reception of them, and especially nothing of condescension. This robustly healthy American citizen who is our chief executive has no sympathy with the insolence either of arrogance or of condescension."

How true this last statement is was well illus-

trated when, as Civil Service Commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt kept President Harrison waiting while he showed an errand boy the shortest route from the Treasury Building to the Capitol.

He went about his business as any other self-respecting citizen, making himself inconspicuous rather than thrusting himself forward. When he was president of the Police Commission in New York, he attended the Bourke Cockran meeting in Madison Square Garden in the autumn of 1896. As he entered the hall, the people began to crane their necks and look at him, and "There's Roosevelt," was heard from many voices as he walked along. Men stopped him to grasp his hand, and he would respond briefly and hasten along, evidently anxious to escape the crowd. When he reached the box he went to the back of it and got behind the gentlemen who were with him, apparently desiring to hide himself from the curious eyes that seemed to follow his every move.

In Washington he also strove to make himself inconspicuous, and succeeded in walking about the city many times without attracting special attention. For instance, one December Sunday afternoon when Connecticut Avenue was full of dignitaries he walked through the street without being recognized. He wore a faded brown coat, which was tightly buttoned about his chest to keep out the biting wind. An old weather-beaten hat was pulled down on his head, the brim half concealing his face. His shoes were heavy and covered with mud. His companion was a short man, fashionably clad, with a silk

hat on his head. The two men were earnestly talking, and one giving only a casual glance at the couple might have thought that the larger, roughly dressed man was asking the other for a quarter to pay for a night's lodging. The conversation continued till the pair came in sight of the White House, where a little black newsboy caught sight of them. His face lit up with a smile of recognition.

"Hello!" he was heard to say to himself. "Marse Teddy!"

The boy was about the only person who had discovered the President in the unconventional attire that he had put on for a long walk in the country with his Attorney-General.

He was fond of the theater; but he used it for relaxation and saw the light comedies and comic operas which could be enjoyed with little mental exertion. When he was present at such a performance in the early winter of 1905 a little Boston terrier belonging to one of the young women in the chorus found its way to the stage, attracted thither by the lights. The dog got in front of the line of dancing and singing young women, looked about, stretched, and yawned. Everybody laughed, including Mr. Roosevelt. The dog heard the President's laugh and strolled over toward the side of the stage, sat down and looked at the man. Mr. Roosevelt smiled back at the dog. In a second or two he gathered himself for a jump and leaped over the side of the box into the President's lap and settled down contentedly. Mr. Roosevelt fondled the animal a moment and then lifted him back to the stage

to the accompaniment of wild and enthusiastic applause, and the performance, which had been interrupted by the incident, was resumed; but the audience for a time thought more of the instinctive confidence with which the dog had appealed to the President's interest than of the play on the stage.

That laugh and smile of Theodore Roosevelt were famous and magnetic. The *Evening Sun*, New York, once said, "His smile has almost literally beamed around the world."

The Roosevelt smile meant an almost boyish interest in things and disclosed his strong, finely chiseled teeth, which were always caricatured to look very large and out of proportion.

That smile was always the precursor of friendship, and no man in public life ever drew more talented men around him than did Theodore Roosevelt. His power and magnetism were such that a majority of men were dominated by his ideas and were anxious to serve him in almost any capacity.

But his friendships were not confined to political life. Boys and girls, presidents, kings, pugilists, big game hunters, churchmen, soldiers, sailors, diplomats, engineers, ranchmen, Texas rangers, bankers, politicians, railroad magnates, all were friends of the former President at one time or another, and all who were worthy of his friendship enjoyed the warmth and fullness of his generous smile.

But his laugh! The *New York Herald* tried to do justice to it as follows:

"Theodore Roosevelt possessed one trait,

known only to his intimates and unnoticed save by a few of those, that was a sure index of his character. He had a magnificent laugh. Only those who have studied human nature closely know how truthfully laughter reflects character. He who laughs from above his collar button does it with some purpose; usually to conciliate a person on whom he has predatory designs. He whose laughter is so loud and frequent as to leave permanent indentations on his cheeks is one whom the wise mistrust and shun.

"No dry, nanny-goat chuckle ever wrinkled the face of Roosevelt. He did not need to force laughter to his lips. He gave way to it because he had a genuine sense of humor, easily and naturally, and it came not from his throat but from his diaphragm, as does that of all honest men."

Theodore Roosevelt was bitterly hated, writes Mr. Charles Willis Thompson in the New York Times, but "the people who hated him hadn't met him. He was accused of insincerity, but never by people who knew him. He was accused of optimism—by people who didn't know him. There were many who believed his course was always dictated by a desire to obtain votes, but such people were not acquainted with him."

Newspaper reporters always declared that to know Roosevelt was to love him. Even the representatives of strong anti-Roosevelt organs were swayed by his captivating personality. There was a mystic magic in his rip-roaring, manly nature that won all hearts to him, and as his companion on many campaigns, Mr. Thomp-

son tells incidents in proof of the Colonel's sincerity, bravery, and loyalty:

He was called, by some people, a poseur, but he was a poseur in the same sense that Tom Sawyer was. That is, dramatic scenery appealed to what Mark Twain called "the circus side of my nature." The people who didn't know him and who hated him were, when of the male sex, persons of a feminine cast, to whom the rip-roaring masculinity of Roosevelt was a continuing shock. Very few women hated him. If that seems a paradox, it isn't. Well, a personality that is so rip-roaring masculine simply has to have a circus side to it.

There is a picture before my eyes of a scene out at a lonely jerkwater station in Arizona. The Colonel's special train had stopped there so that a few of the Rough Riders could come to it from their ranches and shake hands with their old commander. It was at the height of a great campaign, and the itinerary had been planned in Washington; but no matter, the train had got to stop there. The Rough Riders rode, some of them forty miles, to shake hands with him, and they were all waiting on the plank in front of the hut that served as a station when the special puffed itself to a stop. Aside from the station agent and the Rough Riders there was not another human being in sight, nor the faintest hint of a town or village in the clear, sun-dried Arizona landscape.

The moving-picture man — whom the Colonel had christened "Movie," and also "Dare Devil Dick," his name being Richard J. Cummins —

saw a great opportunity and yelled to the Colonel. The Colonel promptly took off his enormous black hat, arranged the astonished Rough Riders in appropriate attitude, and then, with his arm around an Arizona shoulder, began talking. "Throw a little ginger in, Colonel," shouted "Movie," and the Colonel began throwing in all his appropriate gestures, while "Movie" stood there grinding the crank. The picture must have indicated to those who saw it subsequently that the Colonel was recalling the brave days of '98 to his fellow veterans, but this is what he was saying:

"Barnes, Penrose, and Smoot — do you remember that charge up San Juan? — an initiative and referendum — recall of judicial decisions — Jack Greenway, one of the best in the regiment — Bob Evans took the fleet into the Pacific —"

All this to the most furious gesticulation, any nonsense that came into his head, talked at the rate of sixty miles a minute. The Rough Riders had nothing to do but pretend to look impressed, and did it badly, the more so as we reporters were laughing ourselves sick behind the camera.

"That'll be a corker, Colonel," said 'Movie' stopping the crank; and the Colonel, released from duty, joined the rest of us in our roars of laughter. 'By George!' he said, mopping his brow, 'I haven't had so much fun in a week. If that is posing, make the most of it.'"

He was not a vote-hunter, except as every man in politics must be. He never compromised a conviction for a vote. He always made it a point to denounce to his face anything he did not

approve of. If, for instance, he had been a free-trader he would not have denounced protection until he could denounce it in Pittsburg. In that sense he was less of a demagogue than any other man I ever met in politics.

On his swing around the country in 1912 he never said more than a perfunctory word against the Democratic party until he got into the South, its home, where it is not only wicked but anti-social to speak against the Democratic party. His most blazing denunciations of pacifism in his great tour in 1916 were reserved for Henry Ford's home, Detroit, where, whatever may be the case in other parts of Michigan, the population is excessively pro-Ford.

It was the same on his trip abroad — not that that has anything to do with vote getting; it was in France that he denounced race suicide and in England that he assailed England's Egyptian policy. Always he picked out sin's home town to lambaste sin. These are not the methods of a mere vote-getter. In fact, his going into the South at all in 1912 was quixotism; he knew he could not get an electoral vote there, and the whole Progressive campaign depended on his voice reaching as many vulnerable spots as could be found. Yet he side-tracked himself into the South, for he dreamed that he could break up the one-party system there and relieve the South of an incubus; not in one campaign, of course, "but," he said, "I have drawn the furrow, and it won't be necessary to go over that furrow again."

When the convention of 1916 was drawing

near, I asked him if he thought he had a chance of the nomination. "Not the least in the world," he said. "If I had, I killed it by my tour of the West advocating preparedness and Americanism. Those issues will be taken up; but when it comes to making nominations, a convention will always pass over the pioneer, because he has made too many enemies by his pioneering. I've been the pioneer; I have forced those issues to the front; and the convention will adopt them and then nominate somebody else who is safer. It's the invariable rule in politics." And, of course, he knew that invariable rule when he made his tour; but it didn't stop him; or weigh with him for an instant.

No man could meet Roosevelt and go on hating him; that is, of course, unless he met him in a fight. At the Barnes-Roosevelt libel trial in Syracuse I came across James J. Montague, a hardened reporter on a highly anti-Roosevelt newspaper, walking up and down and cursing. I asked him what moved him to these expletives. "Roosevelt, damn him," said Montague; "I can't keep hating him if I get anywhere within twenty feet of him, and I'm always accidentally doing it. He's spoiling my story."

The Colonel never won over any antagonist by blandishment. He was often said to have "used" the reporters, especially the Washington correspondents. Well, if he used them it was by an old magic with no black art in it. He never flattered or palavered or went out of his way. I knew him very well for many years, and he was always the same to everybody. I saw the

magic in his actions; it was the magic that can only be conjured by a large, joyous, and generous soul with real manliness at the back of it. And something else, which I can best express by saying that no man who knew Roosevelt would have been willing to let the Colonel know that he had done something mean or dirty.

But no man could use that magic as Roosevelt could, says Mr. Thompson in conclusion. Men loved to be put under that spell; and there will be many sore hearts for the lack of it now.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HERO OF MANY A GOOD STORY

PROBABLY the most picturesque man in public life in the last half-century, remarks the Chicago Daily News, Theodore Roosevelt figured largely in anecdotes of adventure and otherwise, wherever men gathered to swap stories. Many of the stories associated with his name may be groundless, but scores of them are undoubtedly founded on fact. It is around men of his positive, virile, aggressive personality that traditions group themselves. From many sources, including personal friends of Mr. Roosevelt as well as newspapers and magazines, the anecdotes in this chapter have been gathered. Not only are they entertaining in themselves, but they shed many side lights on the character of this great American.

A friendship of close intimacy existed between Mr. Roosevelt and the famous African hunter and pathbreaker, Frederick Courtenay Selous, D. S. O., Captain of the 25th Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in action January 4th, 1917. When President Roosevelt planned his long hunting trip in Africa in 1908, he wrote to Selous asking his expert advice and help. The assistance he thus received was a very large factor in the success of the trip.

For several years an interesting correspondence was maintained between these two kindred spirits, and the letters were of the real heart-to-heart character which make charming reading. Many of them have just been published in the life of Selous, by J. G. Milais, F. Z. S., (Longmans, Green and Co.). Here is one extract from a letter written by Mr. Roosevelt in reply to one from Mr. Selous expressing concern when the President was attacked and wounded by the would-be assassin in Milwaukee in 1912:

"My dear Selous, I could not help being a little amused by your statement that my 'magnificent behavior, splendid pluck and great constitutional strength have made a great impression.' Come, come, old elephant-hunter and lion-hunter! Down at the bottom of your heart you must have a better perspective of my behavior after being shot. Modern civilization, indeed, I suppose all civilization is rather soft; and I suppose the average political orator, or indeed the average sedentary broker or banker or business-man or professional man, especially if elderly, is much overcome by being shot or meeting with some

other similar accident, and feels very sorry for himself and thinks he has met with an unparalleled misfortune; but the average soldier or sailor in a campaign or battle, even the average miner or deep-sea fisherman or fireman or policeman, and of course the average hunter of dangerous game, would treat both my accident and my behavior after the accident as entirely matter of course. It was nothing like as nerve-shattering as your experience with the elephant that nearly got you, or as your experience with more than one lion and more than one buffalo. The injury itself was not as serious as your injury the time that old four-bore gun was loaded twice over by mistake; and as other injuries you received in the hunting-field."

"Mr. Roosevelt's creed?" wrote Jacob Riis, his close friend for years in police work in New York. "Find it in a speech he made to the Bible Society a year ago. 'If we read the book aright,' he said, 'we read a book that teaches us to go forth and do the work of the Lord in the world as we find it; to try to make things better in the world, even if only a little better, because we have lived in it. That kind of work can not be done except by a man who is neither a weakling nor a coward; by a man who, in the fullest sense of the word, is a true Christian, like Greatheart, Bunyan's hero.'"

"Better faithful than famous," used to be one of his characteristic sayings, wrote Jacob Riis in his life of the former President. "It has been his rule all his life. A classmate of Roosevelt told me recently of being present at

a Harvard reunion when a professor told of asking a graduate what would be his work in life.

“‘Oh,’ he said, ‘really, you know, nothing seems to me much worth while.’ Roosevelt got up and said to the professor:

“‘That fellow ought to have been knocked on the head. I would take my chances with a blackmailing policeman sooner than with him.’”

Newspaper men tell countless stories of Roosevelt's courtesy and approachability. No matter how busily engaged in his various offices, he was always visible to reporters sent to get his views on current topics, and representatives of enemy journals were treated as affably as friends. This admirable trait did not leave him in the White House. During his Presidency, the New York Sun chronicles, Roosevelt was democratic in his relations with not only men who had ideas to give him, but with those who were of service to him in living the strenuous life. For instance:

Mike Donovan at the White House boxed with him, and a jiu-jitsu artist taught the President the secrets of that science. In explaining why he had, “as a practical man of high ideals, who had always endeavored to put his ideals in practice,” conferred with Mr. Harriman, the railroad magnate, and Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, the former President made these assertions:

“I have always acted, and shall always act, upon the theory that if, while in public office, there is any man from whom I think I can gain anything of value to the Government, I will send

for him and talk it over with him, no matter how widely I differ from him on other points.

"I actually sent for, while I was President, trust magnates, labor leaders, Socialists, John L. Sullivan, 'Battling Nelson,' Dr. Lyman Abbott. I could go on indefinitely with a list of people whom at various times I have seen or sent for. And if I am elected President again I shall continue exactly the same course of conduct, without the deviation of a hair's breadth. And if ever I find that my virtue is so frail that it won't stand being brought into contact with either trust magnates, or a Socialist, or a labor leader, I will get out of public life."

Many of the reverend senators and statesmen in Washington were shocked, says the New York Herald, by the way in which such successors of "Leatherstocking" as Jack Abernathy and Bill Sewall came up to the White House and got the President's ear for hours at a time. Often, also, they were taken quite by surprise by the President's quick sense of humor and keen repartee. Before Senator Hoar had come to know Mr. Roosevelt as he afterwards did he went to the White House to remonstrate with him for appointing Ben Daniels Marshal of Arizona. Mr. Hoar was one of the most dignified and sedate men in the Senate — a New England Brahmin.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Hoar in horrified accents, "do you know anything about the character of this man Daniels whom you have appointed to be Marshal of Arizona?"

"Why, yes, I think so," said Mr. Roosevelt; "he was a member of my regiment."

"Do you know," said Mr. Hoar, impressively, "that he has killed three men?"

The President was scandalized. "You don't mean it," he said.

"It is a fact," said Mr. Hoar, with deadly determination.

The President was thoroughly indignant. He pounded his fist on the table. "When I get hold of Daniels," he said, "I will read him the riot act. He told me he'd only killed two."

The whole family was devoted to out-of-door life. The White House stables contained excellent riding horses. There was a horse or pony for every member of the family. There were two mounts for the President, one being Rusty, a bay heavyweight hunter, on which the President frequently jumped fences in the country to remind him of the time when he once rode to hounds on Long Island.

Because of the President's example, there was probably more good, healthful exercise taken in Washington during his Administration than has been known there before and since. Americans are not generally credited with being anemic, but the official and social duties of the capital never before were so crowded in between sets of tennis, riding, and boxing set-tos.

His walking contests the President held not only with his boys and other members of his family, but with Cabinet officers and foreign diplomats. Capitals of Europe were sometimes highly entertained by accounts of their repre-

sentatives following the President, who had invited them for afternoon walks, across fences, ditches, and through mud ankle deep. Pouring rain never prevented the President from his walk with members of the foreign embassy, and he was always delighted with credit given him for inaugurating the strenuous life in Washington.

The President took a dignitary out with him for a stroll one afternoon, and in the course of the walk sighted a steep and rocky knoll, toward which he directed his course. He turned to his companion and observed as they began making the ascent, "We must get up to the top here," and after much panting and laboring the feat was accomplished.

"And now, Mr. President," asked the official, "may I ask why we are up here?"

"Why, I came up here," returned Roosevelt, laughing, "to see if you could make it."

On another occasion, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, the President was out driving through Rock Creek Park with a member of the diplomatic corps, the representative of a powerful nation. Halfway through the park, the Colonel invited his guest to accompany him in a walk. He directed the White House coachman to meet them at a point further on, and, striking out in cross-country fashion, he set the pace. On and on he plunged through the woods, the panting diplomat trying to keep pace. Suddenly the two, with the secret service men behind, came upon a twenty-foot stream. The horrified ambassador saw the Presi-

dent stride straight on into the stream, waist-high, and go on to the opposite bank. For a moment the once-dignified, but now perspiring diplomat hesitated, and then grimly followed the President's example.

When Theodore Roosevelt was governor of New York, says J. W. Welch, who tells the story, a newspaper reporter called on him, at Oyster Bay, to secure an interview on a subject that verged close to the political territory on which no interviewer was allowed to tread. The reporter seriously doubted the success of his mission, and his doubts were strengthened by the stories of the man who drove him from the railroad station to Mr. Roosevelt's house,—stories of the abrupt and emphatic way that the governor had of declining to parley with visitors on subjects that he had tabooed.

"He most always steams out to the porch to see 'em," remarked the driver, "but before they have had a chance to say six words he had grabbed their hands in good-by shakes. Yes, he shakes 'em right back into my wagon, and we are well out of the grounds before they catch their breath again."

This being Mr. Roosevelt's method, it seemed advisable to the reporter to keep the burning question in his mind well in the background during the shock of the first contact. The governor rushed out to the porch, just as the driver said he would, and his strong right arm was already exerting an influence back toward the carriage when the question which had been decided upon

as a diplomatic approach arrested his attention.

"Mr. Roosevelt, I would like very much to get a brief statement from you as to the importance of the young men of the country giving more attention to politics and the affairs of state. If they should, wouldn't conditions be improved."

The motion of the handshake was suddenly shifted from the direction of the wagon toward the library. When they were inside Mr. Roosevelt talked warmly on the duties of an American citizen and the importance of strenuousness in young men. "If I have a hard task to perform," he said, "I gather an impetus from its difficulties. There is very little merit or satisfaction in doing easy things."

"The interviewer of public men sometimes has great obstacles to surmount," remarked the reporter, casually.

"I know he has, I know he has," replied Mr. Roosevelt, earnestly; "but if I were in his position, I would plunge in and surmount them somehow."

"All right, Mr. Roosevelt, I am going to apply your advice right here. I am going to plunge in. My managing editor expects me to get an expression of opinion from you on the —— matter. I am very anxious to get it. Now I have plunged in. I wonder if your advice is good."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed heartily, and then said, in his most abrupt manner:

"Take down what I say, and see that not a word or punctuation mark is different when it is put in print."

Arthur W. Dunn has told some of the incidents which give the humorous side of Roosevelt's daily life in the White House. Here are a few of them:

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest man that ever held the office of President, and it was on account of his youth that many people felt that they should be generous with him in the matter of advice. During the early months of his administration every person who called on him told him what he should do and filled him full of suggestions.

"How do you like being President?" asked an old acquaintance, after Mr. Roosevelt had been in the White House about a year.

"It would be first rate if it did not carry with it the necessity of listening to advice as to how the Government should be conducted," he replied. "So far during my term, I have received nothing but advice,—mostly bad."

One of the grave and dignified senators came out of the White House one day and remarked:

"That youngster doesn't always do what I want, or do things as I do them, but I can't help liking him."

"Did you see the President?" asked one lady of another who had just stated that she had been to the White House.

"I certainly did," was the reply, "and I was such a fool!"

"In what way?"

"Why, I wanted to tell him a number of things, and especially to speak about my brother,

whom he knows very well, but I didn't say a word."

"What was the matter?"

"Why, as soon as he shook hands and smiled, I saw that row of teeth and became fascinated with them. So I stared and stared and never said a word. He must have thought I was an idiot, because he didn't know that I have a great admiration for nice teeth in a man."

While he was Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt joined a Masonic Lodge at Oyster Bay, and after he became President quite a pressure was brought upon him to continue taking degrees, and become one of the higher devotees of the order.

"Don't you think," he asked a body of Masons who had waited upon him, "that with the various matters now pending it would be better for me not to add goat-riding to my other duties?"

One busy day a clergyman called at the White House and expressed a wish to see the President. The doorkeeper, to whom he addressed himself, took his name and asked him to sit down and wait. In the reception room were perhaps fifty other citizens awaiting the termination of various errands; while probably as many more, of higher degree, were cultivating patience in an inner room. After pacing thoughtfully to and fro for a few minutes, the clergyman again made known his request, and, upon receiving a repetition, in substance, of the previous reply, resumed his walk. In

a few moments he returned to the doorkeeper.

"See here!" he said. "At home I have a very large congregation, any member of which can reach me any minute of the day or night without being kept waiting. In addition to my own flock, as I have lived in the community many years, nearly the entire population is accustomed to turn to me for advice and help. I am accessible to them all, at all times. Now it seems strange to me that the President can't see me without all this delay."

"How many does your congregation number?" asked the doorkeeper.

"Well, my own congregation is about six hundred. But, counting all of those with whom I have to deal, I should say it is not less than five thousand. I never keep any of them waiting, sir."

"Five thousand!" said the doorkeeper. "Huh! How large a congregation do you think the President of the United States has? He has eighty millions, sir. Eighty millions! Do you suppose he can see every one of them, whenever they come?"

A New York business man who was once a ranchman in the West tells this story about President Roosevelt:

"Several cowboys, of whom I was one, were camping near the trail, out on the plains of North Dakota, one day in the early eighties, when we saw a man coming along on horseback. We did not know him, but from his new and elaborate trappings, we at once decided that he was a tenderfoot. This being the case, we felt

that it would be appropriate and interesting to give him a cowboy reception.

"Partly hidden among the bushes, we waited his coming. Suddenly, when he was almost among us on the trail, we sprang to our feet and gave vent to wild and blood-curdling yells, at the same time emptying our six-shooters. The bullets flew all around the young man on the horse. Being rather careless as to where we shot, in those days, it was a wonder that at least the horse was not hit. The ordinary tenderfoot would have ridden for his life out of range. But this one sat straight as an arrow and never changed his half-amused expression during the fusillade of yells and bullets. More than this, he held his horse down to a walk, and, when he had got a few paces beyond us, he turned in his saddle and made us a low, sarcastic bow. We had no idea who he was, but we at once decided that this particular tenderfoot was all right. The next day, at a round-up, I saw him in the corral roping calves,—a dangerous pastime for any but an old hand.

"'Who's that chap with the get-up of a stage cowboy, but the nerve of a real article?' I asked.

"'Why,' somebody answered, 'that's young Roosevelt, a New York swell, fresh from college.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'even with them things against him, I reckon he's about as good as anybody in the outfit.'"

At Oyster Bay, Long Island, near which village was the Roosevelt summer home, there lives

a venerable hackman, Jacob White, who for many years basked in the warm friendship of the President. Long before the latter was known to fame, he and Jacob White were companions. Old Jacob tells stories of the summers when he used to see Theodore and the boys running down through the meadows to the swimming hole, encumbered with no superfluous raiment; of the times when he would meet them on the road coming home from nutting and would give them all a lift in his wagon, except when he had a load. On these occasions he would have to switch them off. Jacob delights to talk of the President and of the pilgrims he has driven up Sagamore Hill.

"I druv up a couple o' big politicians awhile ago," he once remarked reminiscently. "They hed an appointment with the President, of course, and from their talk as we went up I see they were calculatin' on spendin' about two hours with him. This bein' the case, I took the team down to the stable after I had unloaded the politicians on the porch, so's I could loosen up their harness and water 'em.

"Well, sir, in about fifteen minutes them statesmen come posting out again, the President followin'. They all looked around fur me, and then spied me down by the stable. My fares stood there waitin' fur me to come back, but the chief of this big country come steaming down just to shake this here hand and say, 'How are ye, Jacob?' On the way back to the station one o' the politicians says to me: 'Jacob, it would be worth a deal to us to have your pull with this administration.'

“Another time I had a crowd o’ sightseers in my wagon. They kept sayin’ they only wisht they could see the President, and botherin’ me with questions as to whether I thought they would or not. I told ’em ’t warn’t likely, but all of a sudden a man on horseback come galloping along the road. ’Twas him. He slowed up when he came ’longside us, and, salutin’, calls out, ‘Good mornin’.’ It set them people all in a flutter, and they began to figure out who he was bowin’ to. One man begun to give the rest the impression that it was him. I stood this fur about a minute, and then spoke up an’ says: ‘The President was greetin’ me. I’m about his best friend hereabouts.’ This quieted ’em, and ’twarn’t no lie, nuther.”

Early one morning a woman of advanced age sat on the stairway leading to President Roosevelt’s summer executive offices at Oyster Bay. It is here William Loeb, his secretary, and other assistants attended to the routine work of the administration. The President himself never appeared in the little building on the main street in Oyster Bay, but the old woman thought he did, and was waiting for him. She was the widow of an officer who had won honor in the Civil War, and she had journeyed to the President’s home town to consult him about a matter connected with her pension.

For hours she waited patiently on the stairs. When some one finally told her that she would never see the President there, she was very much discouraged. She continued to sit on the stairs,

saying that she must see him, and perhaps he would "just run in for a minute." The President himself in the course of the day, heard of this patient pilgrim to Oyster Bay, and he telephoned down from Sagamore Hill to send her up to the house.

He helped her out of the hack himself, remarking, "Madam, I am honored and delighted to meet you. I have heard of your husband. He was a hero, but I want to tell you what I think of heroes. I don't believe a man can be one unless he has a good wife."

The pension matter was arranged to the old lady's satisfaction.

I can't forbear mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's souvenirs, said Robert Lee Dunn, the photographer. They represent his democracy far better than reams of reminiscences could. Mr. McKinley once had three carloads of such tokens hitched onto his special train but Mr. Roosevelt must altogether have at least three train loads. He cannot stop to pat a dog on the head without that animal being immediately crated up by its fond owner and shipped to "T. R. — Washington, D. C." Horses and saddles enough to fit out a brigade, chairs, badges, turkeys, guinea pigs, snakes from a traveling sideshow, canes, vases — everything that the generosity of the American nation can conceive has been given to him at one time or another.

He used to get flowers and bouquets by the bushel generally presented by some of the young ladies of the town; and these offerings would

finally pile up to such an extent that the porter would be compelled to open the car window and throw them out to make way for those of the next town. An amusing incident in this connection occurred at a little Kansas town.

The Presidential train was just pulling out of the depot, when through the crowd came a bare-foot boy, running with all his might and carrying a bouquet in his hand. He yelled. Roosevelt saw him; so did the whole populace. "Well," said the President, "I can't run away like this and insult the boy," so he pulled the bellrope and brought the train to a stop.

The youngster came up breathlessly and delivered the roses. Roosevelt smiled and handed him a dollar, and the incident was closed. Later, as the train was speeding on its way, his "deed-lighted" smile was a bit troubled, and he called in the porter.

"Jerry," he said, "it seems to me these flowers are rather withered, aren't they? That boy must have had a hard time getting through the crowd."

"Well, they ought to be withered," was the answer. "That there bouquet has been on the train for three days, and I just threw it out of the window back at that town." There is a boy somewhere in Kansas who will be a captain of industry one of these days.

"I have a suspicion," said "Buffalo Jones," chief game warden of Yellowstone Park, "that last year the natural beauties of the park furnished the inspiration for the working out of some knotty problems of state. It was in the

spring that President Roosevelt visited us. The fishing being pretty good then, he would start out almost every morning with his rod and line, and be gone all day. We wanted to accompany him, of course, but he gave us to understand that he preferred to be alone. Toward the end of his visit he ceased to take the fishing tackle with him on his solitary tramps. I have an idea that the fishing was merely a pretext to get out alone amid the noble calm and impressiveness of the big woods and hills to revolve momentous matters in his mind.

"We arranged several mountain lion hunts for him, but he always declined to shoot the lion when we had treed it, although he knew that these beasts were playing havoc with the sheep and elk and that the Park would be well rid of them. The first time I asked him to shoot he said that he wished to abide by the law which forbids the killing of animals in the Park except by the superintendent or the scouts.

"In spite of the fact that the President was surrounded by big game, and is an ardent sportsman, the only shooting he did while with us was at a target. One morning we were practicing pistol shooting, and the President was using a weapon of a make which was being urged by the manufacturers for adoption by the government. While making one of his shots a piece of cotton from the cartridge flew back and struck his cheek, bringing blood.

" 'Well!' he exclaimed, with great emphasis, as he clapped his handkerchief to the wound, 'that condemns this make of pistol.'

"When he was installed in his tent, upon his arrival at the park, we had a soldier pacing up and down before the door.

" 'What's that man doing out there?' demanded the President.

" 'He's the sentry,' I answered.

" 'Oh, go and tell him to sit down,' replied Mr. Roosevelt; 'I came out here to rest, and it makes me tired to see a man walking without getting anywhere.' "

At the Civil Service Commission in Washington, where it will be remembered President Roosevelt began his public career as one of the commissioners, an incident is related, which shows one side of the President's character. It came to his knowledge that one of the clerks had lost his temper and used profanity over the telephone. He sent for the offender at once. Suspecting the purpose of the message, the clerk returned an evasive answer, and did not appear. In his emphatic way, Mr. Roosevelt directed the messenger to bring the clerk to him. The messenger, a huge Virginian, went back with the words:

"Mr. Roosevelt says you got to come down, and if you won't come any other way, I'll tote you down."

This time the order was, of course, obeyed. The President closed the door of the office when the culprit entered, and no one ever knew what passed between them; but it was noticed that the clerk came forth from the interview in tears, and

there was no further complaint about the impropriety of his language.

Mr. Roosevelt was a tireless reader of books, and on his long railroad trips usually carried half a dozen volumes. But the side-pocket of his traveling-coat always held one stoutly bound, well-thumbed book—a copy of “Plutarch’s Lives.” On campaign tours and pleasure jaunts he took a daily half-hour dose of Plutarch.

“I’ve read this little volume close to a thousand times,” he said one day, “but it is ever new.”

This poem by Hamlin Garland was one of his favorites:

“O wild woods and rivers and untrod sweeps of sod,
I exult that I know you,
I have felt you and worshiped you,
I can not be robbed of the memory
Of horse and plain,
Of bird and flower
Nor the song of the illimitable West Wind.”

Soon after the Roosevelts took up their residence at the White House a society woman asked one of the younger boys if he did not dislike the “common boys” he met at the public school. The boy looked at her in wonderment for a moment and then replied:

“My papa says there are only tall boys and short boys and good boys and bad boys, and that’s all the kind of boys there are.”

“Theodore Roosevelt is a humorist,” wrote

Homer Davenport in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, October 23, 1910. "In the multitude of his strenuousness this, the most human of his accomplishments, has apparently been overlooked. There is a similarity between his humor and Mark Twain's. If Colonel Roosevelt were on the vaudeville stage he would be a competitor of Harry Lauder. At Denver, at the stock-growers' banquet during his recent Western trip, Colonel Roosevelt was at his best. He made three speeches that day and was eating his sixth meal, yet he was in the best of fettle. You couldn't pick a hallful that could sit with faces straight through his story of the blue roan cow. He can make a joke as fascinating as he can the story of a sunset on the plains of Egypt."

Theodore Roosevelt, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was instrumental in the selection of Dewey to take charge of the Pacific squadron during the Spanish-American War. San Francisco and a few other cities objected. They did not know Dewey. A delegation was sent to Washington to kick against the appointment. The delegation was finally turned over to Roosevelt. He listened patiently to their objections and said:

"Gentlemen, I can't agree with you. We have looked up his record. We have looked him straight in the eyes. He is a fighter. We'll not change now. Pleased to have met you. Good-day, gentlemen."

While a strict disciplinarian in his home, Mr.

Roosevelt mingled comradeship with exercise of authority in a manner that made a successful father. It is said of him that he postponed consideration of important affairs of state to "play bear" with his children, and that he was known to excuse himself to a company of friends who were spending the evening at his home while he went upstairs to spank one of the children who had disregarded repeated admonitions to make less noise. He was a chum of all the members of his household. He repeatedly expressed disapproval of the "goody-goody boy." He said on one occasion:

"I do not want any one to believe that my little ones are brought up to be cowards in this house. If they are struck they are not taught to turn the other cheek. I haven't any use for weaklings. I commend gentleness and manliness. I want my boys to be strong and gentle. For all my children I pray they may be healthy and natural."

The New York Tribune is authority for this little glimpse into the home life and training of the Roosevelt boys: Being boys, they were invariably hanging around the kitchen and getting in the way of Annie O'Rourke who was cook of the household and monarch of all she surveyed. When they became too obstreperous, she promptly boxed their ears, and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt never interfered. On the other hand, when the gardener, in desperation over the depredations of the Roosevelt boys, complained to the President, he quietly told him to throw brick-bats at them.

"I am not joking," he is reported to have assured the amazed gardener. "Treat 'em rough, if they won't behave."

Chauncey M. Depew has told how Mr. Roosevelt first went into politics: "With his talents he could have gone into big business and made a fortune. But, left a small income from a trust fund, he preferred to fight the people's battles, even though it meant that all his life long he would have to depend upon his earning power to maintain his family.

"My first acquaintance with him came about forty years ago. A Republican district leader came to me and said: 'We are up against it in my district. A small part of the voters are "highbrows" living along Fifth Avenue; but the greater part are in the section controlled by Tammany. We need the votes, but especially the contributions of the "highbrows." What do you think of young Roosevelt?'

"I had heard of him and was enthusiastic. Well, we arranged a dinner at Delmonico's. Three hundred of the 'highbrows' were present. Roosevelt, then only twenty-two and not as eloquent as he afterward became, read a speech for an hour. He told what was the matter with the city, what was the matter with the state, and what was the matter with the nation. Moreover, he said he could remedy the whole situation. He was elected to the Assembly. I shall never forget that speech of his. He lived up to it consistently all through life."

An inside story of the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Governor of New York is told, also, by Mr. Depew:

"The political situation in New York State was critical for the party in power. The people had voted nine millions of dollars to improve canals. Governor Black ordered an investigation which resulted in finding that one million of it had either been lost or stolen. The canals have always been politically perilous to the party in power in the State of New York. Thomas C. Platt was our state leader and asked me to a consultation as to a candidate for Governor. He said, 'Ben Odell has advised me to select Roosevelt, who is in camp on Long Island, but as Police Commissioner, Civil Service Commissioner, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy he has always been uncontrollable either by the party organization or his superiors and I am afraid he might be most dangerous to our organization.'

"I told him in my judgment Roosevelt was the only man we could elect, and I added: 'Of course, I shall make speeches as always and will expect the heckler to ask questions. He is bound to say, 'Your eulogy of the grand old party is all right, but how about the million of dollars stolen from the canal fund?' Then the speaker has to explain that it was only a million, and that will be fatal, but if you nominate Roosevelt I can say to my friend, the heckler, 'I am very glad you asked that question. We have nominated for Governor the greatest thief catcher there is in the world. As Police Commissioner he cleaned up

New York and in the Cuban War he has cleaned up that island. He is the one man who will find out what became of the money, and if it was stolen will punish the thieves and obtain restitution. The band will play 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' "

"Mr. Platt said: 'That settles it; he will be nominated.' "

More than once the Kaiser caught a Tatar when he approached Mr. Roosevelt. Hermann Hagedorn, speaking at a memorial service in New York told how in the Summer of 1914, a month after the war had started, the Kaiser sent a special messenger to Colonel Roosevelt with a message in which the Kaiser renewed his professions of friendship and said he recalled with pleasure the visit of Colonel Roosevelt to Berlin. Mr. Hagedorn said that Colonel Roosevelt's reply was: "Tell his Majesty that I thank him for his expression of good will. Also tell him that I recall with pleasure my visit to Berlin, just as I recall with great pleasure my subsequent visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians."

Another encounter with the Kaiser took place in England after Mr. Roosevelt's return from Africa. Mr. James M. Beck tells of it. It appears that the Kaiser and the Colonel were present at a great Court function in London, and as they were leaving Buckingham Palace the Kaiser turned to Mr. Roosevelt and said: "Colonel, I want to see you before you leave London. Come to-morrow at two o'clock and I can give you

forty-five minutes." "Very good, your Majesty," replied Roosevelt. "I shall be there at two, but unfortunately I cannot spare more than twenty minutes."

Dr. James M. Ludlow was pastor of the Church of St. Nicholas, in New York, forty-six years ago when the Roosevelt family went there to worship, and he has told how Theodore Roosevelt, the boy, interested him then by his quick-minded attention and his power of observation. So conspicuous was this faculty that when some one asked Doctor Ludlow in what part of the body the mind was located, he replied: "In Theodore Roosevelt it is right back of the eyeballs. One Sunday," he said, "I imagined that Theodore was paying more attention to the flowers that stood upon this altar than to the sermon. He was intense for knowledge, and I think he was botanizing those flowers more carefully than he was analyzing the sermon."

But his mind did not fail to take in the messages of the preacher, for Doctor Ludlow told of the result: "I remember well when Theodore came to me as a sixteen-year-old boy. It was in my study forty-four years ago. 'Doctor, I'm thoroughly convinced that your doctrines are true and I feel that I ought to say so,' he said to me. 'May I come to church?' he asked. And it was here that I knew the boy — and he was a boy to the end. His was a loving, boyish heart, swelling with tenderness for humanity. And it is his message of boyhood that I would give you.

Simply, it was this: If you believe a thing is good or true, say so. If you see a duty, do it."

Mr. Roosevelt was not slow to resent an injury, but he was very quick to forget and forgive on the slightest sign of repentance. Elijah W. Halford tells in *The Christian Advocate* an illustration of this quality:

"A very prominent Republican Congressman was in my room one day after he had made a bitter attack in the House upon civil service reform, repeating many of the cheap current charges and criticisms upon the work of the commission, and particularly singling out Mr. Roosevelt for sarcastic comment. While he was talking with me the Commissioner came in. They did not speak to each other, and I was tactless enough to introduce them; when almost immediately the fireworks began, and in a minute or two the lie passed. I got between the two, and the Congressman at once left the room. Mr. Roosevelt apologized to me, and said he realized that any man who struck another in the President's house could not remain his appointee, and he had determined if blows were exchanged at once to write out his resignation.

"The sequel to this story, as related, is that some years afterward, in the same room, President McKinley and the Congressman were having a friendly chat. Mr. Roosevelt entered, and seeing who was present, sat down in a corner chair, awaiting his departure. The Congressman had observed who came in. Without apparent change in manner, but in a voice distinctly heard

he said: 'McKinley, you remember a fellow named Roosevelt, who was Harrison's Civil Service Commissioner. He was the most impracticable ass ever. I notice you have an Assistant Secretary of the Navy a person with the same name, but it can't be the same man, for your man is about the most efficient officer I have ever known.' Mr. Roosevelt sprang to his feet, walked across the room, extending his hand to his old-time enemy, saying "Put it there, it's all right hereafter." They shook hands heartily, and from that day remained the best of friends."

Although prevented from giving personal service overseas during the great war, to the last, says a correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, the heart of Theodore Roosevelt was with the soldiers at the front. News reached Washington, in private letters soon after Mr. Roosevelt's death, of how the former President gave some of the American soldiers guarding the Rhine the kind of Christmas eve they longed for, but apparently had no hope of getting.

The day before Christmas, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., summoned Captain George Cornish, of the headquarters company. "Captain," he said, "I have a letter from my father, and he wants all the boys to have a jolly Christmas eve. He has sent the necessary money for that purpose, and has asked me to hand it to you with the hope that the company will accept it and have an American holiday."

The company accepted it and made the welkin ring that night along the Rhine. Nor will any

man or officer of that company on any Christmas eve hereafter, no matter how long he lives, fail to pay homage to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, who "never forgot the boys at the front."

CHAPTER XX

THE MORAL LEADER AND STALWART AMERICAN

IN a private conversation, in 1908, Theodore Roosevelt said, "My problems are moral problems, and my teaching has been plainly morality." The newspapers and cartoonists who, at that time, were so fond of ringing the changes on the phrase "my politics," saw for the most part only some of the outward expressions of the underlying principles. With Mr. Roosevelt it was always the principles first and the policies afterward.

His concrete accomplishments as President were many and some of them were of epoch-making importance. The peace between Japan and Russia, the acquisition of the Panama Canal and putting the work on a basis which gives assurance of successful completion, the movement for conservation of natural resources, the establishment of the United States in the first rank of powers, the settlement of the anthracite strike, the improvement of our relation with the Latin-American countries are just a few of President Roosevelt's conspicuous accomplishments, but all of them are of less real importance than his one

great work, the awakening of the public conscience, or, as the London World puts it, "the moral regeneration of the American people." This sedate weekly British paper continues, editorially: "Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt, men do not do the things they did. They do not even think the thoughts of a decade ago. He has broadened the social conscience of the people. The relations between capital and labor and such questions as employers' liability and the employment of women and children are regarded from a vastly more enlightened and sensitive standpoint than when he first entered the White House. The tone of public life has been correspondingly raised."

His preaching of individual and civic righteousness began long ago as a private citizen and continued with increasing force and effectiveness throughout his public life, during which he was the militant leader in a crusade. "He convinced the community that many things which used to be looked upon as a trifle dubious in strict morals, but on the whole legitimate enough because 'that was the way of business,' cannot be exempted from judgment by moral standards."

Andrew Carnegie saw that the beneficent result of Roosevelt's teaching "has been to develop in the average man of affairs a keener sense of personal and official responsibility than ever existed before. The chief officers and directors of great organizations have been awakened to higher and stricter views of their duty as being trustees for the general public, and no longer as mere business men intent upon adding to their

fortunes as their prime and legitimate aim." In support of this definite and striking statement, Mr. Carnegie quoted as one of the greatest possible tributes to Roosevelt's moral leadership the following acknowledgment made by Judge Gary, at that time head of the United States Steel Corporation: "I know that the reiteration of the oft-stated principles of the President of the United States has increased my feeling of responsibility toward the stockholders I represent, toward our competitors, toward business men, and toward the public, and that our relations have been improved."

Shortly after this remarkable acknowledgment was uttered the United States Steel Corporation surprised and delighted its multitude of stockholders and won the praise of many former critics by establishing its common stock on a 5 per cent dividend basis.

Even the New York Times, which was one of Mr. Roosevelt's most hostile critics during his struggle to set "big business" straight, and a persistent antagonist in all his later political campaigns, looking back over his work after death had taken him away, saw the good he had accomplished and acknowledged it in these words:

"His enduring works, and by their enduring works history judges men, his vital achievements, were the reformation in business morality brought about chiefly by his storming assaults upon rooted evils, and his powerful and effective appeals for preparedness, and a true understanding of what the war meant, in the year preceding our call to arms. By his labors in these two

fields, to speak of no others, he profoundly influenced the thought and character of his fellow men, and he put the stamp of his genius upon the history of his country. He made history, he changed its currents.

"It is not merely that Mr. Roosevelt changed the laws — a man of smaller influence or a national legislator under no moral conviction might have done that — his great achievement was that he changed the mental attitude of the people and brought 'big business' itself to repentance and to the ways of righteousness."

The plain, straightforward principles of even-handed justice for all men regardless of position, wealth, or creed; of law and order and respect for governmental authority; of pure, sturdy honesty in business and public affairs, as in private life; of energy and diligence applied in worthy work; of the habit of putting into everything that is worth doing at all the very best effort and ability, such principles as these were made familiar for many years in Roosevelt's teachings and in his own life. His speeches, his books, his letters, his example are the possession of the entire people.

The most stirring and compact statement which he made, perhaps, is the address on "Citizenship in a Republic," delivered April 23, 1910, at the Sorbonne University in Paris. In this address Mr. Roosevelt pleaded strongly and eloquently for those personal "qualities which make for efficiency" and also for those "which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good." He pleaded for the moral sense; for the gifts of

sympathy with plain people and of devotion to great ideals; for "the great solid qualities — self-restraint, self-mastery, common sense, the power of accepting individual responsibility and yet of acting in conjunction with others, courage and resolution — the qualities of a masterful people." He demanded also "the commonplace, every-day qualities and virtues — the will and the power to work, to fight at need, and to have plenty of healthy children." He declared that "the homely virtues of the household, the ordinary workaday virtues which make the woman a good housewife and house mother, which make the man a hard worker, a good husband and father, a good soldier at need, stand at the bottom of character," and "in the last analysis free institutions rest upon the character of citizenship."

A loftier note was sounded in the assertion that "there is little use for the being whose tepid soul knows nothing of the great and generous emotion, of the high pride, the stern belief, the lofty enthusiasm of the men who quell the storm and ride the thunder. Well for these men if they succeed; well also, though not so well, if they fail, given only that they have nobly ventured and have put forth all their heart and strength. . . . It is not the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles or where the doer of deeds could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood, who strives valiantly, who errs and comes short again and again, because there is no

effort without error and shortcoming, but who does actually strive to do the deeds, who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

At another time, putting the same vigorous truth in other words, he declared that,

"In the unending strife for civic betterment small is the use of those people who mean well but who mean well feebly. The man who counts is the man who is decent and who makes himself felt as a force for decency, for cleanliness, for civic righteousness. He must have several qualities; first and foremost, of course, he must be honest, he must have the root of right thinking in him. That is not enough. In the next place he must have courage; the timid man counts but little in the rough business of trying to do well the world's work. And finally, in addition to being honest and brave, he must have common sense. If he does not have it, no matter what other qualities he may have, he will find himself at the mercy of those who, without possessing his desire to do right, know only too well how to make the wrong effective."

With the memory of Roosevelt's many ringing appeals for preparedness and his tireless efforts, during four years, to stir the war spirit of Americans and to spur on the government to greater efforts in pushing the war, it is hard to think of

Colonel Roosevelt as an apostle of peace, yet he must be so regarded, notwithstanding his militant career and his strenuous proclivities. He hated war, even while he was urging it. But his hatred of war and his love of peace were both relative and subordinate to his greater passion for righteousness.

Before the Nobel Prize Committee, at Christiania, Norway, he outlined plans for "great advance in the cause of international peace." Surely this strong and militant leader of men, this master of irresistible forces, this intrepid warrior and hunter who feared no enemy, man or beast, this human "dreadnought," standing forth before the world as an apostle of peace, was an impressive spectacle. Eight years previously, in an address at a banquet of the chamber of commerce of New York City, he said: "The voice of the weakling or the craven counts for nothing when he clamors for peace, but the voice of the just man armed is potent." That was why he wanted his country to be armed. Yet here, again, he applied the same final test as in all other matters of personal or national conduct: "War is a dreadful thing, and unjust war is a crime against humanity. But it is such a crime because it is unjust, not because it is war. The choice must ever be in favor of righteousness, and this whether the alternative be peace or whether the alternative be war. The question must not be merely: Is it to be peace or war? The question must be: Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness once more to be fulfilled? And the answer from a strong,

virile people must be 'yes' whatever the cost."

When, a few years later, the stern challenge of a wanton and unjust war came to America, the same question demanded an answer: "Is the right to prevail?" It was the voice of Theodore Roosevelt, almost alone for two and a half years, which rang out from end to end of the Nation pleading and demanding that the answer from this "strong virile people be 'yes' whatever the cost."

In one of his latest books "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," published in 1916 by George H. Doran Company, he put this challenge squarely before America in the following words:

"Fear God; and take your own part! Fear God, in the true sense of the word, means love God, respect God, honor God; and all of this can only be done by loving our neighbor, treating him justly and mercifully, and in all ways endeavoring to protect him from injustice and cruelty; thus obeying, as far as our human frailty will permit, the great and immutable law of righteousness.

"We fear God when we do justice to and demand justice for the men within our own borders. We are false to the teachings of righteousness if we do not do such justice and demand such justice. We must do it to the weak, and we must do it to the strong. We do not fear God if we show mean envy and hatred of those who are better off than we are; and still less do we fear God if we show a base arrogance towards and selfish lack of consideration for those who are less well off. We must apply the same stand-

ard of conduct alike to man and to woman, to rich man and to poor man, to employer and employe.

"But in addition to fearing God, it is necessary that we should be able and ready to take our own part. The man who cannot take his own part is a nuisance in the community, a source of weakness, an encouragement to wrong doers and an added burden to the men who wish to do what is right. If he cannot take his own part, then somebody else has to take it for him; and this means that his weakness and cowardice and inefficiency place an added burden on some other man and make that other man's strength by just so much of less avail to the community as a whole. No man can take the part of any one else unless he is able to take his own part. This is just as true of nations as of men. A nation that cannot take its own part is at times almost as fertile a source of mischief in the world at large as is a nation which does wrong to others, for its very existence puts a premium on such wrongdoing.

"Unless we are thorough-going Americans and unless our patriotism is part of the very fiber of our being, we can neither serve God nor take our own part. Whatever may be the case in an infinitely remote future, at present no people can render any service to humanity unless as a people they feel an intense sense of national cohesion and solidarity. The man who loves other nations as much as he does his own, stands on a par with the man who loves other women as much as he does his own wife. The United States can

accomplish little for mankind, save in so far as within its borders it develops an intense spirit of Americanism.

"Let this nation fear God and take its own part. Let it scorn to do wrong to great or small. Let it exercise patience and charity toward all other peoples, and yet at whatever cost unflinchingly stand for the right when the right is menaced by the might which backs wrong. Let it furthermore remember that the only way in which successfully to oppose wrong which is backed by might is to put over against it right which is backed by might.

"We are the citizens of a mighty Republic consecrated to the service of God above, through the service of man on this earth. We are the heirs of a great heritage bequeathed to us by statesmen who saw with the eyes of the seer and the prophet. We must not prove false to the memories of the nation's past. We must not prove false to the fathers from whose loins we sprang, and to their fathers, the stern men who dared greatly and risked all things that freedom should hold aloft an undimmed torch in this wide land. They held their worldly well-being as dust in the balance when weighed against their sense of high duty, their fealty to lofty ideals. Let us show ourselves worthy to be their sons. Let us care, as is right, for the things of the body; but let us show that we care even more for the things of the soul. Stout of heart, and pledged to the valor of righteousness, let us stand four-square to the winds of destiny, from whatever corner of the world they blow. Let us keep

untarnished, unstained, the honor of the flag our fathers bore aloft in the teeth of the wildest storm, the flag that shall float above the solid files of a united people, a people sworn to the great cause of liberty and of justice, for themselves, and for all the sons and daughters of men."

How strongly Theodore Roosevelt's stalwart Americanism was impressed upon the thought and temper of the people was strikingly evidenced by the thousands of editorial and personal tributes which dwelt on that one theme after his death. One word was repeated from sea to sea, said *The Literary Digest* in its summary of these tributes. It was the simple but eloquent word "American." Colonel Roosevelt himself recognized and was proud of the way in which so many American racial stocks had grown "into the tree of his sturdy individuality," the *Troy Times* notes; and the *Chicago Daily News* puts it very aptly when it attributes to him "the culture of the East, the breeziness and independence of the great West, and the chivalry and warmth of the South." The tributes brought by his death from political friend and foe, from old neighbors of Oyster Bay, and the rulers of every civilized land, showed that if public opinion were to write his epitaph it would be "Theodore Roosevelt, American." His intense Americanism, the *Utica Observer* declares, "was the great guiding, moving, pulsating, overwhelming principle of his life." The *Kansas City Star*, whose contributing editor he was at the time of his death, called him "the embodiment of our nation." At the height of his career, says the Bos-

ton Globe, "he personified America." He was "more typically American than any other man who ever lived in America," according to the Indianapolis Times. In every corner of the earth, declared the New York Evening World, the name of Roosevelt was "known and admired as standing for all that is most forceful, compelling, and at the same time fascinating in the American character." That he was "the greatest American of his day" was asserted by scores of editors and public men as soon as the news of his death was learned, and not only the greatest, but "the most typical," "the most representative" American. The Louisville Journal-Courier calls him "the great composite American of his day and generation." Then in his mental qualities he was essentially American, it seems to the Philadelphia Public Ledger; "his restless energy, his keen zest of living, his courage, his audacity, his democratic habits, his ready sympathy for every class, the mixture in him of the practical and the ideal—all these things were characteristic of the soil from which he sprang." England and France looked upon Colonel Roosevelt as summing up in his own personality the best characteristics of the American people. It seems to the Manchester (England) Guardian that in Theodore Roosevelt was "expressed what the Americans regard as the Western spirit and the epoch in which the West came into his own . . . He brought into the world of politics something of the air of the great prairies."

It seems significant to the New York Times, in view of the emphasis upon Colonel Roosevelt's

Americanism, that his last public message to his fellow countrymen should have reiterated his doctrine of "absolute undivided Americanism." A statement which was read at a meeting held by the American Defense Society, the night before the Colonel died, declared against efforts to segregate immigrants and keep them separated from the rest of America, and hence prevent them from doing their full part as Americans. The Colonel said in part:

"There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we were hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding-house; and we have room for but one soul-loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

It was by holding up the torch of Americanism in such messages as this during the last three years that Colonel Roosevelt did his greatest service to his country, in the opinion of the *New York Evening Sun*, *Syracuse Post-Standard*, *Washington Herald*, and *Providence Journal*. The latter holds that "he was never more cherished by the people of the United States than in these closing days, never more confidently looked to for wise counsel." The *Washington Herald*

avers that our war-machine only began to function effectively after the Colonel had proclaimed its weaknesses. The Philadelphia North American, which has been a thoroughgoing Roosevelt paper from the early days of his career, declares that America's service and triumph in the Great War "were the product of the will, the passionate conviction, and the devoted services of Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen, more than of any other force." The North American recalls these circumstances in proof of its apparently extravagant statement:

"For many months his was the only potent voice raised in this country in behalf of violated law and humanity. Against the current of a misdirected public opinion, in the face of traducing criticism and an official enmity that was little short of malignant, he championed the imperiled cause of democracy and preached a flaming crusade of America's duty. Despite adverse teachings backed by authority during two years and a half, the truths that he proclaimed found steadily growing response. It was his stimulating leadership that awoke the conscience and rallied the spirit of the American people, until they literally forced the abandonment of a vacillating, self-seeking policy, and turned the mighty energies of the nation into the channel of honor and obligation."

Mr. Roosevelt's great public service, the New York World is convinced, was rendered when, as President, "he set out to demonstrate that the Government of the United States was more powerful than any aggregation of capital or than

all the aggregations of capital that were united by a common interest to exploit the country." The World, probably the most consistent and bitter political foe Mr. Roosevelt had among American newspapers, continues:

"The United States was probably never nearer to a social revolution than it was when Mr. Roosevelt came to the Presidency. While it is true that he never succeeded in solving the trust problem in either his first or his second term, by his procedure in the Northern Securities case he succeeded in demonstrating that the country had laws under which the multiplication of trusts could be curbed, that the highest court of the nation would sustain these laws, and that the Government of the United States was not at the mercy of Wall Street and organized capital. This having been demonstrated, the trust question came to answer itself under the steady pressure of public opinion."

It was during the Roosevelt Administration, declares another Democratic paper, the Richmond Times-Dispatch, that "there was laid the solid foundation for the structure of social and economic progress whose towering height is now a beacon to all other nations." As President, declares the Boston Christian Science Monitor, "Mr. Roosevelt literally tore out by the roots the tradition that money-getting was the chief end of the American citizen and that the way in which money was obtained was a condition secondary to the possession of it." Whatever shocks Roosevelt gave capital more than a decade ago, there can now, says such a representa-

tive of financial interests as the Boston News Bureau, "be a frank acknowledgment that the very intensity of those blasts — whatever the concrete wisdom of policy attempted in correction — served to aid the sooner coming of a higher corporate code than once prevailed." The New York Times, which is far from being a radical newspaper, admits that when Mr. Roosevelt came into power many possessors of great wealth used their power without regard for the interests of the people, and "were too much given to the practice of influencing legislation for the furtherance of their own plans." President Roosevelt's great achievement was that "he changed the mental attitude of the people and brought 'big business' itself to repentance and to the ways of righteousness." President Roosevelt led the country "into the consideration of human right and interests," is the way the Philadelphia Press puts it. Colonel Roosevelt, declares the New York Tribune, laid the foundation "of the new order of larger Democracy"; the common virtues which he preached so strenuously of fairness, honesty, sincerity "were the ones which were most sadly lacking in our political practice." His finest achievement, says the New York Sun, was that "he did change the attitude of government toward property" and "gave the Republic a new ideal of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship."

But no event in Mr. Roosevelt's career explains the secret of his hold on his fellow men. What was the secret of this? asks the Boston Herald, and it answers: "He was a man's man,

a hero's hero, and an American's American." The most important part of his equipment, says the Rochester Post-Express, was his "normal force and dauntlessness." Seldom in the history of the world, says the New York Evening World, has been seen a "more marvelous individual embodiment of mental, moral, and physical force," which was so inspiring that "few when under the spell asked more than to feel the stimulating dynamic effects of it." Dr. Frank Crane declares in one of his syndicated newspaper articles that "No man has ever been more a part of every man in the United States than Theodore Roosevelt." His chief characteristic was courage, according to Doctor Crane, and since that quality is "a little spark of God" we respect it. Because Roosevelt had it he has "very near to the American heart." Finally, says this writer, "he was a friend conceived of as a friend in a passionate and personal way as no other statesman of American history except Lincoln."

On the Sunday following Mr. Roosevelt's death there was scarcely a church in all New York, says The Times, in which the pastor did not take occasion to pay tribute to Theodore Roosevelt and to point out the spiritual lessons of his life. Only a brief quotation from one of these, Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, of old Trinity Church, can be given here:

"The outstanding note of his life was his love of right and his fearless courage in upholding it. He never hesitated to take his open stand or flinched from saying what he believed needed to

be said. He sometimes aroused strong and even fierce opposition, but in the end he was admired, loved and trusted even by most of those who disagreed with him.

"To our human eyes it seems as though he could not be spared, but his work was finished and it was done faithfully and well. May God give him peace and blessing in the other life where he now is, and may God give to many of our men and women the strong moral purpose, the deep love of country, and the fearless courage to uphold the right which he gave to Theodore Roosevelt."

CHAPTER XXI

THE MEANING OF ROOSEVELT

"MR. ROOSEVELT has had his day," declared a college professor, Harry Thurston Peck, in *The Forum*, October, 1908. The President was just completing his seven and a half years in the White House, after resisting strong pressure to accept a renomination, and this writer was pronouncing a serene farewell to him as a public character, with some mild speculation as to "How will he accept that transformation which in the United States converts the chief of a great nation into a simple citizen?"

And then the professor, relishing his theme, yielded to the pressure of his own prophetic spirit and foretold the fading future of the "simple citizen" whom he was consigning to impotence

and oblivion: "At noon on the 4th of March, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt's wish will no longer be law to a hundred thousand officeholders. His denunciations and his eulogies will be listened to with only scant attention. His word, which now sets battle fleets in motion, summons international congresses . . . will after that fateful day not move so much as a tugboat or a revenue cutter. He will sink to a subordinate position after having been, perhaps, the most-talked of human being in the world. It will be a strange thing for him to learn the lesson that the power which he exercises is the power of an office and not the power of an individual man."

When was any forecast more specifically and overwhelmingly controverted by the facts? The ten years following the professor's prophecy were perhaps the greatest years in Mr. Roosevelt's life, and saw the exercise of his greatest influence in the affairs of his country. His voice roused the soul of the Nation, forced a reluctant and dilatory government to action, called millions of men and women to service and sacrifice for the safety and honor of America. And all this time he was only "a simple citizen." But it was not necessary to wait ten years, or even five years, to see the sensational reversal of the professor's prophecy. Less than two years after it was written, the "simple citizen," who had been away for the most of that time in the jungles of Africa, returned to civilization, and the press of the day described his "oblivion" and the "scant attention" which his words received. The Cleveland Plain Dealer, for example, said: "Here is

an astonishing phenomenon. A private citizen is seen to be of more interest to the world than any ruler of any great nation. His mere opinion on present American affairs is held of more importance than anything that may happen in America." And in the *American Magazine*, Ray Stannard Baker was writing, even before Mr. Roosevelt emerged from the jungle: "Five thousand miles distant, in the heart of Africa, without knowledge of what is going on here at home, without having uttered so much as a word of advice (or command!) for over a year, Roosevelt is to-day the predominant factor in American politics." Still again, Walter Wellman, writing from Europe to the *American Review of Reviews* the result of his own close personal observation, said "We are even prepared to believe that which is told us by so many of the diplomatists, officials, journalists, officers and other men of information we meet and converse with—namely, that Theodore Roosevelt is not only the foremost citizen of our own country, but the most famous of living men. They tell us, and seemingly with candor and truth, that not the King of England, nor the Czar of Russia, nor the Emperor of Germany, nor any other sovereign or personage could attract half the attention that is showered upon this private citizen of the United States." Finally, with the most specific conclusion, the *Paris Temps*, after noting that Mr. Roosevelt's reception in France and elsewhere in Europe was really unparalleled in history, said: "We are accustomed to formal visits of kings and presidents, but Roosevelt is no longer president. *It*

is the man, therefore, not the office, which is being honored." Even when receptions and welcomings are over the one thing of real importance was unchanged. As Andrew Carnegie said: "Strip him of all external dignities and there still remains the Man, in full possession of marvelous powers, high ideals, sleepless activity, and boundless popularity."

Clearly, then, if we want to discover the meaning of Roosevelt, it is not "the power of an office" which we want to study, but "the power of an individual man." Position, wealth, environment, circumstances—all external matters are of secondary interest. The man's the thing we want to know. What was he? What does his personal life, his individual qualities mean for the rest of us. Was he a mystery or a miracle? Was he merely a spectacle, or was he a phenomenon? Had he any exclusive copyright or patent on his personal qualities? Were his popularity, his power, his fame achieved through magic, or bestowed by special favor of the gods? Did he reach his eminence by a road which no other man could travel? The rest of us plain American men, some two score millions or more, would like to know, just confidentially among ourselves, we who have seen this man Roosevelt filling the world with his individual personality, whether he was inherently different from the rest of us, whether he owned some intrinsic possession which we do not or cannot have.

In the effort to provide the material from the study of which the answers to these questions

may be found, this book has been made. Most of the material it contains has been gathered from the personal writings of many men who knew Mr. Roosevelt in his public and private life, in his hunting and exploring trips in the wilderness, and in varied activities in which his tireless energy found employment. It has been far more difficult to select and include than to reject and omit, because of the overwhelming abundance of material. Yet enough is given here to justify the statement that the more closely we study the personality and the career of Roosevelt the more clearly we see that no essential qualities nor advantages belonging of necessity to himself alone have been responsible for his great success. Every boy, every man can possess himself of precisely the same advantages. It is a matter simply of positive choice, resolute purpose, and persistent following of the course mapped out. He recognized this fact when he said: "To tell the truth, I like to believe that, by what I have accomplished *without* great gifts, I may be a source of encouragement to American boys." And after he had gone from us, even his most hostile political foes acknowledged that his belief in that particular had been fully justified, as when The Evening World, New York, said: "To help it to the kind of strong, adventurous American manhood that has indeed made the Nation truly great as never before among nations, American youth has had no more forceful teacher and example than Theodore Roosevelt."

At another time Mr. Roosevelt explained in

the following very simple manner something of the secret of his success, disclaiming any particular endowment of genius:

"It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for that matter, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course this means that only one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them actually does. This is the ordinary kind of greatness.

"Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural, or met as Lincoln did the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us can do the ordinary things which, however, most of us do not do. Any hardy, healthy man, fond of outdoor life, but not in the least an athlete, could lead the life I have led if he chose—and by 'choosing' I of course mean choosing to exercise requisite industry, judgment and foresight, none of a very marked type."

It must be evident that the Roosevelt who filled the world with his influence and his own countrymen with a love and allegiance almost unparalleled, was the result, not so much of special endowment as of the working out of definite processes, as sure and inevitable as a problem in mathematics or a formula in chemistry. The same processes are for all who will use them, and they may be depended upon to produce other

such results in matured and masterful manhood.

Physically, Roosevelt began with a distinct handicap which most boys do not suffer, yet he overcame it and became an athlete, whose "superb health and resistless youth" after the age of fifty was the subject of comment. He did it by the most natural and systematic process of exercise and recreation, not the easy-going recreation of an idler with plenty of time for holidays, but the earnest, purposeful recreation of the busy man of pressing affairs who must make every minute count. If Roosevelt could build up his body, clear his brain, and enrich his blood by exercise, who of us shall say we are "too busy" for such vital recreation?

Intellectually there never was anything phenomenal in Roosevelt's equipment. He was no infant prodigy. He became a persistent, almost omnivorous, reader and student, and his appetite for knowledge grew by feeding. His memory and power of assimilation grew strong by training and exercise just as his body did. He chose to accumulate a store of knowledge from books, from nature, from men. The same libraries of printed and living information are free to all men. There is not a boy or a young man in all this land who cannot, if he will, take such a course of reading and study and gain from it such a breadth of knowledge as Roosevelt's.

"The proper science and subject for man's contemplation is man himself," declared the philosopher Charron, and if Roosevelt with the same wisdom and interest chose to study, by close observation and contact, his fellow man, and to

employ all his energies in the work of helping men to understand and strive after their own best development and their rightful relation one to another, surely there is no reason why you and I should not do the same thing. Indeed, we know very well that nothing can so well occupy our time or our talents as active, sympathetic enterprise for the uplifting of manhood and womanhood. This passion of service to mankind is a steady growth and a constant joy. It can never be idle; it can never be satiated. Getting for self is a grind, a burden, a thing that shrivels and never satisfies. Giving to others is a zestful, ever-increasing delight, as well as a sure road to greatness.

It is plain to see that so much of Roosevelt's greatness and power as came from his physical fitness and strenuous activity, his habit of doing his best and being at his best always, his laying strong hands upon opportunities as they presented themselves, his industrious reading, his will-power to cultivate and develop such talents and opportunities as were his, wasting never a moment, and his unselfish, unaffected interest in his fellow man regardless of possessions or position — so much of Roosevelt's greatness as was built with these materials may be the property of other men through the use of the same materials. But not thus alone did Roosevelt become the man he was, and not thus alone can any other man gain the power invincible.

Theodore Roosevelt met and overcome countless obstacles and enemies. He could not have done it with any mere physical, mental, or human

prowess however finely developed. The strength of truth, honesty, and high ideals was always the one secret of Roosevelt's great and growing power. His fellow countrymen long acknowledged it, and the people of foreign nations did it homage. "Righteousness exalteth a nation," and righteousness exalteth a man. In all his dealings with individuals, with classes, with nations Roosevelt's one test was this: "Is the right to prevail? Are the great laws of righteousness to be fulfilled?" Where parties, or persons, or policies conflict, "the choice must ever be in favor of righteousness." Do foes threaten? Is popularity or place at stake? "We scorn the man who would not stand for justice though the whole world come in arms against him."

Truth and righteousness are abstractions of no value whatever to the world until they are embodied in a personality. The stronger and better equipped that personality is in other respects, as physical and mental, the more value and power he gives to the truth and righteousness for which he stands. There is but one source of truth and righteousness. Except as they flow from Almighty God Himself they do not exist. No man can possibly stand for truth and righteousness or employ their power unless he is in direct relationship with the Divine Source. The wireless connection must be established with God at one end and man at the other. Then the man can exclaim boldly and truly with Paul: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Does this sound too much like a sermon? Tell me, if you can, how to approach the mighty

theme of truth and righteousness with God left out?

Roosevelt grew to be a giant in the world for no other reason than that he linked himself with gigantic forces. He put spiritualities above materialities and did much to save the soul of America. Official dignities and authority, political or personal popularity, athletic or mental cleverness all are trivial and transient. Nothing that is external has any real power or permanence. The spirit within is the invincible force which determines whether a man shall be a creature of destiny or the creator of destiny.

This is the meaning which Roosevelt's personality and career must have for us. We can waste our lives in ceaseless hustle for the external rewards in the gift of man and we shall never gain much or hold it long. Or we may choose that partnership with the unseen and mighty realities through which we shall grow strong, great, and useful in and to the world. Then, as Roosevelt did, we shall prove that the power exercised is not the power of an office, but is the power of an individual man.

Theodore Roosevelt could not fail. He had that in himself which made him very largely independent of circumstances or of fortune. A "laborer together with God" can never be without a job nor fail to draw his sure wages. Roosevelt is gone, but America need not be left without his successor. He had little or nothing that others may not have. He desired that his brothers, especially the young men throughout the land which he loved and served, shall equip themselves

with the same potent qualities. In these days of terrible need the people seize greedily upon a strong and honest man. Here is the great opportunity for young Americans — for the men whose “big job” in France has left them eager to apply their strength and valor in something worth while. If the real meaning of Roosevelt’s life shall be fully appropriated we shall find in the coming generation of the men of America a veritable race of moral giants to whom the name of patriot can truthfully apply in all its largest significance.

THE END





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